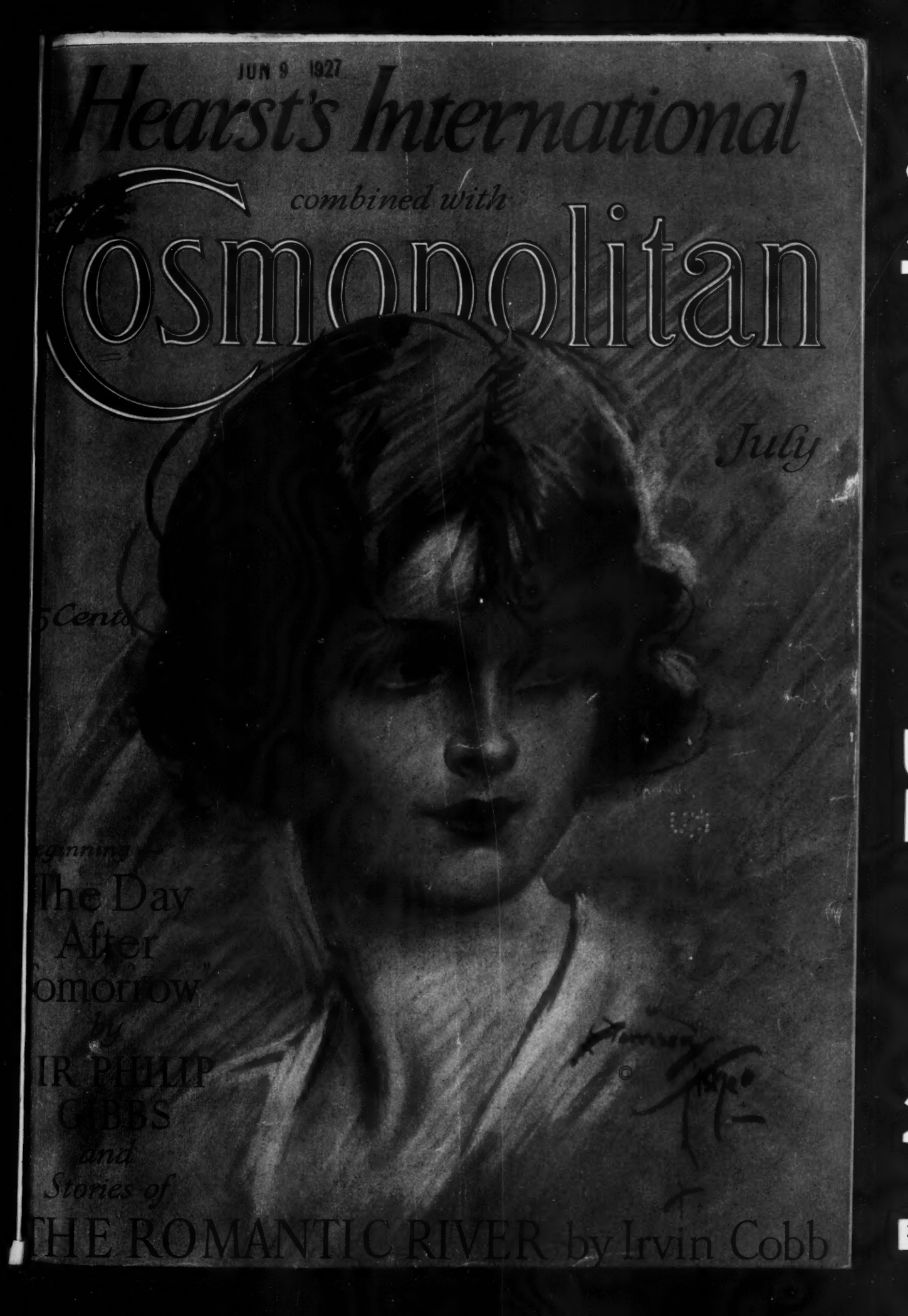
JUN 9 1927

Hearst's International

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Cosmopolitan

July



5 Cents

eginning in
The Day
After
Tomorrow"
by
IR PHILIP
GIBBS
and
Stories of
THE ROMANTIC RIVER by Irvin Cobb

LUCILE *Paris*...Greets Fashion's New Caprice

With Odd and Subtle Color Tones in Lovely Stockings



© H. H. Co.

The soft luster of white satin is exquisitely set off by pearl trimming in this Lucile-Paris wedding gown. Lucile suggests a striking innovation in bridal hosiery—Fanchon, faintest, most delicate flesh-pink, rather than white.

Perhaps the most unusual of the new hosiery shades sent from Paris by Lucile is Fleur de Lis, the creamy ivory color which was created for use with nacre shoe leathers—but which is equally smart worn with beige and black footwear.



HOSIERY, the all-important link in ensemble, must conform closely to the mode. Its duty is to blend the colors found in dress and shoes. Perhaps, to harmonize with one, contrast the other.

Whenever a new trend is seen, stockings must at once be color-styled to suit. Now fashion's whim is new. This time it turns to *composé* in color and in fabric. This means soft blending of a single color's tone, or harmonious union of the shades of two.

Thus new colors are required not found before. That's why Lucile of Paris sends new colors and new shades so hurriedly. With them you rest assured of Paris chic.

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The finest stockings in the world are made at home . . . flawless, cobweb chiffons, incomparable! But for the superlative in color we must go abroad. And so, Holeproof, world-famous maker of America, joins with the master artist of *le beau monde* . . . Lucile.

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You see innumerable hosiery colors, but Lucile warns few are actually correct. Perhaps in twenty "nudes" one alone is right. That's why there is *one* Lucile Petale; *one* Lucile Yvonne.

And in Lucile you find a color guide, Holeproof, alone, can offer you.

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See this number at your Holeproof store. Other styles range from $1.00 to $2.95. All are of the same flawless texture. All give the same long wear.

Holeproof Hosiery

Milwaukee, and London, Canada

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The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

VOL. LXXXIII NO. 1

Hearst's INTERNATIONAL
Combined with
COSMOPOLITAN
for July, 1927

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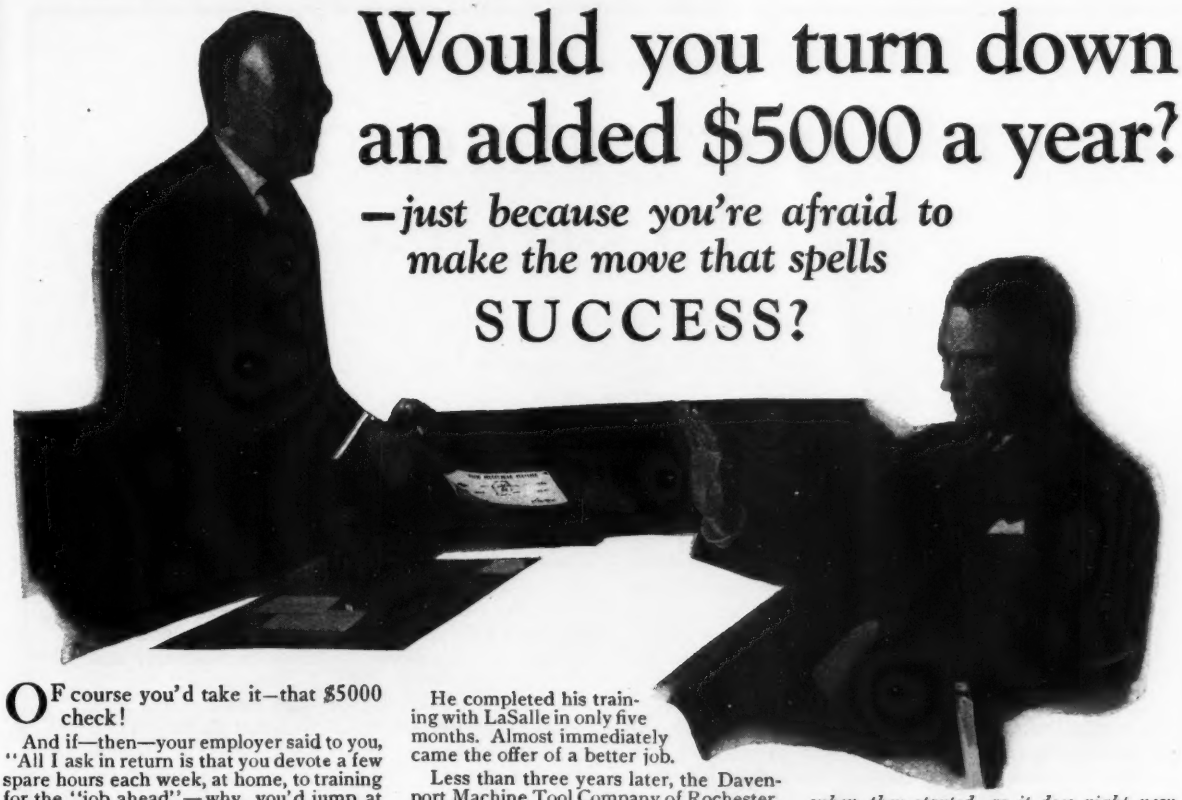
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THE MILITARY SCHOOL BUILDS CITIZENS

By BRIGADIER GENERAL L. R. GIGNILLIAT, Res.,

President Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States

THE good military school meets the hopes of the average parent who wants to see his boy fitted to become a good citizen. It is one thing for a boy to be told what his country is and what citizenship means. It is another matter, and most essential, for him to know from experience what it means to be a part of his country and to realize through competent training the qualities he must develop within himself to take his place as a citizen.

When I say "citizen" I mean just that. I mean the man in the office, the man in the home, the man in the factory, the man in the store. The young man who takes a course in a good military school begins his working life with a fine equipment, mentally and physically. He has learned the value of self-discipline. He has fixed the habits of application and execution. He knows the reflex of his own words and actions upon those about him. He knows the effect of his own conduct in the orderly sequence of affairs. He has acquired a very worth while knowledge of his responsibilities in the world.

It is not of record that any graduates of military schools are conspicuous as fomenting the warlike spirit. An interesting sidelight is that more graduates of one school have gone into the ministry than into the Army or Navy. A large percentage of the graduates of military schools with whom I have come in contact have gone into business. They have found their military school training of the utmost value. They know the worth of team work. They know the inspiration infused by the leader who works with the team. And, with the business man who must sift and analyze his force of employes, it is safe to say that the military school graduate stands high. In the matter of applied effort, in disciplined endeavor, in organized, analytical approach to his tasks, such a graduate has little left to learn. He has concentrated in his studies and training toward just that end.

A prope ly conducted military school carries its methods into study and instruction. Its academic side is emphasized through this. The trained body cooperates with the trained mind. Perception is quickened, the grasp of details is stronger, the movement to decisive action is firmer.

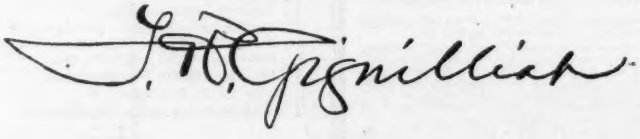
The boy who enters military school does so at the formative age. He begins that life at a period when home restraints and home discipline are irksome. He comes to the military school at the time when his urges and impulses represent so much energy that can be either directed into constructive channels or allowed to deviate into other paths. The military side of the life is most interesting to him. Unconsciously and subconsciously it develops and strengthens him in mind and body. He finds himself on a common level with his fellow students. He learns that the only standing which counts is the standing he earns through honest application. He learns the big lessons of life at an age when they leave a permanent impression.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY considered, one of the greatest values of military school life to the student is that he makes real citizenship a part of himself. We may talk about an idea, or listen to talk about it, and we may approve it with enthusiasm, but for all that it is not yet a part of our lives. It remains a theoretical proposition. Only when we crystallize an idea into action does it become part of ourselves. The student at a military school adds to his duties an act of service to his country. He fits himself for leadership in time of need. He is taught how to fight if he must, but he is not taught to want to fight. He is trained to reason, to analyze, to study; he is fitted for confident command of himself and of a situation.

At all times he finds the academic side of his work the most important. The military features of his training emphasize the necessity for thoroughness in mathematics, physics, history and other academic branches.

The military school is based, like good citizenship, on good habits. All habits are matters of training. The boy in military school fixes the habits of health, of study, of thoroughness, until they automatically become parts of his life.

And, above all, the cadet in the military school of his own initiative stresses the habit of honor. He avoids the dishonorable thing. Fair play, protection of the unfortunate, willingness to be of service—the spirit of chivalry, if you will—these are the outstanding characteristics of the splendid body of military school graduates who today form such a large and forceful portion of the citizenship of America.



General Wahr

JULY, 1927

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG, Editor

A Song of Men

By Elsie Robinson



¶ *Friendship—Bronze by* Haig Patigian

MEN. That rare, quiet friendship of men.

Something strange there. Beautiful, but a little terrible too.

Haig Patigian did a statue of two men who were friends. Two men who shared work and joy and adventure. Then on the turn of the tide, on the heel of a boat, shared death.

There they are in that statue, back to back, with clasped hands.

Hand to hand in good luck.

Back to back against adversity.

Sharing the weal of it—bucking the woe of it—linked.

Linked.

And yet——

There between those two sculptured backs is a mass. A rough bronze barrier that still isn't a barrier, for it does not rise between the two men. Each man is a part of it.

Each man comes out of it—comes out and reaches to clasp the hand of his friend.

Yet each man stays in it and never sees the face of his friend.

Each man, coming out of—Something.

Out of the darkness. Out of the dumbness. Out of the hunger and loneliness. Out of the wonder and urgency that is God.

Each man coming out of it and becoming himself.

Coming out in the lust and vigor of manhood—thigh and torso, proud neck and curious head. Coming out with a laugh and a taunt and a challenge—leaping out with the zest of the awakening—reaching out with the longing for place and power—and a friend.

Then, after a thousand vain and foolish fumblings, finding that friend.

Finding that friend, like two hands meeting in darkness.

Two hands that *knew* when at last a friend was found.

Oh, the joy and the peace and the thrill of it!

Pulse talking to pulse in a language the tongue cannot speak.

Everything shared, wine, women, risk and adventure.

Everything shared, without need of a word or a look.

Everything shared.

And yet always something withheld.

Each man coming out and finding the hand of his friend yet never quite coming out.

Always there in the background, the mystery and wonder—there like a deep, dark soil in which both men are rooted. In which all men are rooted.

Always there in the background, the loneliness and the hunger—binding them both, yet holding them ever apart.

Always there in the background the Going and Coming—the vast veiled plan that neither will ever see.

There in the background between them, part of them, freeing them, binding them—*there in the background*, GOD!

By CHARLES



DANA GIBSON



The Engagement Ring

By *Irvin S. Cobb*

The First *of* His *Stories of*

The Romantic River



Illustrations by
Dean Cornwell



As BRANDS *from*

THERE is one river among the Southwestern rivers which still is much as it was in the olden days. That's the Tennessee River. In a way, it is a paradox—you go up it to go down. That is to say, the farther you travel up-stream the farther you get down country into the heart of the South. Starting against current, you cut through one end of Kentucky—the lower end—and you cross Tennessee from top to bottom in a deep curve and you skirt a nub of Alabama and touch a corner of Mississippi, and then its winding course brings you back to Tennessee again; to eastern Tennessee, where its headwaters which come mainly out of North Carolina's mountains are merging together, tributary by swift-running tributary.

In all its length it has but two really sizable cities on its banks —Chattanooga at the head of steam navigation, Paducah at its mouth. But there are dozens of small interior towns, and hundreds of remote woody landings along its shores. Railroads cross it but no railroad parallels it for any considerable distance; and this helps to explain why steamboats ply it regularly and why on it there may be yet found the steamboating life, the steamboating adventures, the steamboating characters and types which almost have vanished elsewhere.

These surviving steamboats are not the lordly deep side-wheelers of the ancient times on larger rivers, with their oiled gamblers and their black orchestras and their gilded big paddle-boxes. They are limber, flat-bottomed stern-wheelers, modest as to equipment, smart as hucksters to pick up trade, patronized and manned by a peculiar and distinctive people.

These craft ply a beautiful blue river which runs through a very beautiful and as yet almost unspoiled country. The Cumberland, which parallels it, is green, and the Ohio into which it empties is yellow; but it's blue. If there is one Romantic River left it is the Tennessee River.

It was a mighty hard call for the Emma Katie Lucas to be making. The Tennessee was up and ramping. She was away up and away out; she was over her banks and wide-spread through the low-lands and the regular landing here at Snake Creek lay somewhere down below under fifteen feet of roily, boily spate. Moreover there had been a cave-in since the rise reached its peak; Pluck



¶ *The Emma Katie Lucas—smart to pick up trade, patronized and manned by a peculiar and distinctive people.*

the BURNING

Sebree, at the wheel, practically had to feel out a new channel for himself as he brought the packet's nosing bow carefully in.

"I don't care much for this," stated Mr. Sebree through the open front of his glass-sided cuddy to Captain Bill Lockwood, who stood below and in front of him on the convexed combing of the cindery hurricane roof. "I don't care for this a'tall, I be—be blamed"—he said "blamed" but with a painful effort—"if I do!"

"Ease her in slow, Mr. Sebree, ease her in slow," counseled the anxious master. "We've got to get Rowley's jag of goods off whether or no. Had to tote it on past, the trip going up, you remember, account of it's being flood-stage; and just for that old Rowley waded out and found a stray telegraph line somewheres back in the woods and wired to Sheffield and just naturally raised hell—er, Heligoland!" With his presence of mind functioning, he swiftly tamed his speech. "Yes, Suh, that's what he raised—Heligoland. Perishable stuff 'tis mostly, including some sacked Irish potatoes that got wet and've already went to sprouting. Work her in gentle and I reckin you can make it."

Pluck Sebree, that smart navigator, was working her in so, edging along a foot at a time. On the right his guards were menaced by the naked top boughs of a dozen or more full-grown pecans and cottonwoods that had gone sprawling into the current and now slanted this way and that, the more dangerous because their trunks were entirely overwhelmed. The Emma Katie Lucas had to behave herself like a cat slipping into a strange alley. She heaved and shook as the keel slid over some smooth buried danger. The invisible jar of it came all the way up through her thin wooden structures.

"Stiddy, Mr. Sebree, stiddy," begged Captain Lockwood, bending far over the roof edge, with one fist gripped on a sooty chimney stay. "Cramp her a little bit closer inshore, please. Looks like one of those big limbs is fixing to scrape her forecastle clean."

A salt-water skipper would have called the forecastle a "fo'c's'le," like that. Captain Lockwood, being what he was, called the fo'c's'le a "forecastle," as spelt out in the dictionaries.

Mr. Sebree, with one hand jerking the spoke-ends and one foot kicking the big wheel over, reached for and yanked the handles of his signal cords, at the same time shouting into the funneled mouth of the speaking-tube. Engine bells jingled confusingly in

the body of the boat.

"Come on and do like I tell you to!" he harshly bade his balky and reluctant tillers. "I'll be teetotally——"

"Sh-h-h, Mr. Sebree, sh-h," besought the captain. "Don't forget what orders is, now."

"Oh — sugar-tits!" growled the pilot into his sandy goatee. "Expect me to handle this hard-headed, top-heavy contrary scow without talking the kind of talk she'll understand? I'm a good mind to quit her, the same as Tip January's doing."

With the air of a fellow sufferer, Captain Lockwood shook his head in silent commiseration. Plainly he also labored under a distressful restraint.

"There you are," he exclaimed after another strained minute. "That's what I call taking a steamboat into a tricky hole!"

With the paddle-buckets of her wheel turning gently to hold her there against the pull of the rough eddy, the steamer's blunted snout was nuzzling the outer verge of the narrow wooded ridge which ran like a natural dike between the river itself and the stretch of "backwater" inundating the plowed lands on beyond.

From the lower deck, out of sight of the pilot-house, arose a vasty hoarse bellowing. Second Mate Yarbro was addressing his staff.

"Lively now with that head-line. Hurry, Smoky, hurry! What's got into you anyhow, nigger—creepin' paralysis? Waltz yourself on out there and make fast 'fore I take and grab holt of a hick'ry gad and start frailin' you!"



¶ *"We've got to swim for it. She won't stay up,"*

To a shrill squeaking from its agonized gears, the long stage-plank crept out and sank down through a screen of tough leafless underbrush. Up its steep seesawy incline a little black man scuttled, agile as a monkey, dragging the bight of a manila hawser which two of his mates paid out to him as he went.

Before he had his coil in loop around a cypress stump, the mud-clerk was jumping ashore, too, and after him followed an outbound procession of singing, weaving rousters each balancing on his back or shoulder a heavy something—bag of potatoes or firkin of beef or bale of barbed wire or what-not. In a cleared sandy patch past the fringe of saplings and haw bushes, the first pair dropped the burdens they bore and stood by to relieve their fellows as these latter in turn toiled up to them, then swung and trotted back for yet more parcels. The freight dump grew miraculously, the mud-clerk checking off the tally from his bills of lading and a lank, bearded dweller coming through the bushes to wave a hail to the boat and to accept these belated consignments of his.

The backing bell sounded and all in a crowded moment the rope had been cast free, the mud-clerk had thrust a sheaf of crumpled manifests into the whiskered native's grasp and had



said Cap'n January. "Oh, Boss, I can't swim a lick! Don't leave me fur to perish!"

scrambled upon the poised tip of the lifting, swaying stage, with the last two negroes struggling aboard behind him; and at once the Emma Katie Lucas was retreating to open spaces, gouging the soft rain-rotted soil, with the muffled *scrape-scrape* of submerged tree roots along her sides cutting through the labored voice of her 'scaping exhausts.

By the way of a glad farewell to Snake Creek and its habitant, Mr. Sebree stepped on a foot-treadle and sent a gush of white steam blaspheming through the whistle-valve, and immediately thereafter the elephantine Mr. Yarbro was glaring hard at the captain, who had come down from aloft, and was seeking to free his mind of some portion of that weight which so perplexed an elderly brain and, what was worse, so fettered a fluent and gifted tongue.

"Well, I'll be yaller——" he began, but he never finished the familiar oath which had won for him his common name. For forty years along three hundred miles of this inland watercourse, he had been "Yaller Dam" Yarbro, wearing his title as a badge of honorable distinction. Now he was only a thwarted and convulsed elderly gentleman with a blazing red face and a throat like a prize bullock's at a county fair. For Captain Lockwood with an uplifted arm had checked him.

"You mustn't say it, Yaller," he commanded and glanced about him uneasily. "The boss might hear you—we've all got to be careful."

"But what'm I goin' to do—tell me that?" r a v e d t h e m a t e. "How'm I goin' rastle this bunch of lazy niggers without I cuss 'em? How's ary one of us goin' help do his sheer at shovin' this yaller—yaller — yaller-derned stern-wheeler along without he kin talk natchel?"

"I don't know myself," confessed Captain Lockwood, "but we got to do it some way. It's mighty near as hard on me as 'tis on you. I've been running on the river since I was going on eighteen —twenty-two year on this here one not counting the time I put in on the Lower Ohio and the Cumberland—and this thing has shore got me beat."

He stumped aft to take his four-o'clock refreshment with the engineer. If you knew your groceries you would have known by your nose that it was four o'clock. All over her, nearly, the Emma Katie Lucas smelled of coffee being brewed.

What his afternoon tea is to an Englishman, what their blubber is to Laplanders, coffee was—still is—to a steamboatman on the Southwestern waters of these United States. At midnight, at daylight, at ten A.M., at four, as stated, and again around nine, the pots must bubble. Of course nearly everybody took coffee also with his three meals a day.

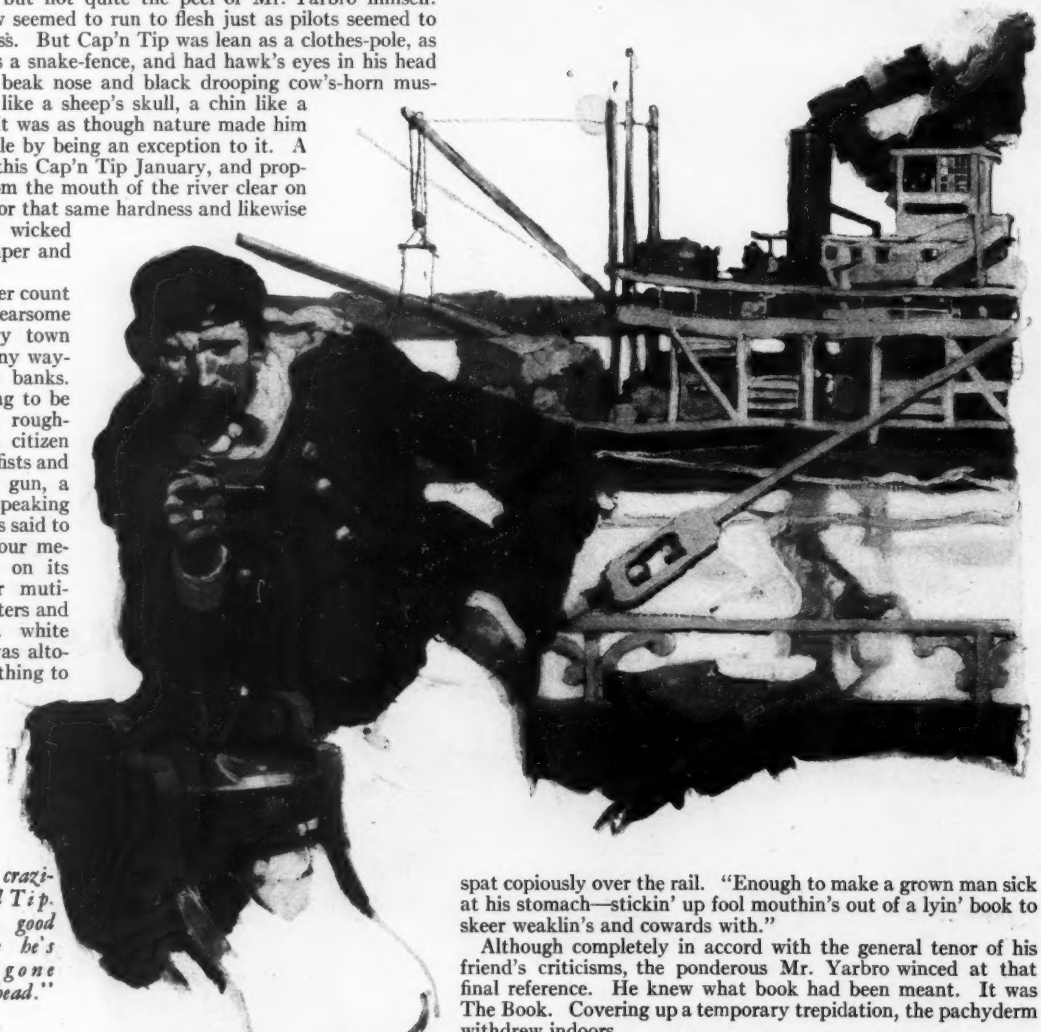
The river turned out some magnificent caffeine sots. But this

was a marvel of it—that ashore the most confirmed of the topers could do with moderate potations, that only when afloat did he crave such frequent indulgences.

Mr. Yarbro elected to get his draft, piping hot and heavily sugared, from the pantryman. He wallowed painfully up the forward companionway, which to him was the boiler-deck stairsteps, and so called always. At the top, pausing to take breath, he met Cap'n Tip January, his late associate. But Tip had resigned as first mate; was riding back down-stream as a free passenger bound for the end of the run; and Old Hoss McHovey had signed on at Sheffield for the succession.

Old Hoss would fill the vacancy competently. He would fill almost any imaginable vacancy—a billowy, wheezy giant, in fatness almost but not quite the peer of Mr. Yarbro himself. Mates somehow seemed to run to flesh just as pilots seemed to run to skinniness. But Cap'n Tip was lean as a clothes-pole, as full of angles as a snake-fence, and had hawk's eyes in his head and an eagle's beak nose and black drooping cow's-horn mustaches, a head like a sheep's skull, a chin like a drawn knife. It was as though nature made him to prove the rule by being an exception to it. A hard man was this Cap'n Tip January, and properly revered from the mouth of the river clear on up to its head for that same hardness and likewise for a certain wicked violence of temper and action.

On yet another count he enjoyed a fearsome repute in every town and at every tiny wayport along the banks. It was one thing to be a rough-living, rough-talking man, a citizen handy with his fists and ready with his gun, a gun which, speaking figuratively, was said to have at least four memorial notches on its butt, three for mutinous black rousters and another for a white man. But it was altogether another thing to be an out-and-out unbeliever and a scoffer at religion and an open mocker of dread Deity. Many pious people avoided his company. They didn't want to be there when an outraged Maker blasted Tip January dead in his tracks with fiery thunderbolts. Divine vengeance might make a mistake and include them in the smiting.



¶ *"Just pure craziness," said Tip. "Ruinin' a good boat because he's went and gone flighty in the head."*

With regard to the amazing situation now prevalent on the Emma Katie Lucas, everybody else knew why he was deserting her. Nevertheless for any sympathetic confrère he stood ready to expound his grievance all over again.

"Couldn't stand it no longer in that infernal cabin," he stated with bitter abruptness, and flirted a bony thumb over his shoulder. "I'd ruther do without my coffee and ride outside, cold as 'tis with this here east'ly wind blowin', than be inside there. Know what his newest scheme is? Fixin' to turn the bar into a sanctified notions counter and sell gimcracks and ginger cakes and candy—stuff like that—yes, and hymn-books! Heard him say so. Hymn-books! Fixin' before he gits through to turn the whole boat into a floatin' meetin'-house. Just pure craziness, just pure lunatic madness. Ruinin' a good boat in a good trade because he's went and gone flighty in the head. Well, I'll be shut of her and him both long before this time tomorrow evenin'!"

"You kin afford to be independent," said Mr. Yarbro, "not having no wife of your own and no litter of young ones neither. If I was fixed like you I don't know but what I'd act the same way, too. Think of a packet without a bar on her! Seems like I can't get used to the idea. Seems like I never will!"

"You've got more'n that to get used to," said Cap'n January sourly. "That paintin' gang of his has made a whole lot of headway these last three-four hours while you been on watch." He spat copiously over the rail. "Enough to make a grown man sick at his stomach—stickin' up fool mouthin's out of a lyin' book to skeer weaklin's and cowards with."

Although completely in accord with the general tenor of his friend's criticisms, the ponderous Mr. Yarbro winced at that final reference. He knew what book had been meant. It was The Book. Covering up a temporary trepidation, the pachyderm withdrew indoors.

The incredible transformation which had begun before the boat cleared from the home port on the previous Saturday was practically completed and the person responsible sat on a long-legged stool by the clerk's desk holding a new but already well-thumbed Bible in his gnarled hands. With a keen and reforming eye he supervised the putting-on of a few concluding touches. This was Colonel Shep Withers, sole owner of this craft and her sister boats, the Fleetwing and the Linda Smythe, president of a company in which he held all the stock, the "Big Boss" of a precarious but highly lucrative business.

The look on his gaunt long face was a look of satisfaction. In less than a week much had been done and done to his liking, too. But the work of disciplining an unruly host of underlings—well, that remained yet to be finished. Resolutely it had been undertaken, zealously it had been carried on, ultimately it would prevail. Colonel Withers was as sure of that as he was sure of his soul's salvation. And regarding the last no man could be surer. Vigilance would do it, indeed was doing it now.

For example, just as Mr. Yarbro entered the long narrow cabin



at the "men's end," there issued from a small squad composed of the juniors of the crew—the chief purser's helper, the pilot's cub and the engineer's striker, they being three who generally confabbed together when off duty—a sound which stiffened the Colonel through the entire length of his frame. One among the youngsters—it was the mud-clerk who so far forgot himself—had tripped over a unit of the plentiful array of big iron-ware cuspidors dotting the floor and had used profanity at the offending vessel; at least he involuntarily had started to use profanity. His utterance began as a full-mouthed solid oath but it was destined to die, half-grown, in a closing throat.

"What's that?" demanded the Colonel. "What's that I hear you saying?"

"I didn't go to do it, Suh," confessed the abased evil-doer. "It just slipped out unbeknownst. I—I hit my toe on this here ole spittoon. Honest, Suh, I wasn't aimin' to swear, Suh. It's—it's just the way I talk."

"Oh, is it?" The accuser stabbed at him with a relentless forefinger. "Young man, do you know what the Good Book says about him that taketh His name in vain? No? You say 'no,' do you?" The luckless adolescent had said nothing, though. "Then come over here to me, young man, and stand close by while I find the sacred passage and read it to you. And let this be the last time I have to catch you in misbehaving that way, young man."

He looked about him, his fanatic gaze kindling. "Let this be the last time I have to catch any man, boy or even nigger that's working for me on this boat. From this hour thenceforward"—his tone became more heavily Scriptural—"this purged steamboat and all on it belong to Him alone. His humble steward, which is me, will see to it that His commandments are



¶ Shep Withers, that most hard-bitten of steamboaters, had got religion. And the first thing he did was to summon the crew and expound a set of rules and regulations which was against all river precedent.

obeyed, letter and deed. Come here, young man, and listen to me while I learn you your lesson, once and for all. And let all the rest of you that're in hearing draw nigh and give heed as well."

That unhappy apprentice, his cheeks a blistered scarlet, stumbled forward, and Colonel Withers, after some searching of the printed leaves, found the place and loudly and sternly he poured the message into the culprit's burning ears.

The place had become in a way a place fitted for such teachings. The surroundings, or anyhow some of them, matched with the sermonizing. In fresh letterings—letters of flame color, of stark bright red, of ominous black—the white surfaces everywhere, on every available space, were blazoned with objurgations from the Prophets and from the Scribes; with sayings from the Singers and the Psalmists of Israel, likewise. But the harsh and merciless admonitions of the ancient interpreters of the Law far outnumbered an array of gentler, sweeter quotations which had been lifted from the Gospels.

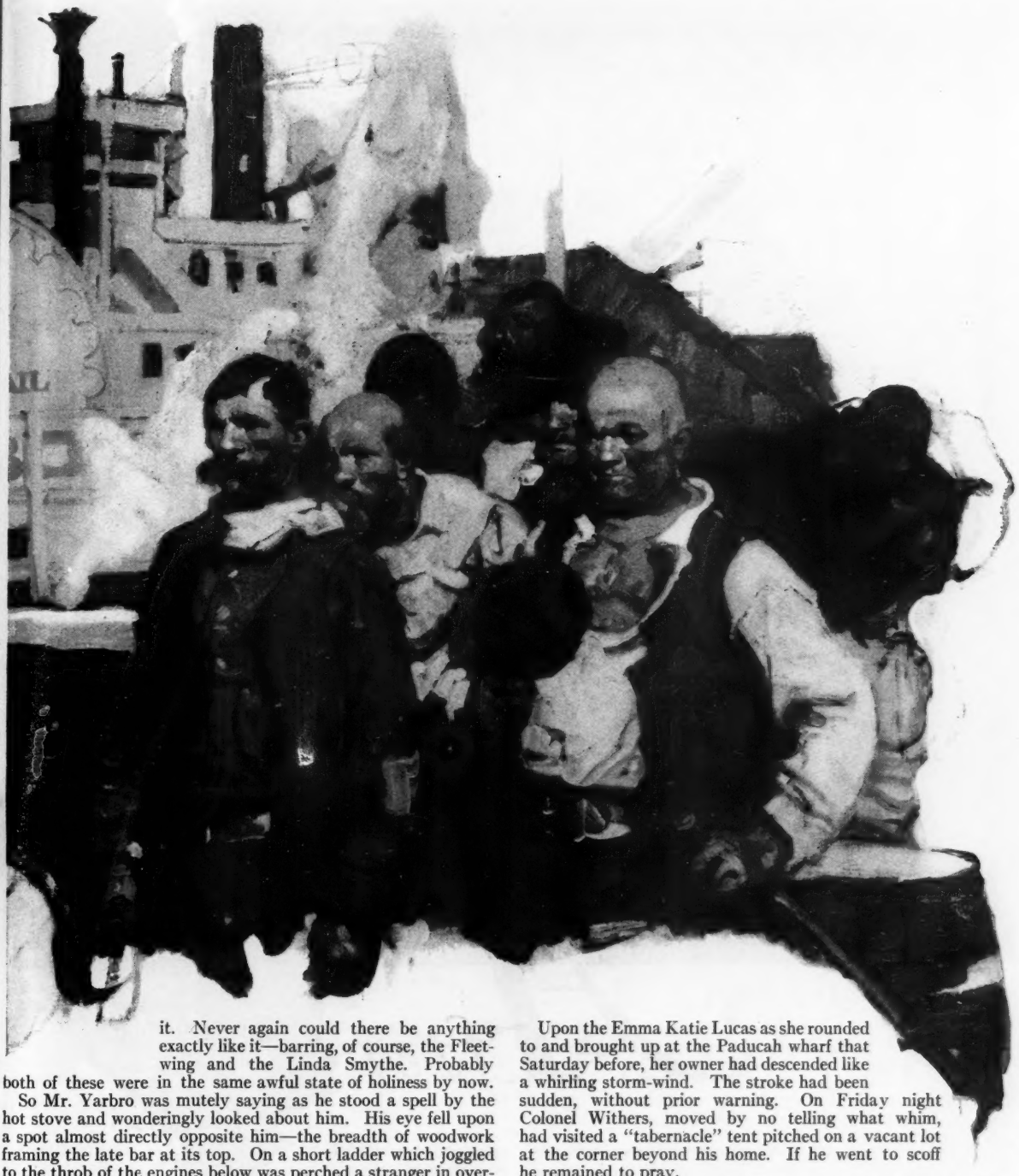
Separate these from those others and you might have gaged the shadings and the accents of the lately acquired faith of their common sponsor.

Colonel Withers's theology was shot through with fire from everlasting pits and filled with the wailings of mortals eternally and unforgivably lost; it was the old-fashioned kind. But it wasn't so old-fashioned in the day and time wherein these several matters came to pass.

Above the twin entrances, in a sloping scroll, ran a semicircle of frightening words: "The wages of sin is death." Almost equally daunting was the message set forth over the half-front of the clerk's small office: "His days are as a shadow that passeth away." Hard by it: "The way of transgressors is hard." And next to that: "If a soul touch any unclean thing, he also shall be unclean." And so on and so forth.

Every stateroom door on its outer panels as on its inner ones, bore threat or inspired warning, or, more rarely, some rapt promise. Near at hand each text stood out clearly distinct, but as the vista of the long narrow enclosure diminished in perspective toward the "ladies' parlor" in the rear and eventually was cut off by the cross-line of the "bureau" at the stern, those more distant scripts ran together and blended to a piebald patterning.

Not since the first of the steam-driven vessels began crowding out the last of the keel-boats from this dependable old Tennessee River had an ark for human beings been so amazingly adorned. Never before in all this world had there been anything like



it. Never again could there be anything exactly like it—barring, of course, the Fleetwing and the Linda Smythe. Probably both of these were in the same awful state of holiness by now.

So Mr. Yarbro was mutely saying as he stood a spell by the hot stove and wonderingly looked about him. His eye fell upon a spot almost directly opposite him—the breadth of woodwork framing the late bar at its top. On a short ladder which joggled to the throb of the engines below was perched a stranger in overalls stained like a harlequin's suit, and in the flourishy style of your born sign-painter this person added the final beauteous luminous curlicue to a certain legend.

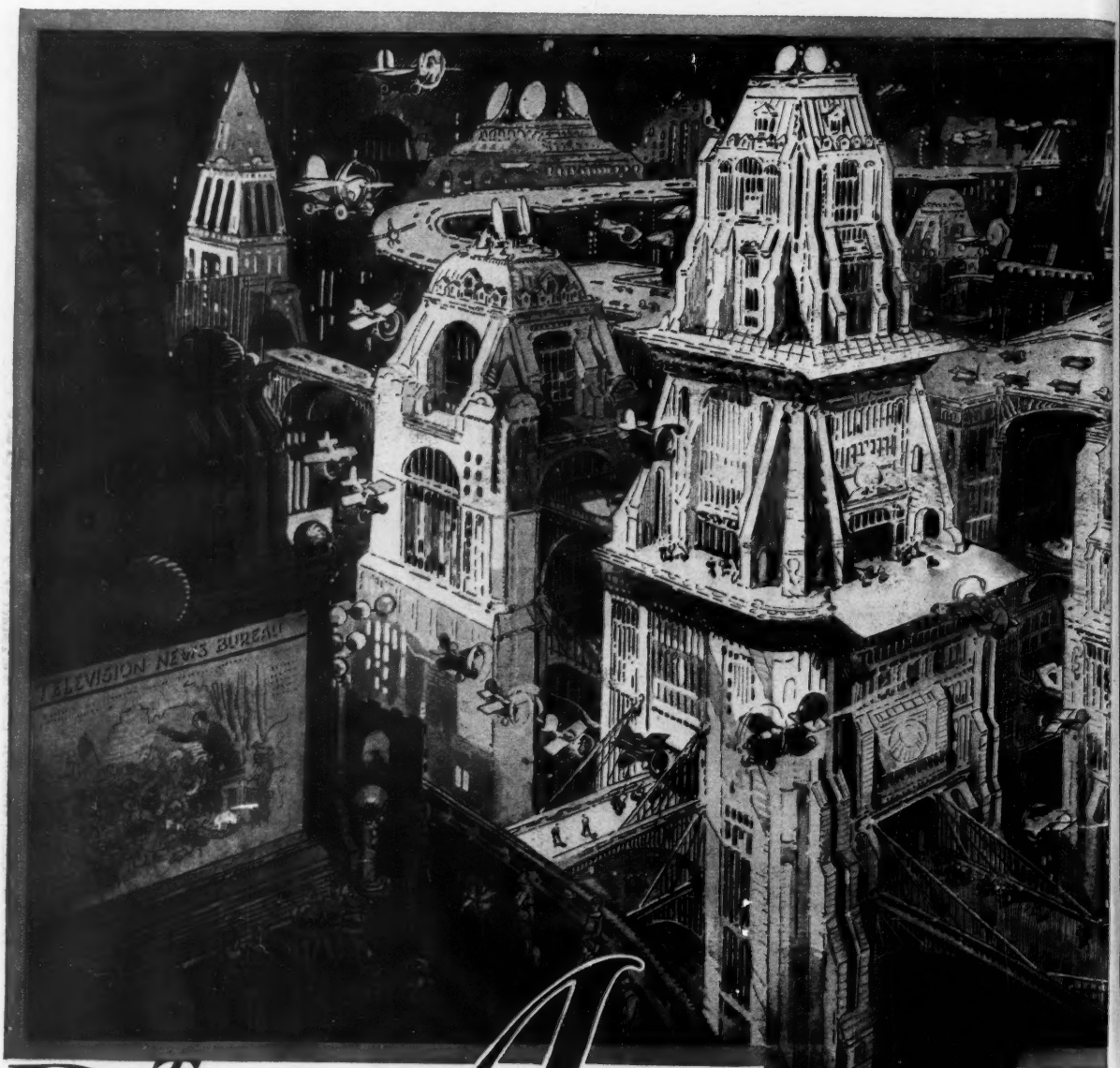
Mr. Yarbro spelled out the flowing last line, "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," and shook a mastodonic head in silent dissent. Under his breath he murmured his protest. "No, suhree," he testified in a whispered undertone, "not a single yaller dam sting in a whole barrel of it, specially if you taken yours same as I do, in a toddy, with sugar and a leedle water."

And while he was so engaged with his pensive musings, Colonel Withers pumped the Testamental facts into that poor child's system, by verse, by chapter, by main force. But down in the gangway descending from one cluttered deck to the next, the unregenerate Tip January stood just beneath a bulkhead which fairly shouted at him: "The fool hath said in his heart There is no God!" and in silent, stiff-necked defiance told his own stubborn heart that the fool had been absolutely right about it.

Upon the Emma Katie Lucas as she rounded to and brought up at the Paducah wharf that Saturday before, her owner had descended like a whirling storm-wind. The stroke had been sudden, without prior warning. On Friday night Colonel Withers, moved by no telling what whim, had visited a "tabernacle" tent pitched on a vacant lot at the corner beyond his home. If he went to scoff he remained to pray.

It was as though the evangelist had centered his cannonadings upon him; as though the worshipers had sung their rousing hymns for his ears, as though a spiritual high-sheriff laid hold on him at the end of the service and shoved him onward, his feet dragging in the sawdusted aisle, his head bowed, his face all working and streaked with tears, his going marked by a stupefied hush, then by astonished whisperings traveling from row to row of plank seats and then, a great quick shouting of *Hallelujahs* and *Praise Gods* when the elect, against the evidence of their own eyes, forced themselves to realize how noteworthy a brand was being plucked from the burning.

At the mourners' bench the penitent huddled him down and there professed remorse for all his grievous sins, he confessing as many of them as he could, in such a moment, remember off-hand, and begged forgiveness, and pledged himself to a life of atonement. When at last he arose it was to face the jubilant shouting congregation and before them all to voice in broken sentences his new-found happiness and—this, though, with an obvious wrench—to lay upon the altar *(Continued on page 145)*



The Day After

DURING the past hundred years human life over great areas of the world's surface has been changed more radically in its social habits than in six thousand years, perhaps, of previous history.

Now it rather looks as though during the next fifty years or less there are going to be even greater changes—more startling, more tremendous—and in this article and others I am going to suggest some of the things that may happen.

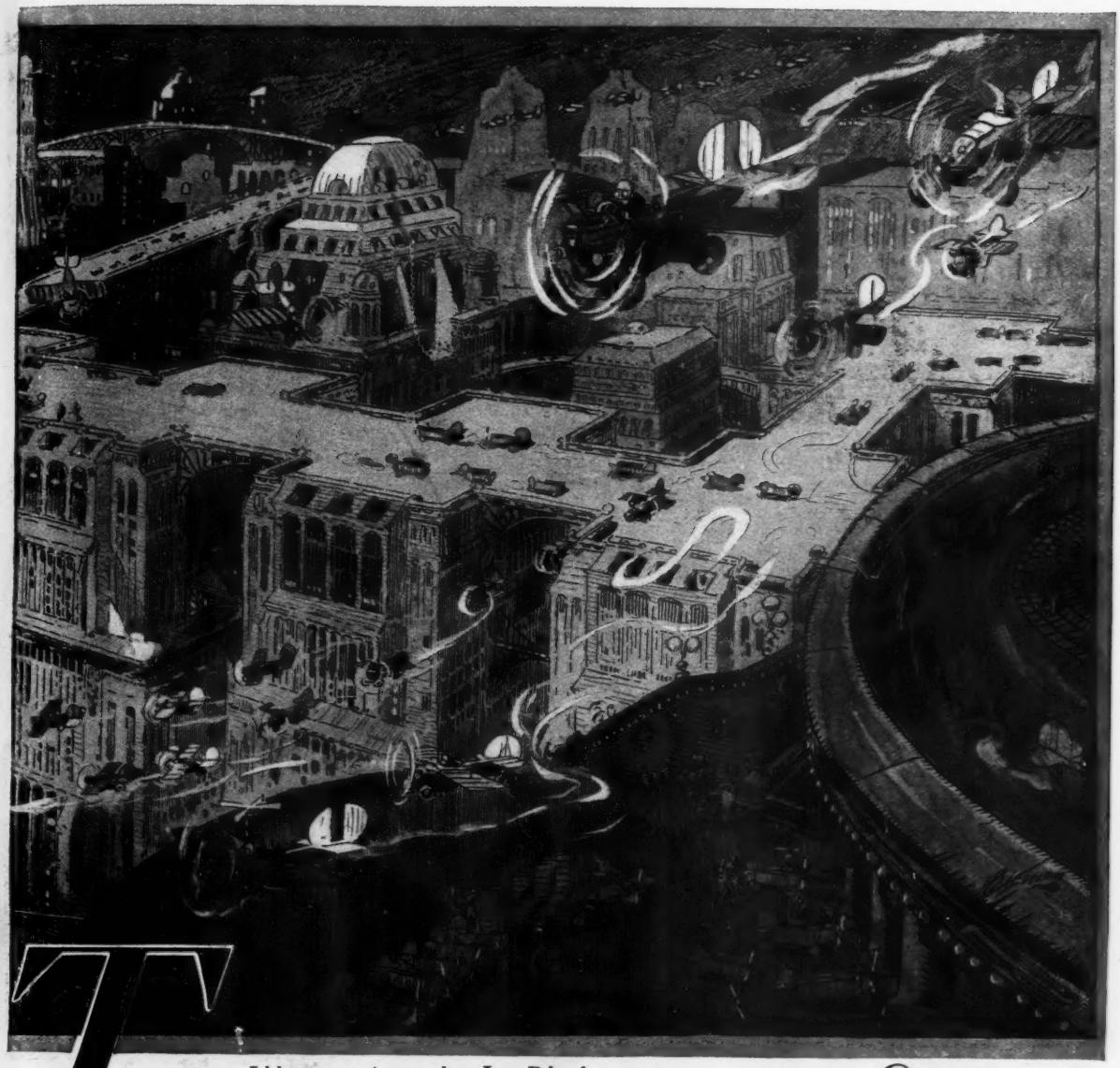
The scientists of today want watching by men in the street, of whom I am one, because it is *our* life with which they are experimenting in quiet laboratories which we are not allowed to enter. We are the patients upon whom they are operating, though we are mostly unaware of their operations, and of plans for our future way of life.

We really ought to watch those scientists! It is no longer the philosopher and idealist, still less the statesman and politician, who are responsible for the great social changes in the world.

The men who first discovered the use of fire, the man who invented the wheel, did more for human evolution than any philosopher, at least in the material aspect of life — which is rather important to people who want to live. During the past hundred years it is the chemist and engineer who have altered the face of the world, created the actions and reactions between great groups of humanity, and changed the conditions of life for the individual man by putting new power into his hands.

As everyone knows, the whole conditions of social life in certain countries were altered prodigiously about a century ago by a few men—mostly humble and obscure—who studied the power of steam in exerting pressure in confined spaces.

The result of their experiments substituted machine-power for man-power. It created the industrial era with its teeming cities and smoke-belching factories. It annihilated almost completely in certain countries the slow old methods of handicraft, the slow old ways of human labor. It speeded up the rhythm of life after thousands of years during which men—apart from seafarers, traders, scholars and rulers—had mostly bent their backs over mother earth, had mostly labored with sweat of body for simple needs which they found hard to get, had mostly lived and died



Tomorrow

Illustrations by L. Biederman

By Sir Philip Gibbs

in a very limited society, bounded by their farmstead and village —or at most by their nation—with its narrow range of ideas and its slow means of communication with the outside world.

"To increase and multiply one man-power," says one of the greatest English scientists, "is the object of all social systems from time immemorial."

The record of the last hundred years, and especially of the last fifty, has been the enormous multiplication of one man-power by newly discovered methods of harnessing natural energy to labor-saving machines. Steam, electricity, water-power and oil fuel have been the means by which man has liberated himself from the curse—or was it a blessing in disguise?—which befell Adam our ancestor.

One little man—Henry Ford by name—in one great country—the United States—has in his own lifetime, by means of his own organization of labor, added to the world nearly three hundred million mobile horse-power, or about ninety-seven times the potential horse-power of Niagara Falls. The whole world uses only twenty-three million stationary horse-power, of which the United States uses more than nine million.

Has it added any human happiness to life as well as mechanical power? That raises an immense argument with which we shall have to deal presently when we see what the scientists have in store for us. Henry Ford thinks it does.

"Go to the laborer in the street-car," he says. "He will tell you that just a few years ago he came home so tired that he had no time to change his clothes—just got his supper and went to bed. Now he changes his clothes at the shop, goes home by daylight and takes the family out for a drive. He will tell you that the killing pressure has let up. A man may have to be a little more businesslike on the job than formerly, but the old, endless, exhausting drive has 'quit.'"

It is, I find, chiefly in the speed of communication between one mind and another and one group of people and another that the advance is taking place, while new sources of energy are being discovered and tested.

"Transport and communication," says Professor J. B. S. Haldane—one of our younger and most brilliant scientific minds —"are limited only by the velocity of light. We are working towards a condition when any two persons on earth may be completely present to each other in 1/24th of a second. We shall never reach it, but that is the limit we shall approach indefinitely."

As regards transport—the conveying of people or goods from



one part of the earth's surface to another—the next twenty-five years, or less, will alter all our methods of commercial and social intercourse. We are only at the Dawn of the Air Age.

It is less than twenty years ago that I watched the pioneers of flight make their first feeble and fatal efforts to rise above the earth in heavier than air machines.

Soon after that we saw that the victory of flight had been achieved—just in time for that world war when youthful mastery of this wonderful power which man had gained after age-long dreams was used to increase the slaughter of fellow men and add to the terrors of human conflict.

Now—for how long?—we are adapting this new means of transport for the ways of peace.

In France, Germany, England and other countries air lines are linking up all great European cities with services as regular and punctual as trains. The last time I came back from Switzerland I breakfasted in Basle, lunched in Paris, took tea in Croydon, and was home two hours before dinner in a country house seven miles from the railway station. It took me seven hours instead of thirty-six by train and boat. Switzerland is five times nearer my country village.

Every year, every week almost, establishes a new record of long flight and fast flight. At the beginning of 1927 Sir Samuel Hoare, the British Secretary of State for Air, accompanied by his wife, flew to India in eleven days at a steady pace of a hundred miles an hour, without any accident or hitch, and then back again—without carrying any spare part!

The record non-stop flight up to the end of March of this year, 1927, was that of Lieutenant Coste and Captain Rignot, two French airmen, who flew from Paris to Jask in Persia, a distance of 3,390 miles, in thirty-two hours. Now a British airplane, the Horsely bomber, fitted with a Rolls-Royce Condor engine of 650 horse-power, is making a non-stop flight of 4,000 miles across Persia to Karachi and India. India in two days!

These are only demonstrations of speed and endurance, and each record will be beaten before long.

But that is not what matters enormously to the ordinary man. It is not the record but the regular service and the multiplication of flights which is going to alter his ways of life.

It will be a revolutionary form of transport to underpopulated countries. Already in Australia life is being changed for settlers who live solitary lives cut off by great distances from other communities. Now letters, packages and friends are brought to them by air. Solitude has been broken down in their minds because they can escape from it. An Australian writer says that the commercial air pilots have already moved the hands of the clock forward at least a hundred years for the bush dwellers of Australia.

In Queensland, where single individuals own cattle runs larger than England, squatters are beginning to use airplanes to inspect their herds—some of them running to 200,000 head of cattle—and not long ago an old man of seventy flew 1,200 miles in one day whereas previously it had taken him six weeks to make the same journey on horseback. A sick woman living on a remote farm was carried back 850 miles from hospital a week after an operation, strapped to a stretcher and none



the worse for her flight. Scouting planes are sent out to search for lonely gold-miners dying of thirst after losing their bearings, or to bring rescue to men needing surgical aid.

Safety and certainty are being added to speed. The Queensland service has flown over 4,000,000 miles without so much as scratching the finger of a passenger, pilot or mechanic, and it has one pilot who taught himself to fly and another who has flown for ten years over rough country without a crash. All this gives a hint of the development that will take place very soon in countries of great distances and sparse populations like Australia and Africa, while every country in Europe is intensifying its aerial activity.

Still we are only at the dawn of the air age. The full meaning of this new era in human life will only become manifest to the ordinary man when he also takes to the air as now he gets into a motor-car, and when the aerial highways are crowded with the traffic of tourists, trippers and traders, and persons paying social visits to friends and families hundreds of miles away but very close in time values. The scientists have only to devise a cheap airplane, rather more fool-proof than at present, with a slightly increased margin of safety, and turned out by mass production, before the world takes to the air "not in single spies but in battalions."

In London now one can stroll down Bond Street and buy an airplane as easily as a toothpick. It is a Moth machine for £730 (about $3,567). Its wings fold back so that it can be put into a small garage. It needs only a small landing space. There are eight aerodromes in which one can learn to fly it. In March of this year a boy of fifteen and a man of sixty-five qualified as pilots of the Moth after a short period of tuition. When such a machine as that is sold at $700, payable by instalments, and when the risk of flight is not quite so great to the beginner, the sky will be crowded with butterflies as well as moths, and the flappers of the future will spread their wings to do a morning's shopping. In less than twenty-five years from now it will happen, if we can believe the prophets of civil aviation.

When that happens the motor-car will be obsolete because the airplane will run along the ground as well as fly over it. It will relieve the pressure of road transport. It will make a mockery of national frontiers. It will alter the architecture of cities, which will have landing places on their roofs and aerodromes at their centers of activity. Every thickly congested country like England or Germany will distribute its human life over wider areas instead of crowding its masses into great cities. The business man will be able to live a hundred miles away from his office and get to his job as quickly as now by the tube train from an outer suburb. As yet no plans have been made for traffic congestion in the air or the difficulty of many machines landing in the same locality. Undoubtedly there will have to be a rule of the air and "speed cops" in the clouds. Space will have to be cleared for safe landing in industrial and populated areas.

These are material changes, startling and interesting if one's mind dwells upon them. But the (*Continued on page 203*)

By the Author of

Alimony



The First Wife

IT WAS audacious—that was the word the reviewers used—audacious from start to finish. But boldest of all was the dedication:

> To my husband's first wife,
> whose demands for alimony
> have made necessary this book.

We gasped. Then those of us who knew read it again, that pitiless dissection of an impotent marriage, and gasped still more. We never knew, and don't to this day, whether Philip told her or whether her keen mind guessed, but it was a bitter analysis of his own barren life with Felice, the first Mrs. Channing. And she had done it, Philip's second wife, Mary Shayne.

But I'm telling the end of my story first.

I saw her only once, Felice.

That isn't her name, but Mary Shayne called her Felice in "Years of the Locust" and it was Mary Shayne who made her real, for to me she was always a lady of glamour. And I can't help wondering if she was fair in rubbing it all away, that glamourous beauty. It's true I saw her only once, and that by candleglow, but Mary Shayne had never seen her at all, except in the light of her own imagination.

But back to my time.

Philip Channing had come to us from an Eastern paper, the highest-paid book reviewer in America—that's our boast—and his desk was next to mine. He was thirty-two then—that's ten years ago—with a personality that came in curious layers.

To the world that could not presume upon him, scrub-women and office-boys, he gave a friendly sympathy and whimsical understanding; but to those who might have been his friends, a detached manner that dealt in brilliant analysis of books, plays, authors, politics and policies, but froze to reserve at the hint of anything personal, as if he were afraid of questions. And underneath it all as lonely a man as God ever made. I was between the two groups, a much older man than the others, and so he could let me see.

Bit by bit he thawed out; to the theater with Gately, the dramatic critic, luncheon with McAllister, the Sunday editor. And finally after two years he invited us all to an anniversary party at his house.

He said "house" but we expected at best a suite, for it was one of those addresses just off Lake Shore Drive that are either homes of old families or else rooming places.



The Husband

But it was a house, after all, narrow and dingy outside, of course, but within, teakwood and old walnut, bronze and dull blue cloisonné, bits of antique crystal, and old hangings. Restful with soft, mellow lights, gleaming mirrors, comfortable chairs—and wholly removed from the city.

There were questions that ached to be asked: Did he own it? Did he live there alone? Why had he taken it? How could he afford it? Did he have other income? And so on and on. But no one dared.

Channing's eyes shone with excitement and his voice almost trembled—he was so eager and anxious that it go off all right. And after the first electric shock of wonderment had passed, it did. There were cocktails and food from Martin's around the corner, smoking and talking; then he played snatches of Bach and Wagner and gay bits from moderns on a mellow old piano.

From then on it was a habit for someone, after "the Mail" had gone to press, to gather up the crowd and drive around to Philip's for food and talk and dancing.

There was Jensen, a star reporter who hated women, with his thundering voice and heavy ways; Julia van Burns, the society editor, a slim exponent of next season's fashions in clothes and dancing; Gately, who is too clever; Bob McAllister, twenty years a country editor and now the best organizer of Sunday news the Gazette has ever had; his wife, who's supposed to manage a home some twenty miles away but is always just around the corner; Laura Patton, of "The Helping Hand," who bursts into flame now and then from a most deceptive quiet; Norton, the distinguished, of "Opera and Musical Events"; and I, who didn't belong there at all, for I'm just a plug.

Taken separately we'd little in common, but the Gazette was our denominator, and the differences somehow gave us freedom to be ourselves more than if we'd each mixed with his own kind.

We were all there one night about one o'clock. Channing was playing, Julia was showing Gately a new step and threatening to teach Jensen next, Norton, Mac, a couple of others, and I were playing poker, when suddenly the double doors from the hall were flung open and there she stood: a woman we didn't know existed.

She looked all gold in the light of the mellow candles: golden wrap, golden slippers, golden hair, scarlet lips and eyes of unearthly blue. I thought of Lady Castlewood coming down the stairs. I thought of Helen. I thought of every woman blessed with the tradition of beauty.

Channing rose. "This is my wife, Felice." His voice was steady but far away as in a dream.

That *Remarkable play*, "CHICAGO"

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg



¶ MAURINE WATKINS. *Her life reads like a Cinderella story of the movies: at 22 a student at Butler College in Indianapolis; at 24 a reporter on a Chicago daily; at 25 a student in Professor Baker's course in playwriting at Yale; at 26 the author of "Chicago," one of Broadway's most successful plays—and still an unspoiled woman, but wise and understanding far beyond her years. And she doesn't smoke cigarets, drink gin or bob her hair.*

She gave no sign that she saw us or heard him, but stood a moment in silent fury. We watched, speechless, as she swept across the room to the piano, took a tiny key from her bag of clinking gold mesh and locked the instrument, then turned to Philip.

"How dare you!"

She swept out again and he followed her into the hall. They stood there a few seconds, and she talked while he listened, grave and silent. Then he gave her a roll of bills and she vanished, gathering her cloak around her with a stately, scornful gesture.

It might all have been a dream, only twelve people don't dream the same thing at the same moment.

He never explained, we never questioned, and she never came again. But I thought of her often, Felice, Philip Channing's first wife.

You may remember it, Mary Shayne's first novel: "Wise Virgins." It caused the greatest gasp in that year of gaspers.

It was the analysis of a selfish chastity that was more revolting than any infidelity or prostitution, done with a frankness that was uncanny when you considered the calm youth of the girl—and her publishers made us consider that! There was talk of suppression and it made a wild-fire sweep. The pulpit raged against it as typical of the decadent age; the press gleefully advertised it as the best expression from the newer generation; and the public read it.

Then Philip Channing, in columns of white heat, lifted it from the ranks of best-sellers. He scoffed at prudes and Puritans—and him from Boston, mind you!—painstakingly defined the naked from the nude, and thanked God for Venus de Milo, Balzac, the Old Testament, and Mary Shayne, who dared to write "Wise Virgins."

A week later he tossed me a letter on rough gray stationery and I read the



plain, print-like writing: "I'm happy! May I thank you? Mary Shayne." He tucked it away carefully and we naturally supposed that was it, the thanks, but the next day she came in herself.

I hadn't thought she would look like that: straight and not too slim, of farm stock, I imagine, with nondescript dark hair, heavy brows, serious eyes, and a sudden smile that made her look even less than the twenty-four years her publishers boasted. I don't remember her clothes at all, but I know she wore daffodils and they suited her.

Channing swung to his feet in a dazed fashion as she clasped both hands around his. She smiled in delight at his evident surprise, for it *is* a surprise to find that a woman of talent isn't ungodly ugly, and they raced into talk. My desk is so close I couldn't help hearing and I didn't try very hard. Thorne's new book . . . newspapers . . . walking in the rain . . . the duty of a reviewer . . . daffodils . . . the Middle West . . . Boston . . . *hors d'œuvres* . . . Walter Pater . . . "Alice in Wonderland" . . . old silver . . . apples . . . They touched them all with fearful eagerness and, as they saw their paces matched, nodded in the rapture of understanding and promised return.

Twenty minutes—and that's a long time in an office where the news of the world is gathered together—they stood there before Channing thought to bring her a chair. And an hour later they went to luncheon.

Then he told her, a stranger—no, they were never strangers—that first day what we had wondered over for years—seven it was then, seven years without a word of explanation. I think he must have seen even then what was coming, but he didn't realize that the telling made it even more inevitable. Mary, impulsive, quick to sympathy, eager to idealize; Channing, lonely, bound for twelve years to a woman who despised him and refused to share his life, hungry.

That was the word he used to her: "A man gets so hungry for devotion."

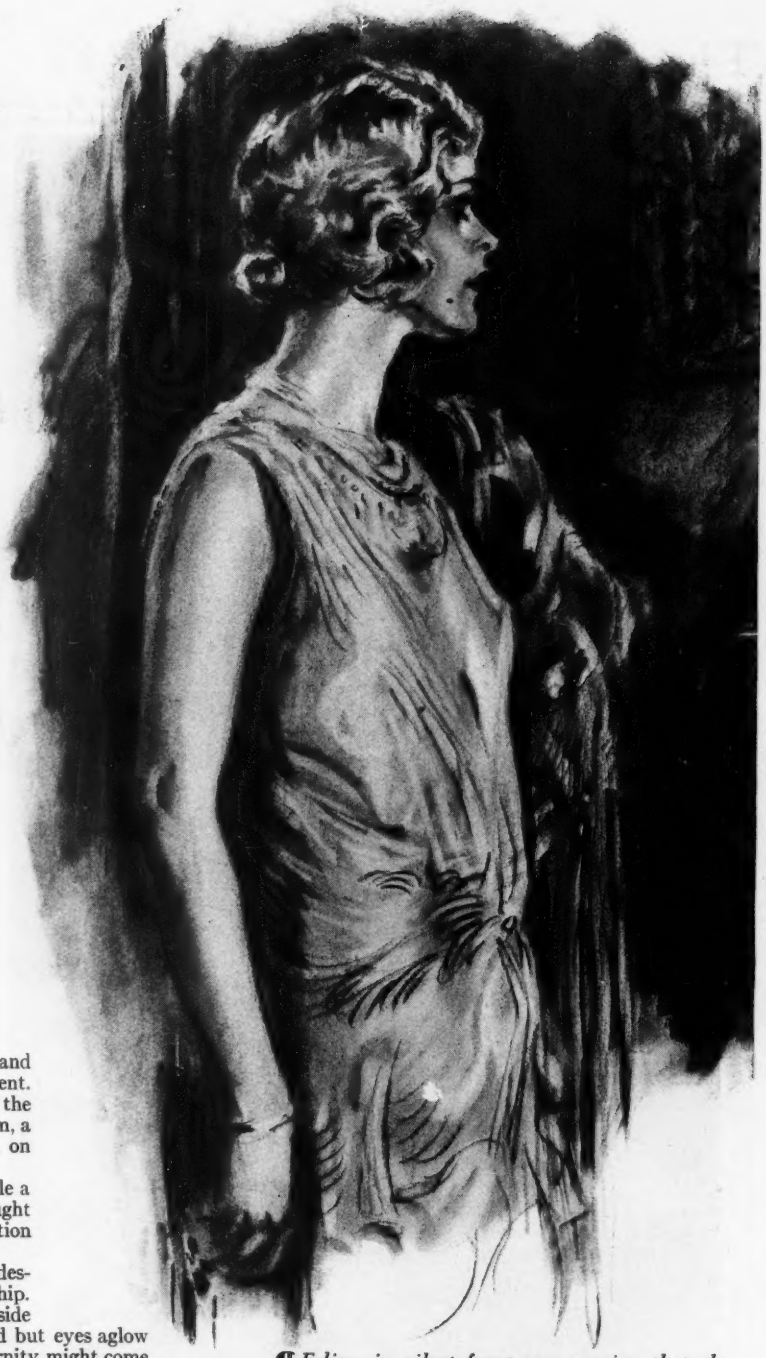
Devotion. That was what she gave him; that and a belief in his ability and pride in his achievement. It all came back to him, faith in himself; and the world was singing again; a woman believed in him, a woman was proud of him, a woman depended on him for her happiness!

In less than a week he saw a lawyer, who made a hurried and successful trip to Felice. She brought suit ten days later for divorce, charging desertion and non-support.

It was easily arranged but all took time and destined Mary Shayne to a sort of hushed courtship. They lunched at a queer little restaurant on a side street. I saw them one day—the food untouched but eyes aglow with love, talking with rapid eagerness as if eternity might come too soon—and I stole out again so they might not know I guessed. And Jensen stumbled across them one evening, walking slowly along the lake, and again in a picture show.

She stopped in the office now and then to see the Mouse—Channing had introduced her to Laura—and sometimes lunched with the McAllisters, and once or twice Julia and Gately stopped by her tiny suite and later picked up Phil at some hotel; but she never came with the crowd to his house on Greer Street. Though she might have, and we would have understood. I say "understood," for we were an old-fashioned group and believed in marriage and faithfulness, but Philip didn't seem married to us. And I don't believe he did to Mary Shayne. There was something untouched about him—though that word's usually saved for women—and Felice seemed wholly unreal even to us who had seen her.

Six months later, the day after the final decree, Philip stopped by my desk hurriedly and asked if I could spare an hour. I went with him to the little dim-lighted church—she wanted a church wedding—and there the pastor's wife, a drab woman with sad eyes, and I watched Mary Shayne become the second Mrs. Channing.



Felice, in silent fury, gave no sign that she saw us. "How dare you!" she said to Philip.

They were going away for just ten days and we waited impatiently for their return.

We realized what her brilliance and aliveness would mean to us, but we wanted her most of all because we knew she would bring happiness to Philip. For we had come to love him and his house on Greer Street and were glad for his sake that at last it had a mistress.

But that was not to be.

Philip burst in one morning, the old reserve gone and in its place a boyishness that was incredible. There were the usual congratulations and jokes, then he settled the question of our "welcome home" by inviting us all to an after-theater supper. That was really what we wanted; a comfortable evening in that peaceful room, smoking and talking, with him at the piano and



Mary Shayne—Mary Channing!—to sparkle and entrance.

"Oh, yes," he added, too carelessly for an afterthought, "we're at the Normandy."

At the Normandy! A residence hotel facing Lincoln Park; pleasant enough, but why?

"Honeymooning," said Jensen sagely.

"She wants to play a while before settling down to market lists," said Julia.

"Her new novel," suggested Gately.

"Maybe it's being done over—the house," timidly chirped the Mouse.

We turned on her in a blaze of wrath.

"Just being cleaned—'swept and garnished,' " she added hastily.

But even that seemed sacrilege. If there were dust we loved it.

THAT night we packed ourselves into the little hotel suite and drank to the Good House of Channing. And I think we envied them, not their happiness but the radiance that was still theirs.

We didn't crowd into the Normandy again, but there were other parties, at restaurants, at hotels, and we even drove out a few times to McAllister's, but none of them gave us seclusion, rest and peace. Finally one night a month or so later at Enrico's, Jensen blurted it out:

"I say, Phil, when are we going home?"

There was silence a moment and Phil went on carefully measuring whisky into the glasses for high-balls.

"It's all right, you know," Jensen stumbled on, "playing around in places like this for a while——"

The white lights suddenly blinded us and the music was cheap and tawdry.

"But it isn't *home!*" Mrs. McAllister's soft voice chimed in and she turned to Mary. "You know, we've adopted your place."

"We're homesick, Phil." It was Mac himself.

Phil carefully added ginger ale. "We're not going back to Greer Street." His voice was achingly steady. "I sold the lease last week." Mary's eyes were hard and bright. "But we've taken a place farther out on the Drive," and he went on in invitation.

The party was over. "Now why?" everyone buzzed.

"Money," answered Jensen. "Divorces aren't cheap, you know."

"Perhaps," suggested the Mouse, "she didn't want to live where——"

We stared at her a moment before we understood.

"What nonsense!"

"Rot!"

"But that couldn't be." It was Mrs. Mac speaking. "Why, she—the other one—was never there but once!"

"It's money," Jensen boomed again. "Divorces come high."

And I thought of golden Felice: yes, divorces might come high.

No apartment could ever take the place of the house on Greer Street, but after all it was something to know we had an anchoring-place once more.

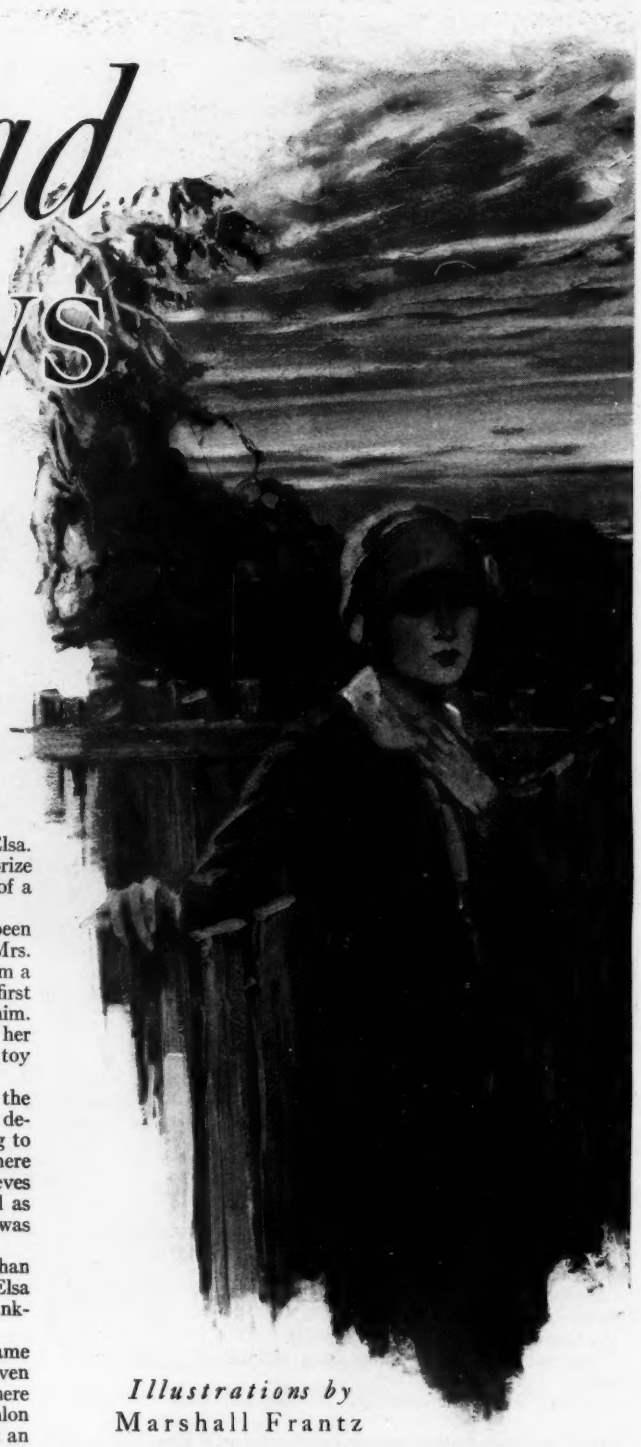
"It was a slick place," Julia consoled, "but after all it was really Phil's things that made it."

That was true; the "Portrait of a Lady" in the hallway, the old tapestry on the south wall, the soft celadon bowls, the bit of ruby glaze on the mantel between the old bronzes, and the piano where he played—yes, any room would glow with these treasures.

But even that . . .

For their shoe-string apartment held, in the sun-parlor where we entered, wicker with bright chintzes, and the living-room overstuffed davenport and stiff armchairs (*Continued on page 199*)

The Mad Carews



Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz

The Story So Far:

IN HER first encounter with misfortune little ten-year-old Elsa Bowers was puzzled that her brother Reef alone should have been the victim—Reef who could do anything! But what would he turn to now, she wondered, with his right hand gone because of that tragic accident in the darkness when he had climbed up to release the spring of the old windmill? Mingled with Elsa's grief at the thought of Reef's suffering came sudden resentment, not at the old windmill—though that, to be sure, was the direct cause—but at the Carews who were really responsible for the tragedy.

Because they had failed to pay a reasonable price for some land they had purchased from her father, he had been unable to buy a new windmill that spring, and the old one had proved unsafe.

It was only two years since the Carews had come to Sundower and they had never ceased to be strangers to Elsa. With their riches, their shining new buildings and their prize stock, they were a fabulous family from between the pages of a story-book.

In the midst of Elsa's musing the very people she had been hating—and envying—drove up in a glittering victoria. Mrs. Grace Carew, Peter's wife, and Miss Hildreth—and with them a boy about Reef's age, young Bayliss Carew. In this, Elsa's first encounter with Bayliss, she gained her first victory over him. With instinctive dislike for patronage, she refused to allow her small brother Leon to accep. from their visitor a fascinating toy that Lenny wanted.

Later, Elsa listened to a strange conversation between the Carew women. Hildreth Carew seemed to take a perverse delight in setting forth the deviltries of the Carews. According to her, the Carew men had always taken what they wanted, where they wanted it. They had been everything from horse thieves to international spies; crooked as the devil and as beautiful as gods. But the crookedest thing about them, she concluded, was that they always managed to marry good women.

Grace Carew protested at that. A girl might do worse than marry a Carew. "She couldn't," said Hildreth flatly. Elsa found herself liking Miss Hildreth for her rather terrifying frankness.

Four years later, while Reef was away at law school, came Elsa's second encounter with Bayliss Carew. She had driven to the Carew home on an errand for her mother, to find there Hildreth and Grace, Florence, who was soon to marry Mahlon Breen, the banker, and Ada, who was Elsa's age. She spent an uncomfortable half-hour with these embarrassing women, and it was when she was leaving that she saw Bayliss. He was riding a beautiful horse and at sight of her he tightened the reins sharply, bringing the horse to its hind legs.

Elsa watched horse and rider for a moment, scarcely knowing whether she admired the picture they made or resented it. Then she caught sight of blood on the bridle.

"Don't do that," she said. "You're hurting his mouth." For answer, Bayliss drew the rein tighter. In a moment Elsa's anger flamed. She seized the bridle bit and snatched her whip, ready to use it if he did not obey her.

Bayliss shook the rein loose. "All right, Elsa Spitfire. I'll be good." But Elsa, with a sense of some new humiliation, had already released her hold on the bridle and was in her seat in the democrat.

THE year bore once more to its close and Elsa's mother tacked strips of old garments at the top and the bottom of doors to keep out the blowing cold, and at night placed old grain sacks, pieces of carpet, anything, at the threshold. There was nothing so real on the prairie as winter, nothing so memorable. Elsa's mother made cough sirup out of onions and brown sugar, a mixture more loathsome than castor-oil.

Reef was home for the holidays, a strangely different Reef, who sat late into the night, with his feet in the oven of the kitchen stove, a heavy book on his knees. He had been glad to see them all, of course, had talked to them for hours about his life in the city, had told them again and again how good it was to be back home with them. And yet, it seemed to Elsa, he was almost a

By Martha Ostenso

A Novel of Men who Got What they Wanted



¶ *"I'd rather fight with you, Elsa, than love any other woman I've ever known," said Bayliss.*

stranger among them. Perhaps it was simply that he had suddenly become a man, with a man's ways and a man's thoughts.

Elsa would sit a little apart from him in the kitchen at night and look at him almost shyly, knowing that another world had already begun to claim him, another life than the life they lived in Elder's Hollow. It made you feel a little sad to think of it, and glad, too—glad for Reef!

A fresh fall of snow, and New Year's came, feathery white, a world of rounded contours. Among the cottonwoods beside the house long blue shadows lay, and between them, where the sunlight was soft, the snow was the color of ripe peaches. Elsa looked from her window past the miraculous cottonwood grove, polychromed by winter, looked south to where the Carew house stood in its spell. Florence Carew was being married there today, with well-to-do farmers present, and townspeople, and people from the city. Elsa's mother and father had talked about the marriage at the breakfast table that morning.

"The Carews have got more than a toe-hold here now," her mother had said.

"And why shouldn't they?" her father had said. "You're as suspicious as a cat with a piece of meat. Quit your growling!"

Elsa's mother was afraid of something, always. Now it was Florence Carew's marriage to Mahlon Breen that made her afraid. Perhaps her father was afraid, too, for all his bluster and his making fun of her mother.

Elsa had no fear of the Carews so long as she did not have to go alone to the big house and offer their women woolen stockings, and show her legs. She could close her eyes now and see Florence Carew in her wedding dress. Ivory velvet, Fanny Ipsmiller had said it was going to be. Ivory velvet—so many *v's!* So soft.

But Florence was marrying a hard man, a man who must be old, too, a man who was pale, and tall, and carried a cane, although he didn't lean on it. Elsa had often seen him on the street in Sundower. And Bayliss would be there, looking very young beside the man who was marrying his sister, looking like the school picture of Sir Galahad standing beside his horse. And Peter Carew would be there, too, laughing so that all the house could hear him.

Elsa turned from the window, frowning, sucking at her underlip. "But, anyhow, I don't like the Carews. It was because they didn't pay enough for the land that Reef lost his . . . I hate them . . . for their fat legs and the way they ride their horses. I hate Bayliss most of all . . . stepping on your foot when you couldn't say anything about it because of company."

On the last Saturday night before Reef went back to the city, Elsa went with him to skate on the creek in the Hollow. From the house they had seen the bonfires that the skaters who had come down from Sundower had kindled on the ice. There would be others there from the Hollow, too. The Magnusson girls, perhaps, and Lily and Clarice Fletcher, the Whitney boys, and young Nels Lundquist.

With Reef beside her, Elsa would go among them proudly and without fear. The Whitney boys would know enough to keep their distance. She could even have faced the Carews, but the Carews, of course, had their own pond for skating, near the house. It was enough for them that they should have to go to school with the children of the Hollow. And yet, while they were still some distance from the creek, Elsa was sure she saw Bayliss Carew and his sister Ada glide past in the light from one of the fires. She hoped it was not so. Bayliss would want to talk to Reef and she would be left to herself.

It was while Reef was helping her with her skates that Bayliss skated down upon them suddenly and caught Reef by the shoulders. "Hello, Reef, old boy!"

"Hello, Bay!"

Elsa looked up and saw Bayliss's face shining in the light from the fire. Then she sat tugging at her straps while Reef stood up and talked with him about his work and about the city and about the wedding on New Year's. And Elsa listened, pretending not to listen, thinking fiercely to herself, "There's no call for Bayliss Carew to be so friendly to Reef. He's just *doing* it—to be nice. We don't need it. He doesn't have to be nice to us. Reef doesn't need it, either. If I was Reef, I'd be so nice to him it'd kill him. Reef ought to use some of the big words he uses when he's talking to me. Why doesn't he? I would. I'd be so nice——"

Bayliss was speaking to her now. She looked up and saw him leaning over her, his head bared in mock gallantry, his face almost on a level with her own.

"Am I going to have the honor of the first skate?" he asked her in his grand manner.

She got up slowly, looking at Reef.

"Go ahead, Else. I'll wait for you," Reef urged.

ELSA felt dizzy, hot and angry, all at once. Reef would be cross if she said no. Besides, it would look as if she was afraid, or shy. She held her hands toward Bayliss and felt herself suddenly swept out upon the ice, away from the light of the fire, and upward along the creek in the pale starlight. Shadows swayed past them, and voices, clear voices talking and laughing and calling to each other along the creek.

A short distance ahead of them, two figures paused under the naked branches of an overhanging willow. They were two faint shadows against the starlit snow. They became one shadow for a moment and then Elsa heard a girl's laugh. It was Lily Fletcher's laugh she heard, Lily Fletcher laughing in a strained way because someone had kissed her there under the naked branches of the willow.

"Let's go back now," Elsa said suddenly. It was the first word she had spoken since she had left Reef. Bayliss had not spoken.

"You're afraid of the kissing-tree," he said then.

Elsa caught her underlip between her teeth to keep from replying to that. She was too angry to speak. She could feel her cheeks flame suddenly against the cold air. She swung about and started down the creek without a word. When they were back again in the light of the fire, they found Reef waiting where they had left him. Elsa glided toward him and seized his arm with both hands.

Bayliss laughed as he stood before Reef. "She's not so bad for a little girl, Reef," he said. "She'll be a good skater when she grows up."

Doing his best to act the man again, Elsa thought, now that he's with Reef. She lifted her face and wrinkled her nose a little, disdaining to smile. And now Reef was looking down at her and laughing, too.

"Where *have* you been, Bayliss?" It was Ada who spoke, coming toward them from the other side of the creek and confronting Bayliss with a face that was icy, tight-lipped. "Oh, hello, Reef! Hello, El-sa!" she greeted them with her shallow smile. "I didn't know you were down. Take me for a skate, Bay. It'll soon be time to go home."

Elsa and Reef stood and watched them go off together. "Another Carew woman looking after another Carew man," Reef said with a slow chuckle. "They sure start in early. Come on, Else, let's skate around and see who's here."

Elsa saw how Time possessed the earth, turning it to its own uses; how it released its seasons that they might flow over it, in colors and depths and long, undying murmurs. New Aprils came and the fields opened, dark and sweet, under that tide; unflagging Junes with their serene inevitability of growth unshadowed still by a foreknown death; Octobers that stole into the earth with their sad, patient doubt; and the white sleep—all under that tide of the seasons.

She saw, too, that human creatures were one with the earth in this, that Time turned them as well to its own purposes. A certain August swept by, since when old-world names that had lain for generations in the soft colors of romance had become livid under bursting night-flares and the reflected light of smoldering ruins.

Never a night now but Uncle Fred went up to Sundower for more news of fallen cities and hurtling legions and sunken ships on the seas. Table talk was of events that always led beyond the ken of Elsa's father and her Uncle Fred. Steve Bowers, who had worked his land with all the zeal of his heart and the strength of his body that his children might attain to a fuller life than his own, stood still now and waited, it seemed, even though he went doggedly each day to his work in the fields. Into the eyes of Elsa's mother, eyes that had been straining ever forward to some brighter future, had come a troubled look, bewilderment.

Reef, after two years in the law school in the city, was home now, throwing his energies once more into the patch of land in the Hollow, poring over his books at night, nursing a blind hope that he might yet win freedom from the few starved acres that enslaved his father. Elsa herself clung still to her dreams of a life that was not of the Hollow, clung to them fiercely though they seemed to pale at the sound of her father's voice muttering over his paper, "We'll be into it yet—maybe before another year." Or Uncle Fred, "Yeah, and before that!" And her mother, complaining in a monotone as she went about her work, "And our own boys, mebbe, singin' an' dyin'—singin' an' dyin'—on the other side of the world!"

Elsa saw, too, that in all that district the Carews alone seemed able to live as if nothing in the outer world could possibly be of interest to them so long as there was peace within their own. She had seen very little of them. Michael, married now to Nellie Block, the minister's daughter, was helping with the management of the great farm, and Bayliss was away at college in the city. Joel, the youngest of the three boys, would be the next to go. Florence, the wife of Mahlon Breen, went to the city twice a year to buy clothes. Ada had been sent to boarding-school. Peter Carew, it seemed, was always riding off by himself, no one knew where, and returning very often only when his wife and Miss Hildreth brought him back.

People said that Peter spent too much time among those Bohemians south of Hurley and even Elsa's father had begun to fear that no good would come of it. To Elsa, however, it seemed only fitting that Peter Carew should go riding away by himself, whatever they might have to say of him. For her, at least, he would never be one of the Carews. He was scarcely of this world, indeed. Had he not come close to her that day when she was wading in the creek, and talked to her, and gone off laughing at what she had said, and had he not ridden away and away and floated up among the blue-white clouds that had hung above her in the sky that day? She hated the Carews, but Peter was of another world.

She had spoken her mind to that effect one night at the table after she had told them something she had heard about Peter that day at school. Her father had paused and looked at her a full minute in silence.

"Don't let your schooling put any wrong ideas into that head of yours, my girl," he had said then. "The Carews are no good!"

IT WAS on an evening early in May that Joe Tracy first came to the Bowers farm. He came on foot, edging his way along between the fields, moving northward through the striated radiance of the cottonwoods with the sunset upon them. Elsa, watching from the kitchen window, saw him approach and thought it was Uncle Fred returning from some late visit to the fields. A moment later, however, she knew she was wrong. The man was a shade taller than Uncle Fred, about as tall, she thought, as Uncle Fred must have been before the years had brought his shoulders low under their burden. Besides, he seemed to be singing—no, not singing!

"There's somebody coming through the fields—from down Carews' way," she told her mother, who was just finishing her work in the kitchen. "Listen—he's playing a banjo or something."

Her mother came to the window and looked over Elsa's shoulder. "That's funny," she mused wonderingly; "anybody walkin' along like that this time of day with no hat on his head. Looks like he's come down from the Carews'."

"He's going over to where the boys are," Elsa said.

"Go and wash your hands and take off that apron," her mother said, with a pretense of unconcern. "I'll finish up here. You've surely done enough for one day. Go on, now."

She did not say that Elsa, being eighteen now, might expect to have young gentlemen calling on her and that she ought to make herself presentable, in any case. But Elsa remained at the window, her eyes scanning the figure of the young man who was talking to Reef and Leon in the yard beside the barn. The stranger seemed a little taller now, though he was not so tall as Bayliss Carew. There was about his body, too, a suggestion of power—not mere physical power, but power of a kind for which Elsa had no name. It was in the spread of his shoulders, in the outward humorous set of his jaw, even in his crisp, light brown hair. And yet, Elsa thought with swift precision and regret, it



"I'm going to take you with me" . . . How easy it would be to say yes, Elsa thought, because there's romance in you, Joe Tracy . . . But she knew how romance fled.

was the power of one who was close to the earth, a power that might thrust its way through to the antipodes and not create as much stir in the world of men as another man might create by a turn of the head.

Reef and Leon were coming down the path from the barn, the stranger walking between them. Elsa stepped coolly out of the doorway, into the yard.

"This is Joe Tracy, Else," Reef said. "He's working over at the Carew place."

"How-do?" The visitor grinned pleasantly, gripping Elsa's hand so that she winced. "Got my nerve, eh, marching up on you like this?" He strummed carelessly, a bit self-consciously, on the guitar that hung from a green cord about his neck. "But gosh, I just felt I had to get away somewheres tonight. I ain't exactly their kind down there. Just one of the hired help. Not that I'm kickin'. Only I just can't get used to their ways, the women especially. I got to cravin' for company, just naturally had to have it, that's all."

Elsa's mother came through the doorway lugging two chairs from the kitchen. Leon swept the chairs down to the ground and placed one before their visitor. Elsa and Reef sat down on the steps.

"You play the guitar?" Elsa ventured, a little diffident because of the stranger's forward manner and his ready talk.

"No, Lady," he told her solemnly. "This is a kitchen stove I carry round just to keep my arm tired." As he spoke he caught sight of Reef's wrist. "Been mixin' into a shootin' accident, eh?" he observed in the careless manner of one to whom shooting accidents might have been of almost daily occurrence.

"No," Reef said, with the gentle manner by which he always strove to set an inquirer at ease. "I lost it on an old windmill we had when I was a kid. But I've got used to being without it. Don't miss it, really. You'd be surprised how easily you get used to that kind of thing."

It was Leon's turn now. "You sure would. If I could do half with my two fists that Reef does with his one I'd be good enough. Get him to throw a rope for you sometime just to prove it."

"Well, I'm minus two toes on this here foot myself," Joe said

quickly, and Elsa wondered defensively if it were true.

Any show of pity for Reef, however delicate, threw Elsa back upon her old feeling of resentment. She had long since tried to reason herself out of it, had told herself that it was childish, this flying to Reef's defense without cause, but the habit was too strongly ingrained in her nature. Even now she could see that Joe Tracy had no thought of offering pity to Reef.

Joe Tracy wanted to talk. He was telling them of how he had lived before coming to Sundower to work for the Carews, telling them, too, in a manner half singing, half talking, so that they listened to him as men and women must have listened of old, Elsa thought, to some roving minstrel chanting his tales while his fingers played over the strings of his instrument. He was telling them of desert and of mesa and of mountain-top and valley, of barren waste and rolling range and canyons with a thousand sunsets painted on their walls. He was telling them of nights in Mexico and days in the Sierras, of hot noons in the Bad Lands and blizzards in Dakota. And always as he talked his fingers caressed the strings of his guitar so that the very air about him seemed to breathe softly with music.



He stayed with them for more than two hours, enchanting them, saddening them, making them laugh. Elsa listened in a dream. Her mother had come onto the porch, where she had sat throughout in the thickening shadows. Steve Bowers had not come in, but Uncle Fred had found himself a place under the lilac bush that was coming into bud outside the kitchen window. Now and then he would utter a little chirp of pleasure at something Joe Tracy was telling and they would know that he was still there, old and present.

When Joe took his leave at last, Reef, Leon and Elsa walked a little way south with him. To Elsa it seemed that spring had never come to them as it was coming now. She felt her heart contract and expand with the quick pain of beauty suddenly apprehended, suddenly become tangible. And the little May sounds low in the grass and high in the tender-leafed trees tried themselves on the ear, shyly, gravely.

Down through the dusk of the cottonwood grove they went, Joe Tracy fondling his guitar and singing in a voice so low that Elsa and her brothers had to stay close beside him to catch the words he sang. At the lower end of the grove they halted at Elsa's suggestion that they had gone far enough. Joe stood for a moment looking down at her, strumming softly and smiling so that his strong teeth showed very white in the half-light.

"Next time I come down," he said abruptly, "I'm coming to see you. Is that all right with you?"

She was bewildered for the moment, the more so because Reef and Leon both stood looking at her, their eyes smiling mischievously, waiting for her reply.

"Why—why, I suppose so—if you want to," she said at last.

Joe Tracy did not reply. He turned quickly away, and his voice drifted back to them as they stood among the cottonwoods and watched him until he had become a mere shadow in the dusk that covered the fields.

"Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
Nothing there to guide you but an evening star . . ."

"Get on up to bed with you, now," Elsa's mother ordered as soon as she stepped into the house. "And—mind, now—no reading in bed tonight!"

The warning, however, was quite unnecessary. Elsa had little



¶ *"Wish you'd sing me something," Bayliss said, his voice whimsical. The kind of voice, Elsa thought, that no one ever refused whatever it might ask.*

intention of reading in bed. She had too much to think about.

The month closed, the school year ended, and the long summer evenings now seemed to be filled with Joe Tracy and his playing. Elsa felt always while he was there that she was living hurriedly over a moment of treacherous excitement. Some clear intuition bade her fight the emotions which his coming stirred within her. It was a fight against that irresistible force which sought ever to turn back to the earth that which was the earth's, a struggle to evade the trap which would close her forever within Elder's Hollow.

For, grandly as Joe Tracy talked of the broad world of his journeyings, Elsa knew that where Joe Tracy went there would Elder's Hollow be. He was as indigenous to the Hollow as the cowslips that grew there now in such yellow profusion; as the nettle that shot up rank and green and burned copper in the summer sun; as the dry tumbleweed blown like some strange ghost of the wind itself, down one of the Hollow's barren slopes. He was as native to the Hollow as Uncle Fred was, and Uncle Fred in his youth had been just such an one as Joe Tracy, searching out the earth with his body, with his mind never.

Of an evening they would sit about the Bowers' back stoop, talking of the war, listening to Joe's playing, singing in chorus or blending low harmonies with their voices, or listening to some small note of the articulate life of summer—a sleepy fledgling in the poplars, or the soft, scarcely felt intrusion of a bat's wing curving down out of the darkness and swiftly up again.

It was on such an evening that Joe Tracy brought word that Bayliss Carew had come home for the holidays. Elsa, hearing the news, wondered impatiently if the time would ever come when she would no longer care what a Carew did. What should it matter to her that Bayliss Carew had come back from college?

"Came back on the late train last night," Joe said. "But he was out early enough this morning. Been doing nothing but looking over the colts all day. Guess he'd rather ride a horse than do any work around the place. He's like Peter that way."

"I guess we'd all rather ride round than push a plow all day," Leon remarked.

"Sure we would," Joe replied. "When I get back on that land of mine in South Dakota I'll do a bit of riding around myself. But gosh, there's a limit. I don't expect to have a couple of women bringing me breakfast in bed every morning—and after they've waited up all hours of the night to see that I get back safe from some devilment I've been pulling off somewheres. I've never been used to bottle feeding."

He struck a chord on his guitar and began to sing very softly:

"In the evening, by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singin' . . ."

In a moment they were all singing, feeling their way through the simple harmonies that Joe had taught them. When they had come to the end of the song, the sound of hoof-beats startled them, coming from the road. They listened until the rider came into the yard, dismounted and called out to them. Then they called back, politely, guardedly. It was Bayliss Carew.

He emerged out of the darkness and Reef got up to meet him. Elsa, remaining where she was, felt a (*Continued on page 187*)

Tell It *to the*

By *Capt. John* W.



THAT night the rains descended upon the Mosquito Coast and the Flagship's Landing Force, camped upon and regarding with bored solicitude the satrapy of the Fruit Company at Cabesa Dios, went early to their bunks. The Marine Officer and the young ensigns of the Bluejacket platoons sat in the quarters provided by the Company and read New Orleans papers six weeks old, because you really can't go to bed at nine, even if there's nothing else to do.

The Naval Officer Commanding was out dining with the Manager. Tattoo had gone, and cal to quarters, and the petty officers, and the Gunnery Sergeant of the Marines clumped in, dripping, and reported their people present and accounted for. Out in the rainy dark the trumpeter blew Taps, flatting h's high notes terribly . . .

"Must be water in his horn . . ."

"I don't know anything about music, but I know what I like, an' I don't like that . . ."

"Well, what can you do with a music? They're all crazy. Uster try to reason with them—now, every once in so often, slip 'em a deck court or a few days B and W, just to show 'em that you disapprove . . ."

The telephone rang; the Naval Officer Commanding wanted to see the Marine Officer.

The Marine Officer, much irritated, draped a poncho on himself and went out. At the Manager's house he found them somewhat thrilled over a phone message that had just come in from the Huahua Crossing: the Company's man in that place had called to say that a Red Army of fifty men, with a General, was drunk, rioting, shooting off firearms, endangering the life and property of the American Citizen at that place, not to mention a German and two Jews. How about a battalion of Marines and a battle cruiser or so, and maybe some bombing planes?

"Well," said the Naval Officer Commanding, "looks like we might get action, Soldier. Flagship's right off there." He nodded across the rain-swept veranda, but the weather was so thick you couldn't see her riding lights. "I'll just send the Admiral a flash and see what he says."

"Think so?" submitted the Marine Officer. "Better let me get goin' first. Admiral might take so long to consider the—the—whatever it is admirals have to consider—that the riot would expire before we get there. It's very long since we had a riot or anything, you know," he added wistfully. "How long, Sir"—to the Fruit Company man—"do you think a nice riot would keep in this country, on a wet night like this? An' you say it's thirty-one kilomets——"

The Manager couldn't say about the riot; it was true, he said, that rain might sober 'em up a little; but he recommended action right now. By that time the Naval Officer Commanding had his message written.

"I'll get it away myself, Sir. Build a fire under Sparks—too squally for blinker."

He sloshed off through the mud. The Bluejacket presiding over the Company's radio shack hit his key: "GRQ—Priority—Rush——" Back in quarters the Marine Officer changed to breeches and boots—"For it's such a bad night, Old Man might take action."

Sparks reported: "Message sent and acknowledged, Sir."

"Good; stand by for a reply. And one of you young gentlemen phone that to the Commander, will you? Hold on"—for the ensigns of the Landing Force began to show symptoms of excitement—"you be tranquil. It'll be quite a while, I think. Old Man don't move very fast. He'll want to look at the question from every angle—all that sort of thing—so we'll have lots of time. An' I will only take one of you—if we go—Lew, I guess."

"Quite so," said the Force Surgeon. "Got to figure on the possible effect moving a squad of Marines will have on the international aspects of the situation. It's different from you, Soldier. You just have to go there."

"Well, it's thirty kilometers over the banana railroad—two hours if the train stays on the track—can't tell me any riot is goin' to hold out that long, in the rain."

Young officers are invariably impatient of the august deliberation of their seniors, who must represent the nation in far places and do so without mistakes. And the Marine Officer was unjust, as he admitted handsomely. The wireless came back through the rain while they talked, directing that not less than forty men and two officers proceed to Huahua Crossing, restore order, disarm any soldiers found there, and declare the place neutral, leaving a sufficient garrison to insure its remaining neutral. The Marine Officer read the message.

"All right, Lew. Marines got the guard tonight—only 'bout twenty available. Turn out twenty of your platoon, with a couple Lewis guns. Combat packs—they can take a blanket. Music—get me the Gunnery Sergeant. Then blow Assembly . . . There you are, Sergeant! I want two full squads and an extra automatic. Send the Cook here . . . Rags—get me up one day's rations for forty men—corn bill carries easiest, and bread. Some canned tomatoes, too. And coffee. See to it, you birds. I'll go tell the Commander——"



Outside a bugle blew, frantically, and the tents came alive. Across the way, in the Manager's house, that functionary answered rapid questions about Huahua Crossing—how you got into it, and what it was like when you got there.

Marines

Thomason, Jr.



Illustrations by The Author

The Marine Officer sketched rapidly on an envelop. "*Cantina* here, on the right—then the trestle, and the river, and the *Comandancia* on this hand—that's where the soldiers will be—and your American egg here to port——"

The Manager ordered a train. He was sorry, but there were no box cars—men would have to ride flats—how many? Two, so they won't be crowded even if they are wet—right! Train would be at the Commissary siding by the time you can march there.

Back in camp again, the Marine Officer found his Gunnery Sergeant, matronly in the long folds of a poncho—for he was not a tall man—making up the detail. "Hi, Sergeant, what you mean? I said twenty—here's the whole platoon!"

"Sir, I just counted them. Why, you——" For the stricken members of the Guard of the Day had fallen in hopefully with the rest, and when they were called off, they had retired into the dark until the Sergeant passed and then eased into the line again.

On their side of the camp, the Bluejackets rushed around with considerable noise, and shook themselves down into order quickly enough. The Bluejacket has his own methods, but he is always ready to go. They splashed towards the railroad in column, the rifle muzzles gleaming briefly by the infrequent lights of the Company houses.

While they waited for the train, under an arc-light at the Commissary, the Marine Officer told them what he knew. "Drunk and raisin' the devil. Orders are to disarm them. Town's so—and so—and you go in by the railroad—only way to go."

He made a map in the mud with the point of his stick and the non-coms and petty officers shouldered around and breathed hard in concentration.

"Sergeant, you'll proceed immediately to this American's house and take him by the hand. Corporal Mayo, with your squad, and the spare automatic, you'll come with me to the *Comandancia*. Soldiers ought to be there. Mr. Walters, you'll stand by the train in readiness. Nobody to load until I give the word. No firing except by order. I don't know what it will be like—may change details when we get there—but I don't want any unnecessary violence, you understand? Don't want to kill any of these poor gooneys. Unless—if anybody's goin' to get hurt, see that it ain't any of you all!"

There was delay in the matter of the train; the men waited, stolid or surly, after their fashion, all very wet. No rubber gear is made to keep out tropic rains. Presently a small oil-burning engine, ablaze fore and aft with lights backed two flat cars alongside.

"Marines in first car—Bluejackets in second—get aboard!"

"All right, gang—here's yo' Pullmans! You, Whaleboat—come out from those rods—gotta ride in a military manner—plenty seats in the center of the car."

In the cab was the Manager's outside man, a red-necked person from Arkansas. He said he'd go along—"Show you the town, like." The engineer, a Spaniard of Spain, furious at everything because this emergency had torn him from the climax of a very special love affair, opened up with violence, and the train lurched off, drivers spinning on the wet rails.

They clicked over the switch points of the Company yards and into the savanna, where the wind from the sea tore and shouted at the angles of the cab and the rain cut the headlight off as a wall, right beyond the pilot. That roadbed was constructed for hauling bananas, slowly and in daylight; and when the angry *gallego* went to fifteen miles an hour the Marine Officer put his hand on his pistol and the person from Arkansas caught up a spanner and enjoined deliberation.

Even at ten miles the train rolled and bucked like the Admiral's barge in a seaway, and back on the flatcars the men held on to each other and hoped for a soft spot to alight. At one place the roadbed was like oatmeal, the track sank down, and the wheels were hub-deep in mud. All hands got out and looked, but the engine crawled across, its pilot turning up furrows like a plow. It was eleven o'clock, and then it was midnight, and the gentleman from Arkansas said:

"That was Kilometer 29 we passed—crossin' is just around the bend."

"Stop her an' we'll take a look-see. An' pull that lightin'," said the Marine Officer crossly, for he had not been able to sleep. "I do not like this goin' to war lit up like an excursion boat."

They climbed down and felt their way along the track. You could see nothing; you heard nothing but the hiss of the rain and the little sounds of water.

"Town's right yonder—'bout two hundred yards."

"H'm. No lights. No shots. Nothing. Well, we'll go and look. But I don't want to walk this trestle in the rain. Run the train right in, dark, huh?"

The engineer said he would not proceed without lights, *valgame Dios!* The Outside Manager said that was sense; he wouldn't order him to. The Marine Officer said a great deal not particularly pertinent, and agreed. The lights went on; the train slid across the trestle, over the dark gleam of the Huahua River, and stopped. There was only rain, in sheets, and the whispering of waters.

"*Comandancia* over there."

"Load an' lock," directed the Marine Officer, by the first car. "Sergeant, bring your detail along. The rest of you stand by."

"So here's your riot! Lord, I'm wet," mumbled an unidentified voice.

"Pipe down, there—no talkin'—no lights!" snarled the Marine Officer, feeling very foolish himself.

"Le's go break out that American citizen, blast 'im!"

The detail slid down the embankment from the train and found a house. The rain drummed on the roof and masked all sound.

A flashlight showed the door, and the Marine Officer knocked; then the Sergeant hammered with his rifle-butt. Inside, they heard a sleepy grunt and the thud of bare heels on the floor.

The Sergeant cocked his ear at further sounds. "Sir, sounds to me like——"

The door swung open. The man was a pale blur in the dark.

"Light, Sergeant!"

Then a battered and unwholesome head leered in sudden radiance. One of its eyes was closed, and there were scratches and a lump like an egg on the temple, and its hair appeared to have been pulled out in patches.

"Whossit?" it inquired affably. "M'rines? 'Merican M'rines? —Oh, thass fine!"—and it precipitated itself at the Marine Officer, abandoning the doorway.

"Pah!" said that fellow, sidestepping, and the Sergeant received it on his bosom and propped it against the wall.

"Drunk as bears an' tigers, Sir."

"Thass ri'! thass ri'! Hurrah! Starsh'n Stripes f'rever, what I alwus say! 'Merican citzun—thass me! Didn' I say to the General, I says, you take my woman, I tell it to the M'rines an' see where it gets you—yessir, the very words I sez. Take my rib—yeh! wait till M'rines hear about it, I says. Wassay? Riot! Oh, terrible riot! I just beat her little bit—can't 'Merican citzun beat his legal wife? 'Course he can! Firs' she hit me with whisky bottle. Then she hit me with skillet—see thish eye? Then she run hide in *Comandancia*. Won't take this from no woman—tell it to the M'rines—gre't conf'dunce in M'rines——"

"Huh!" said the Marine Officer. "Come this far in the rain for a drunk squaw man! Get him out of sight, Sergeant. But his remarks ain't evidence. I must see this General." He considered his orders. "Disarm—neutralize—and we're all wet. Le's raise that *Comandancia*, chillun."

They clawed back up the embankment. "Put a Lewis gun on the tender, Mr. Walters. Let me have a runner. Form along the track, an' stand by to support—if there's any shootin' for the Lord's sake use judgment! Sergeant—Mayo—bring 'em on."

They felt their way into a banana swamp, butting into the plants, floundering in mud, with the rain in their faces. Their eyes, accustomed to the dark, caught the loom of a long house and they heard the cadence of rain marching on a tin roof. The house was all dark.

"Corporal—take your squad around to the far corner; cover that side. Kresby—take the back, with an automatic—nobody to leave. Now, Sergeant, all the others along the front. Should be three doors—man to each."

It was a long wooden shack with a porch in front, the floor level as high as a man's chest. His men on station, the Officer with the Sergeant mounted the steps, hearing only snores. The flashlight picked up an enormous soldier, his head cradled in his arms, squatting against the wall asleep. A Russian infantry rifle leaned beside him. They moved this out of reach, and the Marine Officer prodded him with his stick. The *mozo* woke and stared stupidly.

"Now, *muchacho*, just call the General, will you?" and the Sergeant spattered further Spanish at him.

"*Si, si, caballeros!*" The *mozo* scuttled inside.

"Nobody to come out! Let no one move, *hombres!*" yelled the Sergeant.

Inside there were uncertain noises of awakening men, and heads appeared at the doors to draw back quickly at the sight of the bayonets there. A tall man, half dressed, appeared and blinked owlishly.

Him the Marine Officer saluted with ceremony; it was regretted that the General be so disturbed. The General, ever the *caballero*, murmured something in acknowledgment.

"My General, I am distressed, but I have orders to neutralize this place; it is from now forbidden to each army."

"But why?" said the General, much pained. "My men, they are good boys. *El Presidente* Sarmiento, he ordered me here."

"Ah, yes. But there was a report of a riot."

"There has been no riot, *Señor Capitan!* Only one American, as you say, most drunken——"

"That I will investigate. Meantime, my General, all these men with guns—somebody might get hurt."

The General admitted the force of this. "But," he said, "I would like to communicate with *El Presidente*."

"Impossible, my General. Besides, out of compliment to so famous a soldier as yourself, I have brought twice as many men as you have, and many machine guns. (Sergeant: help me put that on thick—we want to save his face for him—an' my Spanish is runnin' out.")

They both elaborated. If the General would look—— Wherever he looked, in the dark, he saw Marines in warlike attitudes, and bayonets. Imagination added more. He said earnestly:

"*Señor Capitan*, is resistance quite useless?"

"Quite useless, my General—you take no dishonor—superior forces and all that; so if you'll just have the rifles brought out and piled right here—one at a time, and the ammunition——"

"It is an outrage, and unheard of, and I protest with vigor," declared the General, "but as an experienced soldier I have no choice—*muchas gracias, Señor Capitan,*" and he accepted a cigaret and gave the necessary orders.



Later, smoking amicably while Marines and Bluejackets carried the rifles off to the train, the Marine Officer asked: "Why, my General, did you have no sentries out?"

"*Señor Capitan*, I am grieved that I did not. But it was such a bad night I did not think anybody would be around." And that was that.

With dawn the rain abated to a sick drizzle, and the engineer, his blood cooled, refused to proceed until full daylight. The men took shelter under the porch of the *cantina*, and ate corn bill, and huddled together to sleep. Presently they all went back, regarding the roadbed with incredulity—"Good Lawd, did we come over that!"—and at eight bells or so the signalman wigwagged out to the Flagship, a paper-thin silhouette against the east, to the effect that mission assigned had been accomplished without incident; and the morning drill period was remitted those who had taken part.

An hour later High Command came ashore and heard the full report, delivered between yawns. High Command considered that the General at Huahua Crossing had been more sinned against than sinning, and High Command directed that the sixty-odd rifles, and ammunition, be returned to him, with instructions that he immediately evacuate the area and go somewhere else.

Getting the consignment back aboard a flat car, the Marine Officer had occasion to interfere between a seaman first class of the machine-gun platoon and a private of Marines. When they were wrenched apart the private said, spitting out teeth: "Well, Sir, he was makin' cracks about tellin' it to the Marines, and wit' that I hit 'im——"

By E. BARRINGTON
(L. Adams Beck)

Diet and Mystic Wisdom



TO THOSE who have experienced the advantage of a body trained to cooperation instead of hindrance, it is really like watching a dance of lunatics to see how people apparently otherwise competent to pursue the business of life treat their bodies.

Women who consider the possession of physical beauty the chief business of life as means to the only end they are capable of understanding, destroy it as it were wilfully, withering its brief blossom by every means in their power.

They eat food fatal to the circulation and mechanism of the body, coarsening their skins till all the raddling and rouging in the world only accentuate the mischief, dulling the luster of their eyes and hair, driving their bodies into the rebellion of excessive fat or leanness at ages when they should still be beautiful as figures on a Greek frieze.

Men to whom pellucid clearness of brain is wealth or power, vital to all their hopes and interests, cloud it with nicotine and alcohol, darken it with gross and mistaken feeding.

Since the brain is part of the body and the nervous system is the first to cry out against such usage, one may safely say that men and women suffering from the results of such folly are very ill-qualified to run the world's business.

In the study of the occult, a healthy body and a clear mind are even more necessary than in the affairs of daily life because in that strange world we are explorers. It is ours, yet unknown to us, forgotten, uncharted—in some ways dangerous.

I know that to acquire a perfectly working circulation of the blood and mastered appetites may seem a very lowly beginning for a great quest, but there is an Indian parable which illustrates the value of the infinitely little. A prisoner in a great tower directs his wife to bring to its foot a beetle, a silk thread and a little honey. She is to attach the silk to the beetle, to smear his horns with honey and set him free to climb the tower, following the scent of the honey. He (*Continued on page 197*)

At the Turn of the Road



Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

THE nightingales had sung to within two hours of the dawn, and when the stars receded and the moon paled in the south, the owls returned to their belfries, the kites and nightjars to their perches; already the badger was rolled in sleep in his deep burrow, the hedgehog in his nest of leaves, but even at dawn the world is never wholly silent, and a belated vixen struggled with a chortling hen in the worn cart-track leading to the village of Brandlesbury, nearly losing her hold of the fowl, so surprised was she at the sight of a girl coming from the forest at such an hour; but perceiving quickly that the intruder was deep in thought, she gripped the fowl tighter and trotted away to her cubs, already forgetful of the interruption. And in an equal forgetfulness Cicely Wyatt pursued her way down the loose, crumbling track, her shoes gathering sand at every step, till she came to Wyatt's grocery store.

She had never seen the day breaking before, and for that reason or another she stopped to admire the ascending light, and after watching some rosy clouds gathering above the sun, yet unrisen, she put her key into the lock. It was then that a blackbird began to whistle from an apple bough across the way; not long after, a thrush from a naked ash commenced to sing little snatches of song, and for nearly two hours little else was heard but these two songsters.

At six a jingle of harness jarred the sequence of sweet sounds as the carter's whip cracked on his team to their daily labor. At eight o'clock dogs were let through the doorways and ran barking down the street, and almost at the same moment the shutters of the grocery store came down with a clang, and Fred Wyatt began to consider the best display he could make of his vegetables.

His baskets of cabbages, onions, cucumbers, carrots and turnips gave him no trouble, and it was not till he came to a large sack of potatoes that he stopped to take breath.

"Now, what 'aste be thee in to open thy shop?" asked a lusty fellow, a farrier, on the way to his forge. "A few minutes sooner than the Fitches open theirs will be all thou'lt get for thy pains."

"I open my store when it pleases me, without a thought for when the Fitches open theirs."

"As well thou mayst, for isn't young Sidney to wed thy daughter and make one family and one store?"

"He that has worked for forty year will work on till his breath stops altogether." And the little fat, colorless man, whose short cropped beard was already full of gray hairs, though he was not many more years than forty, began again his struggle with the sack.

"I'd give thee a 'and, Fred Wyatt, but thou'rt wasting thy strength over them potatoes without reason, I'm thinking, for who do I see in the distance but Tom Huggett, acoming up with big strides as if he guessed as he couldn't come fast enough to save thee from doing thyself a mischief."

"I thank thee kindly, and will wait for Huggett to get the potatoes into line for me."

The farrier bid the grocer good morning, and Fred Wyatt had recovered most of his breath when Tom Huggett was within speaking distance.

"Thou 'ast come none too soon, Huggett. I'm nigh gone for breath."

"Be'ant I five minutes afore my time, Master?" Tom asked.

"I'm not agrumblin' at thee, lad. Thee canst manage big sacks better than I, though in days gone by I was 'andy enough with them. Now, Tom, the first thing I 'ave to say to thee is that a letter come last night from Mrs. James saying she'd be much obliged if I'd send her order, she not 'aving been altogether herself these last few days."

"And what may the order be, Governor?"

"A pound of bacon, a half of cheese, a half of the best fresh, and a dozen new-laid . . . We're short of biscuits, Tom; we're as low down as one tin. I'll write to Reading for three more. Cocoa—we've enough to go round till the traveler calls, but go down t'other end and see how we are off for coffee and tea and sugar. I'll say nothing about cheese and butter; I never likes to interfere with Mrs. Wyatt's counter. She'll be down presently and no doubt will have her word to say on her own account. Oranges—

By George Moore

An Irish Girl's Love Story



¶ *"Cicely said: 'Sidney's a good lad, but I can't marry him!' I was afeared and felt I must get at the truth."*

we be out of them. All the Jaffas are gone, but the Sevilles will be coming in——

"So thou hast got thyself down at last, 'Arriet, and Tom would like to have it from thee if Mrs. James wants potatoes and onions, for she 'asn't said nothing about them in her order. But what's the matter, woman?"

"Fred, I daren't tell thee. I can't say it. Go, look for thyself in the clothes closet."

"Hast met a ghost in the closet?"

"No ghost, but thy daughter."

"My daughter!"

"Aye, in closet, hanging by her apron strings."

"Art still in thy dreams? And last night she was out till midnight listening to the nightingales——"

"Last night is today . . . Here comes Sidney; and a sad tale we have to tell thee, my poor lad. Hast lost thy sweetheart and wife that was to be."

"Something 'as 'appened to Cicely?"

"I can't speak——"

"Now, what's the matter with your wife, Mr. Wyatt?"

"My wife has seen something in the closet. But sometimes people see things as others don't see, for I'm thinking as a girl don't hang herself three days before she's to be married."

"I can't abear it. Let me in. I must see her! Wyatt, wilt come with me?" he called back from the foot of the stairs.

Wyatt stood aghast, unable to speak. and he remained speechless long after the others had gone up-stairs, Tom Huggett waiting to get a word from him. At last he said: "Nail this on the door, Tom."

"Six pounds of potatoes," a customer cried from the doorway.

"The master says no business will be done in the shop today. You must go down to Mr. Fitch."

"No business will be done today at Mr. Fitch's no more than here," cried Wyatt. "Thou 'ast no understanding of it, Tom. Somehow, I can't get it into my 'ead as Cicely is gone from us, nor can Sidney, and he is a 'ard-'eaded lad . . . Thou 'ast brought in everything—potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and the notice is on the door? Then shut it after thee . . . Ah, now they be coming down; but how slow! Is she alive, or dead, Mother?"

"Sidney says as we must touch nothing till the doctor 'as seen her and the sergeant of police. We're going along to fetch them and will be back in a few minutes."

"If you meet any comers this day, tell them no business is being done here."

The cat jumped from the counter, startling him, and on her reappearance with a mouse in her grip, he said: "Something is always happening in this world," and moved toward the stairs; but lacking courage to look upon his dead daughter, he wandered about the shop, the "want" book in his hand. Somebody knocked.

"Can't they read?"

The customer knocked again, and to rid himself of whoever it might be, he called out: "Go to the Fitches; no business is being done here . . . But the Fitches, too," he reflected as he listened to retreating footsteps, "will shut up their shop, and Sidney will be sorry for Cicely just as we are; but nobody won't grieve as I am grieving."

Once more his mind passed from thoughts into sensations, sympathies, of old time, going back to the day he saw his daughter



¶ *"I can't think how Cicely come to know that nightingales and nightingales . . . And she'd come to that time*



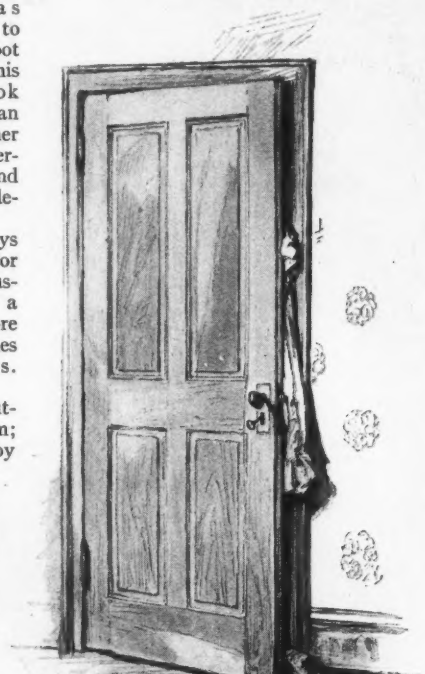
sing best after midnight. Unless it was Grigg . . . He had a lot to say about forest glades of life when a girl begins to weary of the days she has known and to long for days she don't know."

open her eyes for the first time. A pretty thing she was to look at in her cradle, and soon after a gay, pleasant child running about the shop, always with a little tune on her tongue. And hearing her in his thoughts singing, he was moved to go up to her, but at the foot of the stairs his courage forsook him, and he began to mutter one of her songs till tears overflowed his eyes and obliged him to desist.

"She had always a pretty ear for music, and a customer never got a wrong bill — more than the Fitches can say. Mrs. Fitch——"

A footstep outside roused him; but the passer-by didn't even stop to read the notice on the door, and his thoughts ran on something like this:

"Everybody liked Cicely, but she didn't matter to them, nor they to her; not even to her mother did she matter as she does to me. A father's love for his daughter is a wonderful, mysterious thing, though I wouldn't say as her mother don't love her very deep. We shan't be able to carry on without her; the Fitches'll get all the business."



¶ *"I daren't tell thee. Go look for thyself in the clothes closet."*

But why, he asked, did this old jealousy intrude itself? and to excuse himself for such a thought at such a time, he muttered as he went about the shop: "They've been striving after the custom this long while, and I don't begrudge it to them; why should I? Nothing matters now that Cicely is gone." And again he lost sight of everything past and present till a knocking at the door roused him and he opened it to his wife and Sidney, come back with the doctor and the policeman.

"A sad story this is," said the doctor, a fine old man of eighty, unshrunken, still six feet two and without any gray to speak of in his beard. "A sad story, and we are all sorry for you."

"Yes, we are sorry for you, and all the village will be grieving with you when the news gets about, Mr. Wyatt."

As Fred did not answer, the sergeant had to declare his errand.

"We've come, Mr. Wyatt, to view the body and make our report."

"The wife will take you up-stairs." The doctor plucked the policeman by the sleeve. "I'd liefer not see her till she is laid out."

At that moment the cat came to show her mouse to Mrs. Wyatt, and Wyatt said incontinently that the mouse was caught soon after Mrs. Wyatt and Sidney had left the shop. The doctor plucked the sergeant's sleeve again, whispered, and Wyatt remained with the cat, thinking of the nestful of young mice behind the wainscot, till Mrs. Wyatt called over the banisters:

"We've laid her on her bed, and thou'lt put up a prayer with me?" He ascended the stairs, and Doctor Morgan and Sergeant Hamblin knelt with the parents and Sidney; and on rising from their knees Doctor Morgan reminded Mrs. Wyatt that Sergeant Hamblin would like to ask some questions, and spoke of an adjournment to the parlor. She turned the handle, and Doctor Morgan and the sergeant found themselves in a low-ceilinged room, and their eyes quickly discovered the large assortment of fancy articles with which the flowered table-cloth was bestrewed —photograph albums, cruet stands, plated ware, knives and forks, brooches, necklaces and scent bottles.

"No, no, Wife, not yet. I'll not have her presents made away with, not yet."

"Nor is there need to remove them," said Hamblin. "I have my note-book with me."

There were enough chairs in the parlor for them all to be seated.

"Doctor Morgan and I see no reason why anybody should doubt that Miss Wyatt took her own life——"

Fred cried out that he could bear it no longer, and it was some time before he was able to tell that he had never noticed any change in his daughter up to eleven o'clock last night, when she asked leave to go to the forest to hear the nightingales.

"She was the same cheerful, contented girl as always," said Mrs. Wyatt, "and it was after finishing the shop accounts that she asked for leave to go to hear the nightingales. I was took aback, for it was, as Wyatt has told you, after eleven o'clock; but having a thought that she was to meet Sidney, I gave her the key of the front door. 'You'll be back afore midnight?' I said, and she answered: 'Soon after, Mother. The birds are singing their best at midnight.'"

"Was she partial to the forest, Mrs. Wyatt?" Sergeant Hamblin asked.

"I can't remember that she ever spoke of the forest before, though we live so near it."

"And you, Mr. Sidney, did you ever take her for walks in the forest?"

"I spoke to her once about the forest, but she said that a shady road was more cheerful."

"And you were not with her last night?"

"No; and I can't think how she come to know that nightingales sing best after midnight. Somebody must have told her, but who? Unless it was Grigg. I met him coming away from here after tuning the piano, and he told me there were more nightingales in the forest than he had ever known before, and better singers, and it may have been from Grigg that she got the idea of going to hear them when her accounts were finished."

"It is hard," the doctor remarked, "to find the crevice through which an idea enters the mind." And Hamblin, taking the hint, said:

"You never heard your daughter speak of taking her own life, Mrs. Wyatt?"

"Never a word; did we, Fred?"

"Never a word," Fred answered, "and we believed her to be as happy as the day is long."

"There is always a reason, Hamblin," said the doctor, "but very often—and much oftener than people think—the reason is unsearchable; yet search we must, for in the eyes of the law suicide or *felo de se* is a felony, and the law forbids Christian burial to all who take their lives, unless it can be shown that they were suffering from a fit of temporary insanity at the time. A very unchristian law, I admit, for who shall look into a human mind and tell the alienation of the brain that compelled a man to take his life? You will remember, Sergeant, that she took her life three days before her marriage; and her marriage was of her own making—am I not right in saying so, Mrs. Wyatt?"

"You are indeed, Doctor. Sidney was her choice, and there was no waning since the day he pushed her bicycle up the hill for her."

"Three days ago we walked out together," said Sidney, "and parted looking forward to our marriage."

"We shall meet," said Hamblin, rising from his chair, "at the inquest in the big room of the Hare and Hounds, and it will be for the coroner to say whether we shall hear Grigg."

"But he'll hear Grigg, and if he don't, I say it will be no fair inquest but a hush-up."

Sergeant Hamblin could not allow the word "hush-up" to pass unreproved.

"We have no evidence against Grigg. You met him on his way to Lyndhurst after tuning the piano. We're all sorry for you, and understand how grieved you must be, but the story will come out clear tomorrow."

"Come, Sidney," said Doctor Morgan, and taking Sidney by the arm he led him from the room. Sergeant Hamblin lingered to tell Mr. Wyatt that an ambulance would be sent to remove Miss Wyatt, and when he was gone a distressing silence fell. But for a long time neither could find words to break it with.

"Sergeant forgot to ask if Cicely was back afore twelve, 'Arriet."

"She had the key, and I knew thou'd (*Continued on page 184*)

Woman

By George Ade

A Subject About Which I Know NOTHING

IN AWARDING the prizes and medals I now approach the supreme task of invading that difficult division known as the feminine gender. Even a petrified bachelor has opinions regarding women. Probably these opinions have small value. They are based upon tons of misinformation, years of monastic seclusion having no relation to religious vows, strange prejudices sprouting in the brains of those who have observed the American husband chained to his galley, and romantic recollections which have been kept in jars until they have soured.

Those who have taken the trouble to tell me about the output assure me that I know nothing about women. They admit that I have made some amusing caricatures of the freak specimens of both sexes, but when I put a woman into a play or a story she was not the real thing but merely a dressmaker's dummy draped with guesswork. I have been slow to believe them, but they must be right because all of them say the same thing.

It happens that my largest financial success was a play called "The College Widow" and the whole story revolved about the activities of a keen and sophisticated girl who was the uncrowned king of Atwater College. "The Fair Co-Ed" and "The Slim Princess" were successful as musical plays and have been sold to Hollywood. Notwithstanding which, I am assured that I was simply lucky in combining some tricks of the trade and that men sort of dominated all of the stories which were sold under girl labels.

If I am a groping ignoramus who has the terrible reputation of being a woman-hater, my only defense will be that I have been the victim of circumstances. If I unveil certain gloomy tablets of autobiography, I do so because I wish to speak up for a good many mature mavericks who are regarded as the worst possible examples of single blessedness. They are not lonesome old bachelors because they are essentially different from the lads who married. They are what they are because the Fates, possibly acting for the best interests of all concerned, kept them off the highways and by-ways in which women were waiting to be asked.

Take my own pitiable case. At the age of seventeen I was sent to college, where I lived the life of a camping-out savage for four years in a men's dormitory. When I was twenty-one, with no money whatever, and as many debts as I could arrange for, I became a journalistic slave, at the smallest salary ever paid a male adult.

While serving my apprenticeship in a small town and for years after moving up to a city, I dwelt in hall bedrooms or went in with fellow slaves to organize tribal colonies that rented flats. I acquired table etiquette at quick-lunch counters, isolated boarding-houses and *table d'hôte* restaurants serving seventy-five-cent banquets with no extra charge for wine, although there was no mark on any bottle to prove that it really was wine.

When I was well into the thirties I lived for several years at a club. It was a big and thriving club with a membership of 2500 and many of the members had rooms in the sky-scraping clubhouse. While I was secretary of the club and residing in the clubhouse, I found myself environed by all of the known arguments against matrimony.

We had this very large membership among the business and professional men of Chicago. Whenever a member "broke his plate" at his regular home address, or was absolutely spotted by the private detectives, or packed a few things and said a final good-by to friend wife, he came to the club and took a room until the court battle had been settled and he was ready either to take (*Continued on page 170*)



But even a petrified bachelor like myself has opinions.

The River Pageant

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland



¶ *The fantastic notion occurred to Grant that what he and Elma ought to do was to elope the next afternoon.*

IF EVER a man experienced more surprise in a shorter time than Caleb Pickman did, his name has been lost, and the occasion forgotten.

Caleb took in hand what he supposed to be a little Roman candle and, to amuse the kiddies, set his lighted cigar against the fuse. It turned out to be a skyrocket.

Caleb has not taken a drink since—at least not of fire-water. He has stuck to water-water.

But the torch he dropped was picked up by his son, who became in course of time the most attractive and baffling young sot in Carthage, to his own dismay and the anguish of his sweetheart.

And that was odd since he had seen his father converted as quickly as Saul of Tarsus was changed into the Apostle Paul, and almost as dazzlingly.

Most of the citizens of the Midwestern town had witnessed the event, but it may bear rehashing for the sake of those who have never lived in Carthage. So many people have never lived in Carthage.

Caleb's conversion took place in the grand old days when fireworks were fireworks. The present generation affects a safe and sane Fourth of July, and perhaps it is well that it should be safe and sane about something.

It no longer sees the huge set pieces that were erected on the high bluffs overlooking the river; the designs that outlined in fire the American eagle, the head of Washington or Roosevelt, the national flag, and other devices so cleverly contrived that you could almost tell them apart.

No longer do the rockets lift their radiant arches toward the stars; the mines no longer fill the night sky with bombs of beauty; geysers of white flame boil and spray no more.

In those days, though, from midnight on to midnight there was an incessant clatter of firecrackers and a sizzle of fizzlers. Giant crackers were joyously tossed under the wincing abdomens of horses. Small crackers found a brief lodging in the necks of bystanders and bypassers, some of whom still carry the memorials of patriotism.

At night in nearly every front yard fathers could be seen taking fireworks away from children to show them how they should be set off, and often making remarks that should not have been set off.

The Fourth was a holiday to all but the physicians, the firemen and the undertakers.

Never did they do so much business in Carthage as on the occasion of Caleb Pickman's surprise. The credit for his reform was really due to the town's social leader, Mrs. Ulysses S. G. Budlong, though she never claimed it, since she would have also had to accept the blame for the bitter feud between the Pickmans and the Meltons, and the harrowing love affair of young Grant Pickman and pretty Elma Melton.

It was Mrs. Budlong who proposed that all the families of the First Episcopalian Church—Reverend L. B. Soden, Pastor—should bring their fireworks to the church terrace and pool them in one grand display instead of frittering them away in little front-porch affairs.

There seemed to be no danger in the idea, for the church was built of stone with a roof of slate—an advantage unfortunately not shared by all the spectators.

It was a pretty sight to see the people gather, the non-members forming a solid wall about the terrace, the members bringing up their contributions in armloads or in toy express wagons.

No children were prettier than little Elma Melton and little Grant Pickman, both shining "scholars" in the Sunday-school. Grant was somewhat powder-burned from various premature explosions during the day, but he had kept Elma from harm, and now he insisted on carrying her burden for her.

He dropped his double load on the growing stack of skyrockets. Roman candles, Greek fires, sparklers, pinwheels and what-not.

By *Rupert* Hughes

The *Love Story* of a Scapegrace



And then the miniature Romeo and Juliet withdrew, holding hands, to the row of front seats reserved for the best of the good children. As yet the Pickmans and the Meltons had not turned into Montagues and Capulets, and the respective mothers of the tots gloated over their treasures and agreed that they would make a lovely couple when they grew up.

This delighted Mrs. Pickman, for Mrs. Melton's husband was the principal of the high school while Mrs. Pickman's husband was only the principal patron of the saloons.

But everybody felt sorry for him, since this was in the pre-prohibition days when intemperance was accepted as a confession of weakness, instead of a declaration of independence and an assertion of women's rights to all men's faults.

Professor Melton was a member of the committee of safety, of which the pastor was the chairman and Mrs. Budlong the third. The committee's task was to superintend the festivities and see to the precautions.

IT HAD withdrawn into the chapel for a final conference just before Caleb Pickman came along in a state which was known, in the quaint phrase of a sweeter day, as "pie-eyed." A coarser generation calls it "cock-eyed."

To the exquisite humiliation of his wife and the embarrassment of his model son, Caleb—who resembled peaches in that he was sweetest when he was stewed—was in a mood of such benevolence that he felt it his sacred duty to quench the impatience of the restless children and end the delay.

When he drifted across the lawn and rolled toward the pyramid of devastation, many smiled; but nobody had the heart to restrain him. When he bent and lifted the first contraption he found at hand, nobody had the courage to dash up and take it away.

The crowd froze and listened in an awestruck silence as he maundered amiably:

"Laze and zhelmun. It gives me grea'st of pleasures to start the roll aballin' with this pret' lil Roman scandle."

A low moan of warning escaped the huddled mass and several people went over backward in their interlocked chairs, as Caleb, with the most graceful of gestures and a smile of such unction as only alcohol can attain, lifted a giant skyrocket with one hand and with the other lowered toward the fuse the half-masticated cigar he was smoking.

Incidentally, he tilted the rocket out of the vertical position recommended for rockets and unwittingly aimed it at the Committee of Safety, which was just issuing from the chapel.

Seeing what was about to happen, the committee started to return to the chapel. Mrs. Budlong in her haste dropped her purse. Principal Melton instinctively and gallantly bent to pick it up. The pastor assumed his familiar attitude of regarding with astonishment and viewing with alarm.

Only a moment they stood petrified, but that was enough. What a rocket has to do, it does promptly.

When Caleb touched the red coal of his cigar to the business end of the rocket, it did not respond with what he had learned to expect of a respectable Roman candle; namely a gentle shower of sparks and a few little plops.

Instead, it condensed into one tremendous second all of the characteristic traits of a volcano, an army mule, a cougar and a comet.

To say that Caleb was surprised would be to repeat his error and use a Roman candle word for a skyrocket effect. He was so much more than surprised that he was all but consumed with amazement, heat and light.

He was instantly sobered, miraculously converted into a total abstainer for life, and relieved of most of his clothes and from one to three layers of skin.

Leaving him in a blizzard of coruscation, the rocket leaped forward. For the first time, Doctor Soden realized that his very bow legs were a special dispensation of Providence; for he saw all Hell going by between his arched members.

Professor Melton, up-ended to retrieve Mrs. Budlong's purse, protected her perfectly but received the entire impact of the rocket in his coat tails.

The children shrieked with delight to see him receive what he had so often given, a spanking. His was almost apocalyptic.

Their shrieks of joy were changed to screams of fear as the



¶ *"The boat's fillin'! She's goin' to sink under us!" howled the steersman. Whether it*

rocket caromed off the Professor into a flying buttress of the church, and off that, into a tree. By a series of terrifying ricochets it returned to its starting place in a fury of lightning and thunder, and spark-spitting.

Nobody knows what Caleb said but he said something as he ran. The rocket ended its brief circumlocution in the heart of the whole pile of fireworks, which it turned into a sunburst of glory. Other and larger skyrockets lashed out in all directions. Roman candles by the score bombarded the neighborhood, setting trees, shrubs, houses and people on fire, while mines and fountains, serpents and geysers, and far-flung pinwheels turned the churchyard into a Gehenna.

The old negro janitor fell on his knees and shouted: "Jedgmunt Day! Jedgmunt Day am yere!"

His hair might have turned white in a single night if it had not been white already, but reliable witnesses maintain that in its desperate effort to stand on end the kinks were taken out of it for two weeks.

At that he was no more frightened than everybody else. The crowd was stampeded under the barrage of blazing missiles, and few who were not scorched failed to be trampled, so that nearly everybody in town was branded in one place or another, and some in both.

The drug stores were reopened for the occasion and sold out their entire stocks of liniments, lotions, ointments, powders and bandages as fast as they could be passed across the counters. The fire department arrived in time to save most of the frame houses in the neighborhood, and by the time the blisters had broken and new tissues had replaced the old, the people began to laugh about it.



was courage or terror that kept her motionless, Elma could not know.

But Professor Melton never laughed about it. For a week he took his meals from the mantelpiece and ran the high school standing.

And from the moment the rocket smote him, the word Pickman gave him a pain in the heart.

That very night his daughter ran against the new venom in her father's soul. Professor Pickman had run home as fast as he could limp it, and his wife had followed to administer first aid. It was not till she had bandaged her liege lord as best she could that she remembered their child and wondered if she had been destroyed.

As she wrung her hands in anxiety, little Elma came in, unscathed and so breathless with admiration for her hero that she forgot to express her sympathy for her father.

"Oh, Momma, oh, Poppa, wha' d'you s'pose, Grant Pickman saved my life, so he did. When them fireworks——"

"Those fireworks!" her father shouted, a professor to the last. "And don't you use that awful word Pickman in the house—never! not ever!"

"But Poppa, zise sayin', when them those fireworks came at me like they would burn me up, Grant Pick— Grant jumped in front of me, and took the first skyrocket in his chest, and he caught fire and when I tried to pat out the sparks, he pushed my hands off, and more fireworks came and he helt me back of him, and he batted at the Roman candles like they was tennis balls, and when people was goin' to tromple all over me, he kicked 'em in the shins and when I tried to get in front of him, he pushed me down and set on me till all the shootin' was over, and he was so terrible burnt he like to died."

"Like to died!" wailed the professor. "Parse that, will you?"

"Why, Poppa, if it hadn't been for Grant Pickman——"

"If it hadn't been for Caleb Pickman, I'd not be ruined for life. Never mention the name. Never go near that boy again. Never speak of him or to him."

"But Poppa!"

"I have spoken once. Must I speak twice to my own daughter?"

"No, Poppa!"

"It's understood. You promise?"

"Yes, Poppa! And I'm awful sorry you got hit by the rocket."

"And never speak of that again. Do you promise?"

"Yes, Poppa!"

And she really kept one of the two promises. She never mentioned that skyrocket again. She kept part of the other promise, too. She never mentioned Grant Pickman again.

But she did meet him. Since time began, forbidding a woman to speak to a man has always rendered him practically irresistible.

And so from girlhood and boyhood on, Grant and Elma conducted a precocious romance of clandestine fascination.

Grant was as good-hearted and brave a lad as ever lived, but in his growth to manhood he must pass through the valley of the shadow that his father had haunted for so many years.

Grant became the town's most earnest and assiduous drinker and nothing availed to reform him.

He could not even look forward to such a reformation as had sobered his father once for all, since fireworks were a thing of the past, and the Fourth was chiefly celebrated with automobile accidents.

The older people wondered if independence had not been carried far too far, and if there were any limit to the mad "pursuit of happiness."

Grant Pickman made ferocious efforts to reform, and his repentances were almost as violent as the sprees that caused them. But he could never seem to go straight for any encouraging period.

He claimed that the reason he drank so hard was that Elma Melton's father would not allow him to call on her, and Elma Melton's father claimed that the reason he would not allow him to call on her was that he drank so hard.

Elma met him secretly, of course, but she wisely made the effort to reform him before she married him. Yet, just as she would seem to have established him in a normal state of sobriety, something would upset him or somebody would tempt him with a sniff of liquor, and away he went.

Their torment was no less harrowing (*Continued on page 166*)

By the author of "Why

If I Were a Chinaman

This is Why I'D *HATE* YOU

WHY shouldn't the Chinese hate us? Why should we expect them to distinguish us from the other "Foreign Devils"? I only infer that the Chinese hate us, but I am certain that if I were a Chinaman I should look upon America as the White Peril and upon most Americans in China as devilish foreigners. And if I were a wise Chinaman I should not waste too much energy in merely hating Americans but rather would try to learn how I could force the United States to respect my rights and treat my country as an equal.

In short, if I were a Chinaman I should prepare to abandon the arts of peace for the business of war—and having learned the business I should fight to the last ounce of my resources to restore every foot of Chinese soil to China and to make every inch of China safe for Chinese.

I said, if I were a Chinaman. I am not. Further, my habits of life are so different from those of the Chinese that I can't of course speak as a Chinese. No one of us can put ourself in the place of a blood-brother even, and see the world through his eyes; how much more difficult, then, for an American to pretend to speak as though he were a Chinaman. Yet I shall try.

I can only justify the attempt by the fact that my life as an ethnologist has been spent in getting acquainted with the peoples of this earth. I have lived amongst the Chinese, not as an American but as a scientist trying to learn something of their history and culture, of their manners and customs, of their points of view, of their ideals. I have traveled from the extreme north to the extreme south of China and nearly 2,000 miles into the interior; and always with one object in view—to try to see the world through Chinese eyes in order that I might understand the Chinese.

In comparing the Chinese with other peoples of the world I was always impressed by their possession of certain qualities which we in this country hold dear. They seemed to be people of great common sense. They seemed to know how to mind their own business. They seemed to have a complete philosophy of life. Problems which would seem insoluble to us were accepted by them calmly, dispassionately, as part of the day's work.

Canton, for example, from our point of view is an impossibility —there just can't be such a city; people simply cannot live as they live. A million people in paper gilt houses packed together like sardines in a box, with streets six feet wide; a quarter of a million of them passing their entire life from birth to death in tiny boats on the river or in the narrow canals!

Everywhere one goes in China one finds conditions that seem quite hopeless. Yet they manage, they get a'ong, they seem quite as contented and happy as any people on earth. Again and again I have been amazed at their industry, their perseverance, their pluck, their capacity to work, to endure, to make the best of things. They are in many respects the hardest-boiled, levelest-headed people in the world.

The average Chinaman is so reasonable. He is a patient listener, open to argument, willing to be convinced; and more often than any other people I know of he has what we usually call the "instincts of a gentleman," whether he is governor of a province, dealer in curios, or coolie for a rickshaw. In the best sense of the word he is a thoroughbred sport. Poker is a good test of character—and I have played poker with him in Peking and in Chungking. I never knew a Chinaman in a poker game to whine or whimper, nor could anyone at the end of a game, from anything anyone said or the way anyone looked, pick a winner from a loser.

This attitude towards life, this philosophy of life that one discovers in China could only be found among a people with the history of the Chinese. No nation has endured longer, no nation's history is less marred by war or more honored by the arts of peace than China's. The Chinese have been trying things out for thousands of years, getting excited about things for thousands of years; they have settled down into certain ways which to them seem worth while, conducive to long life and happiness.

If I were a Chinaman I should certainly feel that I had little to be ashamed of in the history of my country. I should be extraordinarily proud of the fact that five hundred years before the beginning of the Christian Era my country produced a Confucius, who spoke words of wisdom which have never been surpassed. I should be extraordinarily proud of the fact that the learned man in my country had always commanded respect above all others, and that the profession of arms was an outcast profession.

If I were a Chinaman I should feel that apart from a few recent discoveries and inventions in the physical and biologic sciences, the West had nothing to offer my country in the arts of peace, in the arts of well-living, or in any form of honorable and decent behavior. If I were a Chinaman I should be proud of the contributions of my country to literature and art, to religion and philosophy, to morals and ethics, to trade and commerce, to business and banking, to the domestication of useful plants and animals, and other conquests over nature, including human nature.

CHINA was not always at peace with herself, of course. She had her troubles. One dynasty was succeeded by another, even as in Europe. But in the long run peace prevailed and the arts of peace throve and prospered. And for many different periods it may be asserted that China as a prosperous, successful, going concern was second to no nation in the world.

And look at her now!

With the beginning of modern times China was self-contained, but European traders insisted that she do business with them. Canton was therefore opened for commerce with the "barbarians." The trade in opium was especially profitable to English merchants. China protested—she didn't want opium. And staged a "Boston Tea Party"—she burned over 20,000 chests of opium and declared she would have no more of it! War followed.

If I were a Chinaman I should hardly be able to forget that infamous Opium War of 1840-1842, with the attendant loss of Hongkong and the forcib'e opening of Canton, Amoy, Fuchau, Ningpo and Shanghai—and to salt the wound, the payment of a $21,000,000 indemnity! From that day to this China has never been free of foreign interference and aggression. How any Chinaman can ever look at Hongkong and not hate the "foreign devils" is more than I can understand.

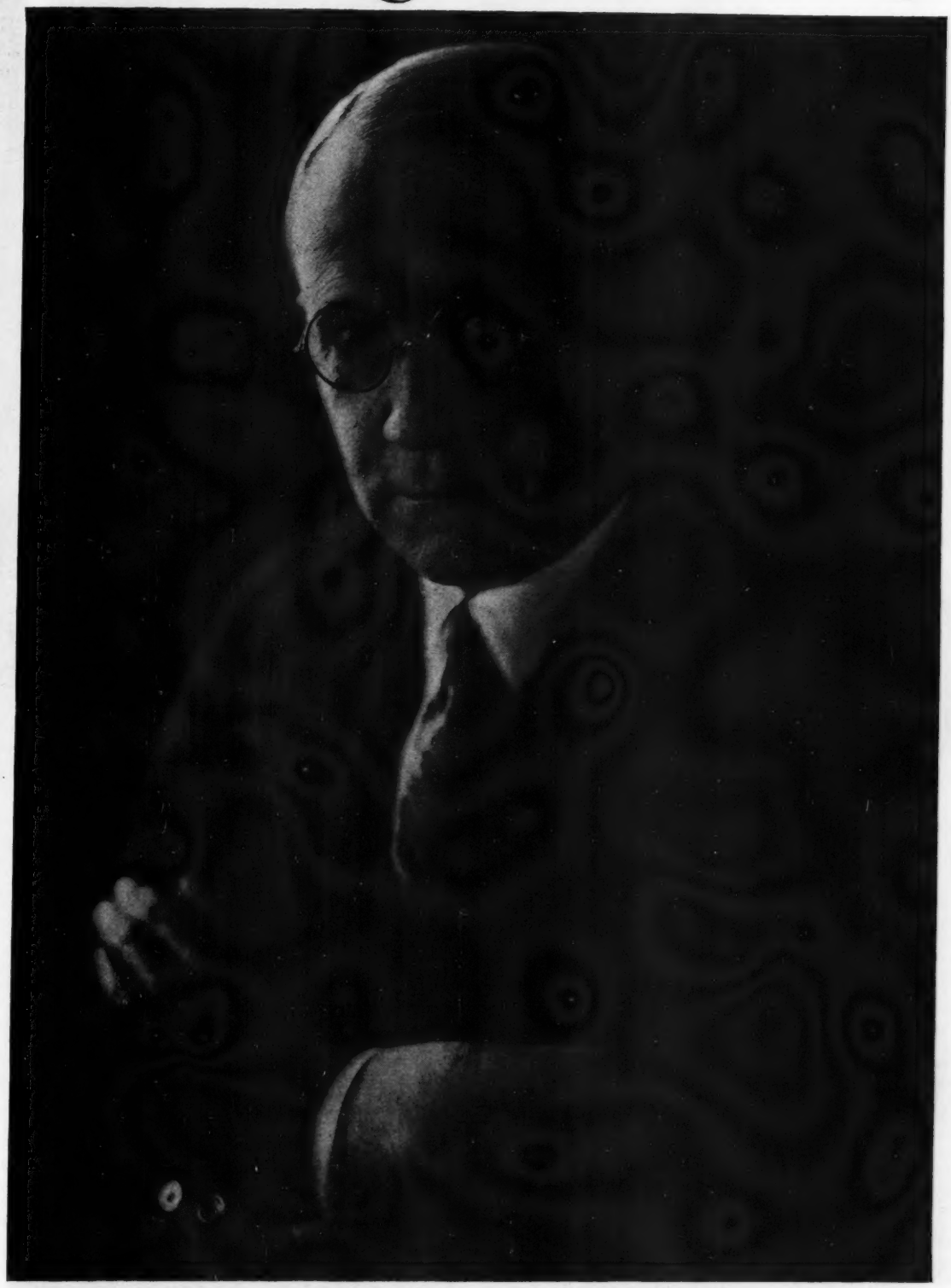
Then came 1860. Bombardment by the allied Christian forces of the Taku forts. The march on Peking. The looting and burning by the Christian Powers of the Summer Palace. The indemnity, the forced toleration of missionaries, et cetera.

It is a long story—too long to be cited here. But the net result of about one hundred years' aggression on the part of the West has been comparable to that of the camel who got his nose under the tent. The Powers even carved China up amongst themselves as one carves a cheese—"spheres of influence" they called it.

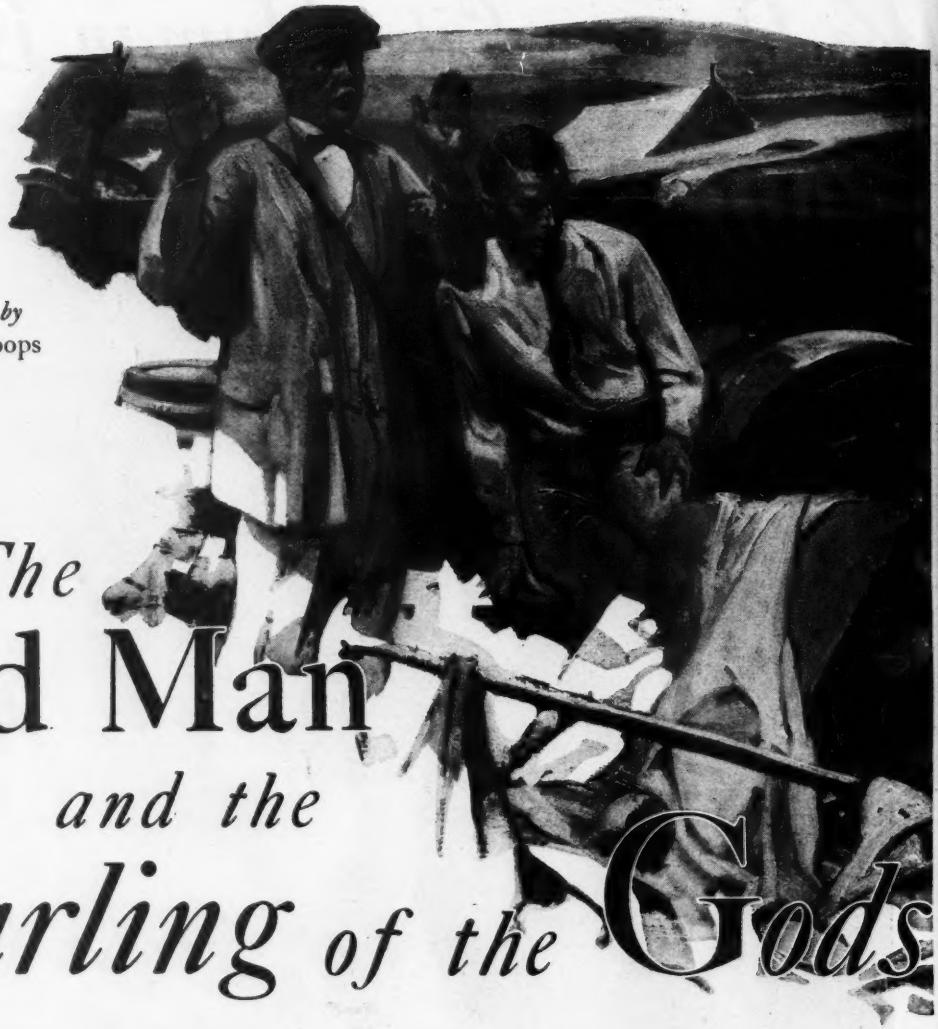
Treaties and "treaty ports." The foreign "settlements" of Tientsin. The foreign "concessions" of Shanghai. Foreign gunboats in the heart of China. To say nothing of the loss of Formosa, Manchuria, Thibet, Mongolia, Tonkin, Annam—and "face."

In short, if I were a Chinaman I (*Continued on page 162*)

We Behave Like Human Beings"



¶ **GEORGE A. DORSEY** *has made four journeys to China and the Orient. Three of these trips he made for the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago, where for twenty years he was curator. The general public knows Doctor Dorsey as the author of that remarkable book, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," but scientists the world over know him as a distinguished anthropologist.*



Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops

The Bad Man *and the* Darling *of the* Gods

JOHNNY HOPPER stopped to tack a set of shoes on Judge. It was mid-morning when he left Dryford and rode up the sandy draw to the mesa, following what had once been a great road. Here, long ago, the Butterfield stage line had parted company from the Rio Grande, striking across the high country for the Gila and California. The deep ruts were sand-filled now; curve for curve, the old track was paralleled by a new road, little used except by the few ranchmen of Mundo Chico.

He saw few cattle; the scant tufts of grass were dry and brittle. Johnny shook his head at that. Below and on his right he glimpsed, beyond broken ridges, blotches of bright green cottonwood *bosques* where the narrow valley of the Rio Grande was pinched for miles between the golden granite of the Dona Ana Mountains to eastward and the long turtleback of Selden Hill, drab beneath the glowing sun, its bleak ridges climbing short and steep to the staircase cliffs of frowning rim-rock. Johnny eyed Selden Hill with disfavor, and frowned to think those bare, grim hogbacks were his home range.

"Judge," he said, "I sure made one bad bet."

He came out upon a broad and level plain. Good footing here; unbidden, Judge quickened his pace to a brisk jog. They rounded the southern end of Selden Hill, not limestone here, but a broken upthrust of granite. From between two high and massive knobs a long triangle of bouldered ridges, canting to the south, fell broadening to the plain.

Just where long slope merged with level plain, Half Way House lay hidden among cottonwoods dating from the California gold rush. This had been the first stage station of the desert run. In that dim yesterday, the hoarded waters of Silver Spring had been wheedled down to the plain. Where long steep ridges might be followed, it was led through diminutive ditches, cunningly puddled of mortar and stone, V-shaped; when *arroyos* crossed the way, they were straddled by toy flumes of far-hauled lumber. Not Half Way House then, but Jump-Off; from here water was hauled painfully for three distant desert stations between Jump-Off and the Mimbres. In the 'nineties, when that primitive conduit had been replaced by a modern pipe-line, those cottonwoods were already half a century old, their pride remembered beyond all the seven seas.

White-faced cattle drowsed comfortably in the water-pen. Johnny slid off and drank from the pipe-line while brown Judge dipped a dainty muzzle in the trough. Both in high spirits, they loitered through a gate to the cool dark shade of the house yard, and paused there, startled.

Under the cottonwoods stood a shiny automobile. Autos were not infrequent now in El Paso, or even in Deming and Tripoli, but never before had a car ventured to Selden Hill. Johnny's eyes followed on to the broad porch and found there two men, unmistakably from the outer world, one of his own age, with a blond pompadour; the other of middle life. They eyed him with amusement and without greeting.

"Oh, hello!" said Johnny. "Is the old man here?"

"You mean Mr. Bates, perhaps?" He of the pompadour made answer, primly, and after a deliberate interval. He kept his seat; his brows arched faintly. The elder stranger looked from pale eyes at some point in far-off space, unobservant of Johnny's existence.

"Mister?" echoed Johnny. "Now that you mention it maybe he is, sure enough. Andrew Jackson Bates—Aforesaid Bates—old A. J.—Mr. Bates, if you say so."

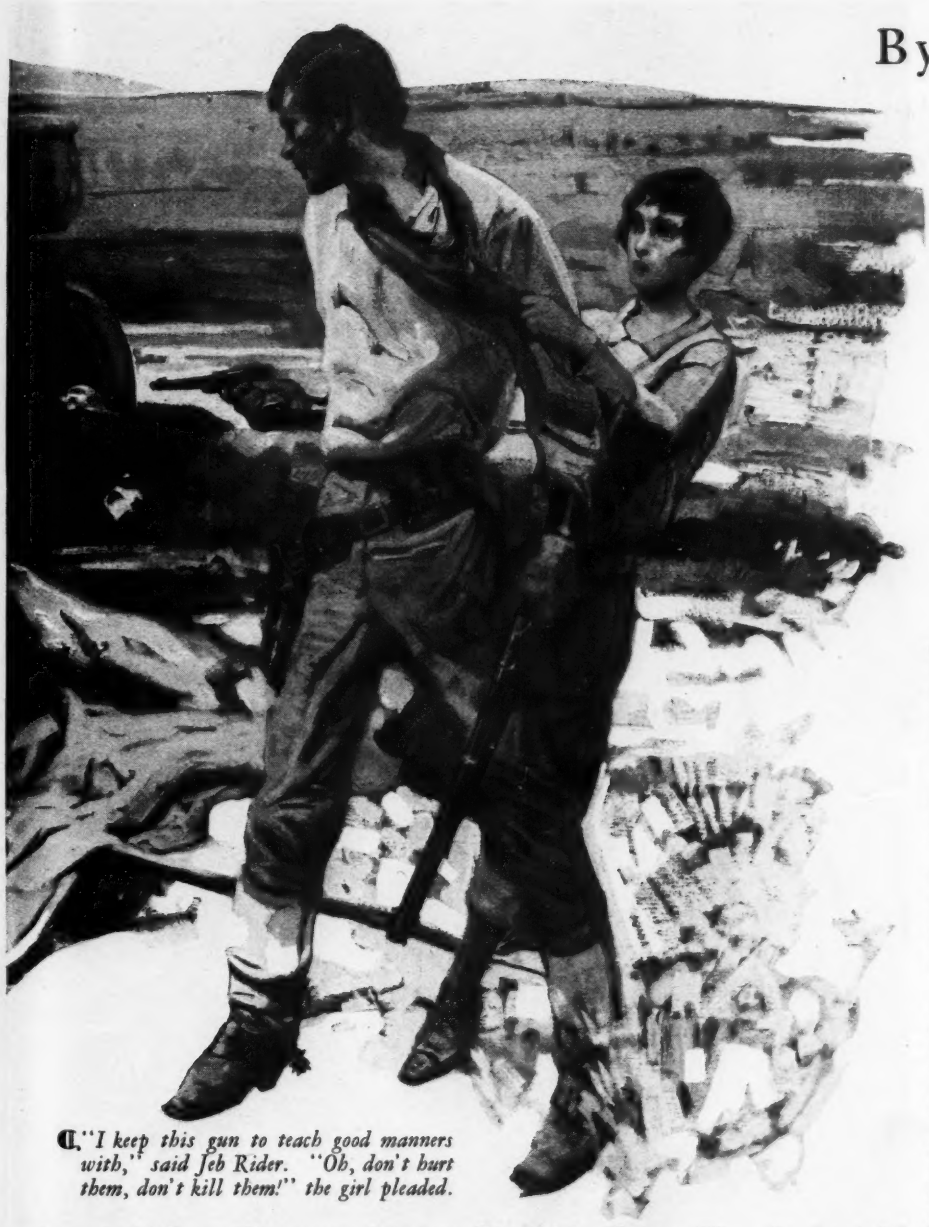
A pause followed. "Mr. Bates," said the spokesman languidly, "is camping at Silver Spring, at present."

"Yes, indeed!" said Johnny, sparkling with bright enthusiasm. Farther down the gallery he remarked a table, with dishes set for a meal; an elderly, skull-capped Chinaman ambled around the corner, bearing a laden and be-napkined tray.

Johnny turned back through the yard gate. The two on the

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Past Master of Stories of the Real West



¶. *"I keep this gun to teach good manners with," said Jeb Rider. "Oh, don't hurt them, don't kill them!" the girl pleaded.*

porch sat aloofly silent. Johnny swung into the saddle, circled the great corrals and breasted the slope for Silver Spring; reciting, as he rode, a lilting litany.

"Why, the whey-faced duck-on-a-rock!" said Johnny, in part. "The mackerel-eyed, mim-mouth thus-and-so!"

The wagon road tacked and twisted for easier grades, between walls of stone torn out to smooth the way; but Johnny kept to the mile-long trail by the steep pipe-line, and so came the sooner to the cold pools of Silver Spring.

In the shade of a granite cliff a semicircle of ground was leveled by much labor, with a high retaining wall on the lower side. There grew an ancient juniper; saddle, bridle and rifle hung from its branches, together with a six-shooter and belt, a slicker and several plump sacks. A bed made a tarpaulined roll under the tree. A small and cheerful fire burned near the cliff; and by the fire Aforesaid Bates sat tiptoe, ham to heel, elbows on knees, stirring a bubbling stew in a low Dutch oven: a lean and long-backed man. A battered soft hat clung miraculously to the back of his head, showing the beginnings of a noble baldness and a grizzly-gray fringe at the ears. The face turned up in greeting was keen and alert; eyebrows bushy and tufted, shrewd blue eyes, unfaded and twinkly, a vigorous roan mustache and a cropped beard; the whole surmounted and dominated by a nose long and hooked; giving him, on the whole, the appearance of a benevolent hawk.

"Most ready, Johnny," said Bates. "Saw you comin'. That's one nice thing about livin' up here. You can always see a man and get his name in the pot. 'Light off, cowboy."

Johnny got off, and sniffed. "How'd you know I wasn't goin' to take dinner down to your place?" he demanded.

"Oh, I just thought maybe you wouldn't." Here the Aforesaid Bates, avoiding Johnny's eye, made great play of pouring cold water to settle the coffee.

"Andrew Jackson Bates," said Johnny, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, who is them gay jaspers perchin' in your oncet happy home? I ask you."

"Oh, them? Cap'talists, Mr. Hopper. Cash money boys. Delos Thornton, Esquire. That's the uncle, the glass one. And Richard Thornton Niles. Yes, I rented the house to 'em for a spell, besides keepin' them in saddle-horses and deer-meat, guidin' and light chores. They done ruint my little old garden the first week, but they pay me well. They do so. I'll say that for 'em. You see, they got one of these here experts projectin' around for 'em up in the hills—likely, two-fisted, upstandin' lad, Sam Girdlestone—sort of a surveyor like—pirouettin' around in the pinnacles, gettin' the lay of the rocks to see what's the possibilities of a chance to maybe take a look for oil. And his employers, they're waitin' at Half Way House for his report, cool and comfy. Chinese cook and everything."

"Good cook, Andy?"

"So they say."

Johnny, thoughtful and dreamy-eyed, coffee-pot in one hand, cup in the other, stood in act to pour. "Uncle Andy," he said in slow and serious undertone, "did you ever hear the crested whangdoodle a-mournin' for his mate?"

"Like a Zulu zither?" said Bates.

"Some. But more soulful—like a centipede in a doughnut."

"Once before," said Bates. "Come on, let's eat."

Johnny pushed back his plate and sighed in comfortable satisfaction. This, well understood, was a little later. He lighted a cigaret with a mesquite twig. "Speaking of this and that," he said, using the precise articulation and measured delivery of a jurist handing down a decision, "in strict confidence, and after giving to the matter my closest con ideration, I have definitely

decided that I am the biggest fool west of a given point."

"Why, son, I hope you didn't ride all the way up here just to tell me that?"

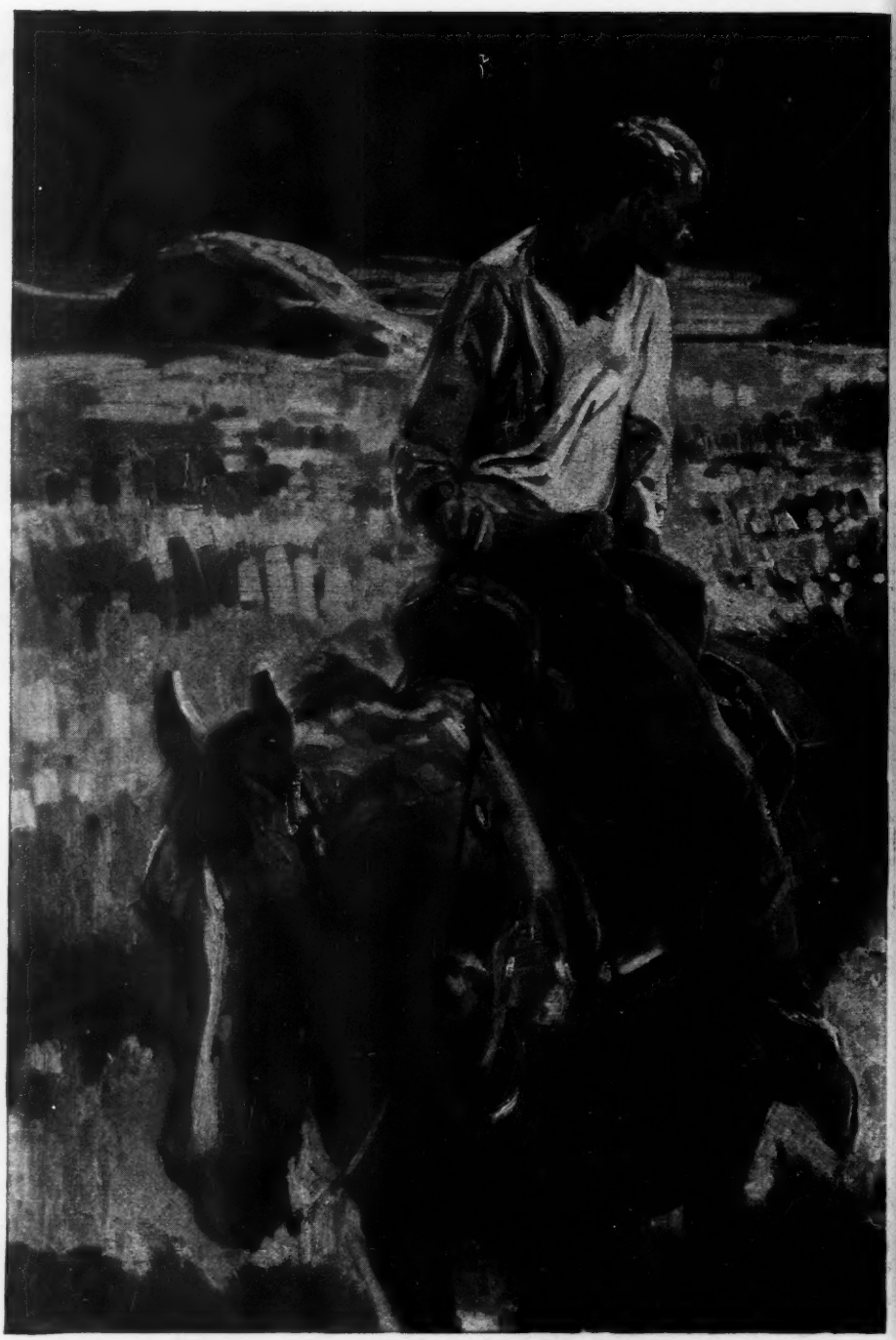
"Darn my ornery hide!" said Mr. Hopper. "When I swopped my ranch and brand for Red Murray's, I sure done myself dirt—I did so. And me beatin' him so bad I was plumb sorry for him."

"Traded even, didn't you?"

"Everything except saddles and guns and the clothes we stood in. He rode on to Turnabout and I rode in to Dryford, and we changed horses where we parted. I was right ashamed of myself that day for taking advantage of the poor dumb-bell. Man-n! Turnabout was so durned lonesome, and so cussed hot, and not one green tree—and there was his little old farm, fruit trees — and grapes — and garden — and chickens! Nice wet river runnin' by cottonwoods ever which way—alfalfa pasture for my horses—milk cow, already broke—stack o' hay, come winter-time—corn to grain up my hawses—even a corn-crib, by jinks! The Y Bar cattle was about exactly as many as what I had, and I got all the best of the saddle-horse end of it."

"Range was purty good at Turnabout, though?" Bates suggested.

Johnny nodded agreement. "Oh, I knowed he was gettin' the best of the grass proposition," he conceded. "Still and all, there was right smart of grama on the bench-land then, and a little spring pickin' in the *bosques*. And then again, I had maybe a vague dim idee I might pluck me sometimes a long-ear, or even several, in them lonesome *bosques* and ox-bends. And now it's set in to be dry, there ain't enough grass between rim-rock and river, all put together, to make bristles for one tooth-brush!"



"Jeb," said Andy, "I'm sure glad I

"What's the matter, Johnny? Don't your cattle come out on the flat?"

"I'll tell a man they do! I seen maybe six, all told, comin' up from Dryford—and no grass for them. Ten miles, just sand, soapweed and prickly-pear! And that farm of mine—Mr. Afore-said Bates, I don't never have any time to myself no more. Just chores. Got to milk the cow, and feed the chickens, and weed the garden, and irrigate, and one thing after another—might as well be married and done with it."

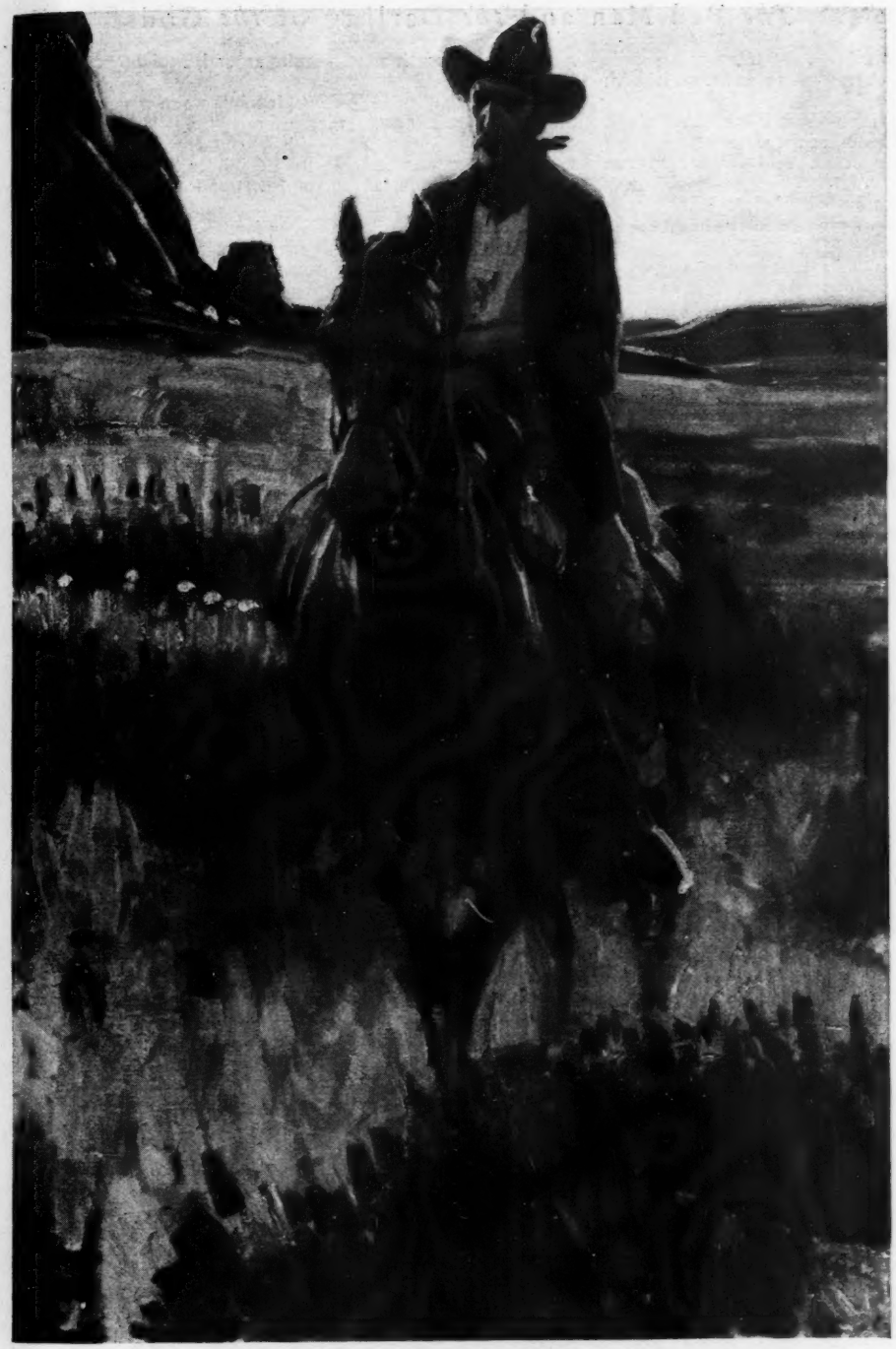
"You certainly have a sight of troubles, Johnny."

"Troubles? That ain't all, nor half. Here's all you Little World waddies needin' every spear of grass yourselves, and six-seven hundred of my cows come jiggin' up from the river to make it worse—and here last year, when grass was good everywhere, Charlie See up and leases him a township and fences it off. Not to mention how he fudged by fencin' up to both horns of Echo Mountain and then leavin' the west side open so there's six miles of fence he didn't have to build, and half a township more just the same as under fence. Fifty square miles—that's a right smart chunk out of any range."

"But Charlie's pasture is clear on the far side of Mundo Chico," urged Bates. "Your cattle wouldn't go out there anyway, not but a few of 'em. Charlie's fence don't hurt us none."

"It wouldn't if he kept his cattle inside, where they belong. But he throws his cattle on the range. All that good high grass fenced in and we got to share what little we got with the C C stock. It ain't fair."

"I do wish you'd talk sense, Johnny. See pays for that lease. It's his. If Hall and Dick Mason, Bud and Red and you and me had leased us a township apiece, we'd each be helpin' ourselves and hurtin' nobody. And we'd all be feelin' a heap easier in our minds, I'll tell you those—exceptin' Red Murray, maybe. He's



roped you last night. If I'd tried a gun, I'd have been obliged to kill you."

got quite a bait of grass yet. I was over to Turnabout last week."

"Then you'll admit that I was a fool to trade with him, like I mentioned at first?"

"Oh, probably. But on the other hand," said Aforesaid, with a thoughtful mien, "she wore a velvet glove. Red, he was powerful glad to see me. He'd carried a pair of guinea-hens out there, and when I first rode up, there they was, takin' on like a stamp mill. 'Why, Red,' says I, 'what in the name of time made you spite yourself with guineas?' says I. 'They'll drive you crazy.' 'That's what I got 'em for,' says Red."

"It *was* lonesome at Turnabout, kinder," Johnny admitted.

"Red was chock-full of talk, and he unloaded it all on me," said Bates. "He was real eloquent about you."

"Me!" cried Johnny, astonished. "What have I done?"

"Not to mention how he takes on about watermelons, and grapes and eggs and José Maria's *vino*," said Bates, "he claims Turnabout Spring is dryin' up on him."

"Gosh, Andy! I never expected that. She run steady as a clock all the time I was there."

Aforesaid shook his head. "Son, you only been here four or five years. You ain't seen nothin' yet. Not that it is really dry now—not to say dry. Why, we had a rain in April—don't you remember?—and it clouded up again in July. It's early yet. But if it keeps this dry another year—or twice as dry—or two years—there's things goin' to happen to the Little World."

"Hark!" said Johnny. "What's that?"

It was a man's voice far below, singing. The sound of it was faint and small.

Aforesaid dropped fresh wood on the fire. "I'll stir up some bread. You build the coffee, Johnny."

"Will you hear that? Like a fly crawlin' on Brooklyn Bridge. I can't see him yet."

"I do. Just to the left of that *ocatillo*. He's followin' the road."

"The Irish Washerwoman!" cried Johnny. "It's that Windy Bill song. That's Charlie See."

The rider was in plain view now, toiling up slow curves to a hogback; the song floated up to them, clear and thin:

"Old Joshua camped before
Jericho town,
He blew on his horn and the
wall tumbled down;
I blow my own horn with
precision and skill,
And that's why they call me
that old Windy Bill.

"O-h-h, Samson the big boy,
he wore his hair long,
Till he met with a dame and
she got him in wrong;
He swung a mean jawbone
and I do the same,
And that's how I got Windy
Bill for a name."

"Mr. Bates," said Hopper plaintively, "how many verses is there to that song?"

"Nobody knows. I think Charlie distils it, like—when the occasion calls it."

"Now, Little Jack Horner was dreadfully dumb,
But he poked in a pie and he pushed in a thumb;
He pulled out a plum and he winked fit to kill,
And he said 'I'm as good as that old Windy Bill.'"

"He stopped at Half Way House, I reckon," said Hopper. See was just below them; he waved his hand in greeting.

"O-h-h, Jacob K. Jessup he was a great sport,
If you beat him at poker he'd take you to court,
If you beat him in court he was hell on the draw—
Wasn't that a hot sketch for a father-in-law?"

"Did you get that?" exclaimed Aforesaid delightedly. "That hawse's feet is keepin' time, like beatin' staws on a fiddle."

A last scramble, and Charlie See rode into the walled circle. Judge whinnied politely. Charlie's horse made a reply that was half puff and half snort.

"Hello, Johnny! Hello, Andy! . . . Johnny," Charlie drawled, "can you let me have a settin' of them brown leghorn aiggs?"

"Old stuff. Why don't you think up a new one? Ask about corn on the cob once. Or my peaches, or the watermelons."

"I'll be down and sample 'em right off," said Charlie. "When do you churn?"

"Get you down from that Rowdy horse before Johnny pulls you down," said Bates. "Feed your face and then tell us the news."

"Oh, I don't mind these yaps ridin' me, so long as they don't thumb my neck," observed Mr. Hopper loftily. "They think it's funny to have food to eat, or to let down the bars and call your horses, instead of wranglin' them three or four hours before breakfast. Bless you, I don't mind their raggin'." But it was evident that he did mind. Red showed through the brown on his smooth cheeks. For some reason, unexplained, the cowboy considers farming a step downward; and Mr. Hopper was distinctly worried. He found the coffee-mill, which was a tin can; and in this he pounded coffee with the handle of a horseshoe hammer.

Charlie washed up and combed his hair. "Well, Squire, how's the oil business?" he asked. "Any gushers yet?"

AFORESAID was pouring himself a social cup of coffee. He paused abruptly and turned a frowning face to his guest. "Don't you call me Squire, Charlie See! I got one fool name now, and that's plenty."

"But why not?" urged Johnny. "It fits fine. You're sort of a father to us all, advisin' us where we're wrong and everything. You got tenants, too."

"I won't have it, d'ye hear? I give you both fair warnin'."

"Oh, well!" said Charlie, and sighed. "Have it your own wild way. You always do." He turned to Hopper. "I'm ridin' on up in the high country, towards sundown, and get me a deer. Want to side me?"

"No, I got to be goin'." Johnny flushed again at the hateful thought of chores which must be done.

"Aw, come on. I'll give you a hind quarter."

"Good Lord, Feller!" said Johnny hotly. "Don't you suppose I can shoot me a deer if I want to?"

"That's so, you do get a lot of practise," said See, with wide and innocent eyes. "Shootin' hawks?"

"I do wish you'd stop guyin' Hopper about his hens," said Bates, spreading out a shovelful of coals and setting the bake-oven on them. "He's got troubles enough without your devilin' him. He ain't got no grass, Johnny ain't. And Red, he ain't got much water. Both of 'em mighty sick of their bargain. Wouldn't surprise me if they'd trade back."

Johnny grinned manfully. "And I thought I was so smart when I traded. All hopped up, I was, about fat horses, and alfalfa, and company."

"And a good chance to snare a maverick in the *bosques* when the sign was right?" suggested Charlie.

Johnny leaped to his feet. The blood rushed to his head. Remembrance of all his wrongs overwhelmed him. In some undefined way, Charlie See was to blame for everything.

"Are you meanin' to say I'm a cow-thief?"

"Why, no, not exactly. Meanin' to say I thought you was human, like the rest of us. Didn't know you set up to be a plaster saint. But if you've got anything on your mind," said Charlie, in his most honeyed tones, "you could hardly find a fairer spot——"

Johnny Hopper jerked his belt-buckle loose, flung his gun on the bed and doubled his fists. "Man, you talk too much!"

With deer in mind and a rifle on the saddle, See carried no gun. He sprang up, nothing loath. But Aforesaid Bates was before him. He thrust the shovel in the fire and drew it out, heaped with glowing coals; ready for action, knees bent, arms flexed, he threatened both belligerents alike. "Papa *spank!*" he roared. "No fightin' between meals at Silver Spring!" His eyebrows bristled, the white mustache flared. The combatants eyed the shovel with interest.

"See," said Johnny, "are we goin' to let this old geezer put anything over on us like this?"

"Not much," said Charlie. "You draw his fire and I'll take him in the flank."

Bates saw that his point was gained. "Sit down, ye terriers—sit down and say will it rain." He dropped the shovel.

"Charlie," said Hopper, "I don't mind sayin'—so long as I mentioned it to Andy only this noon—that when I got Dryford, I did have a dim idea up north of my ears that if there was any mavericks persecutin' and perusin' around, I might as well have 'em as anybody."

"Fair enough," said See. "Meanin', we're a pair of fools? Surest thing you know. Think it'll rain?"

Andy Bates was building fence. Silver Spring marked the mouth of a dark, boxed canyon, short and deep, through which drained the flood-waters of an extensive hinterland. The narrow box was closed by a substantial log fence. From the head of the box to the massive rim-rock barriers, east and west, Bates was building wings of nondescript character. An opportunist fence; rock fence, pole fence, brush fence, felled and interlacing trees, even tangles of buckhorn cactus and prickly-pear; barbed wire where nothing else would serve; short stretches to fill in gaps between such rocky ledges as chanced to run in the general direction of his desire, patching those ledges at need, so that for every hundred yards of actual building he had a mile of fence to show.

He had now reached the western rim-rock and, having managed to mash a finger-nail in the final patchwork, he now rested from toil beneath a bush-topped cedar.

He turned his head from the forlorn and hidden valley and looked outward with a kindling eye. The sea-broad plain spread far and far, westward, southward. Mountains everywhere—gray or tawny in the nearer hills, blue or purple afar, violet, amethyst, lilac or pearl; a vast and glowing scene to gladden the heart of man.

Andy lifted up his eyes and became aware of Sam Girdlestone, riding down the rampart that made the only outlet from Hardscrabble. Andy whittled tobacco from a hard, dry plug; as Girdlestone swung off, he extended the plug.

"Have a smoke, son?"

"Not if there's any honorable way to avoid it," said Girdlestone, laughing. He sat cross-legged beside old Andy, producing pipe and tobacco of his own. He wore canvas leggings, corduroys, a blue flannel shirt open at the throat, and a Baden-Powell; a freshly sunburned, frank-faced young man with black hair inclined to curliness, and an engaging pug-nose. "Mr. Bates," he said, "not to be inquisitive—— But before I go any further, since you are too polite to ask me about the oil prospects and too lazy to care, I will simply say that as an oil scout I saw a lot of deer and quail, and one bobcat. To resume. Speaking as one who has already endeared himself to you, and not in any way wishing to pry into your secret past—what in the name of suffering humanity are you building a fence here for?"

"I find it matchless for the hands and the complexion," explained Bates. He flashed his bleeding finger. "Illegal, too. No fencin' on public lands. Leastwise, it would be illegal if I was fencin' my stock in. Probably I could squirm through, if I was jacked up for it, by claimin' I was fencin' my stuff out."

"Huh! No self-respecting cow would come up here."

"So they wouldn't. Not now. Such bein' the case, the grass is pretty plenty up here yet, such as it is, and good enough, what there is of it. By hitchin' my drift fence on to the cliffs and patchin' up the cliffs, and then widenin' the trail to your camp, and diggin' Hardscrabble out, and changin' the name to Hospital Springs—don't you see? Unless it rains in the next month or two, them cattle will be plenty glad to come up here."

"You think the situation serious, then?"

"Do I? If it ever comes rain enough so we can work the cattle, I'm goin' to sell off half my stuff—all the old cows, and then some. That's how serious I think it is."

"If the other ranchers would do the same——"

ANDY rose, beckoned young Sam aside for a few steps, and lowered his voice. "That's just it. They ain't got no sense. I named it to every man-jack of 'em. And what do you think they said? 'Maybe it'll rain.' Yessir! 'Oh, maybe it will rain'—light-hearted and careless, like a three-card flush. Of course it might rain! But if we have another year like this, we're done. Why, if I owned every square foot of the Little World today, and every head of stock, I wouldn't stop at a fifty percent cut. I'd ship a good three-fifths of 'em."

"The Little World?"

Andy spread out his hand. The valley lay two thousand feet below, in almost a direct fall. "That's this little stretch right under you, between here and them first two little piddlin' ranges, Turnabout and Echo Mountain—and as far north as them low red hills you see—maybe twenty miles by thirty-five. Just a little place, our world. The name is automatic, you might say. *El Mundo Chico*—The Little World. We're all by ourselves."

"You say the Little World ranchers are stubborn?"



Rider's eyes blazed scorn and contempt; it was the girl's eyes that faltered. So they stood for one tragic moment, betrayer and betrayed.

"Oh, no, not at all. Tenacious. Firm. They're tie-fast men."

"You mean Texas men?"

"That's the general idea," said Aforesaid. "though they're not all from Texas, or even of Texas stock. There's only seven of us, all told. Mason, Hall, Murray, See, Bud Faulkner. Johnny Hopper and me. Three of 'em from Texas. Neglectin' fractions, them's one darn fine bunch. Hard men. I don't mean bad men, but—not soft. Tie-fast men."

"Who's the hardest, Mr. Bates?"

"Me. I scare myself, sometimes. Well, the Tejanos, and them that holds with Texas ideas, they use a short rope and they tie it hard and fast to the horn of the saddle. Now the California man and his neighbors, they use a long rope and take their dallies. Then if they get in trouble they let the dally come off. It's a heap safer, only a man loses a thumb or two once in a while. But the Texas man, he's done fixed himself so he can't let go. When he pulls on his boots for the day, he makes up his mind at the same time. There ain't goin' to be no half-way measures. What he drops his loop over is his, or he's its.

"I'm not sayin' there ain't lots of (*Continued on page 172*)

Beautiful but Cold

Illustrations by John La Gatta



LELIA CARRINGTON, coming home flushed and triumphant from her first bachelors' cotillion, had looked at her lovely image in the glass and laughed.

"There isn't another débutante that can hold a candle to you, you pretty thing!" she said aloud. "Now if you keep your wits about you!"

Which was true, and implied more than the words expressed. But Lelia knew; never from the time when she had first begun to understand anything at all had she had any doubt of her vocation, her duty, her splendid rôle.

Everybody knew who the Carringtons were. There had been a general, a governor, and back in the 1830's a minister to a European kingdom, of the Carrington name. That the war—the War—had ruined their fortunes, and since that catastrophe no Carrington man had done anything to retrieve them, took away none of the luster of the name.

Everybody knew, too, that the Carringtons were noted for their good looks — no Carrington ever had married a plain woman; and from Lelia's babyhood it was evident that she was the perfect flower of the race. Small wonder, then, that for eighteen years her mother contrived to spend their winters in Baltimore, assiduously to make acquaintances; that she struggled and smiled and planned and endured, scheming, ignoring rebuffs, ever and always tending the girl's beauty. Small wonder that ever and always she built up before Lelia's imagination the ultimate goal of her ambition.

"You can love a rich man just as well as you can a poor one, my child," Mrs. Carrington said, time and again. "Don't have a lot of young boys following you around—they keep the real men away. With your beauty, you can get anybody, anybody at all. And it's your duty—your duty—to marry well."

The advice was well planted, more effective than it might have been except for the indubitable fact that Lelia's beauty was of the sort that attracts young and old alike. She danced triumphantly through her first winter; and because she remembered to be nice to the women, almost as triumphantly through her second. Towards the end of that season she fancied herself quite wildly in love; but in that, too, her mother's advice prevailed.

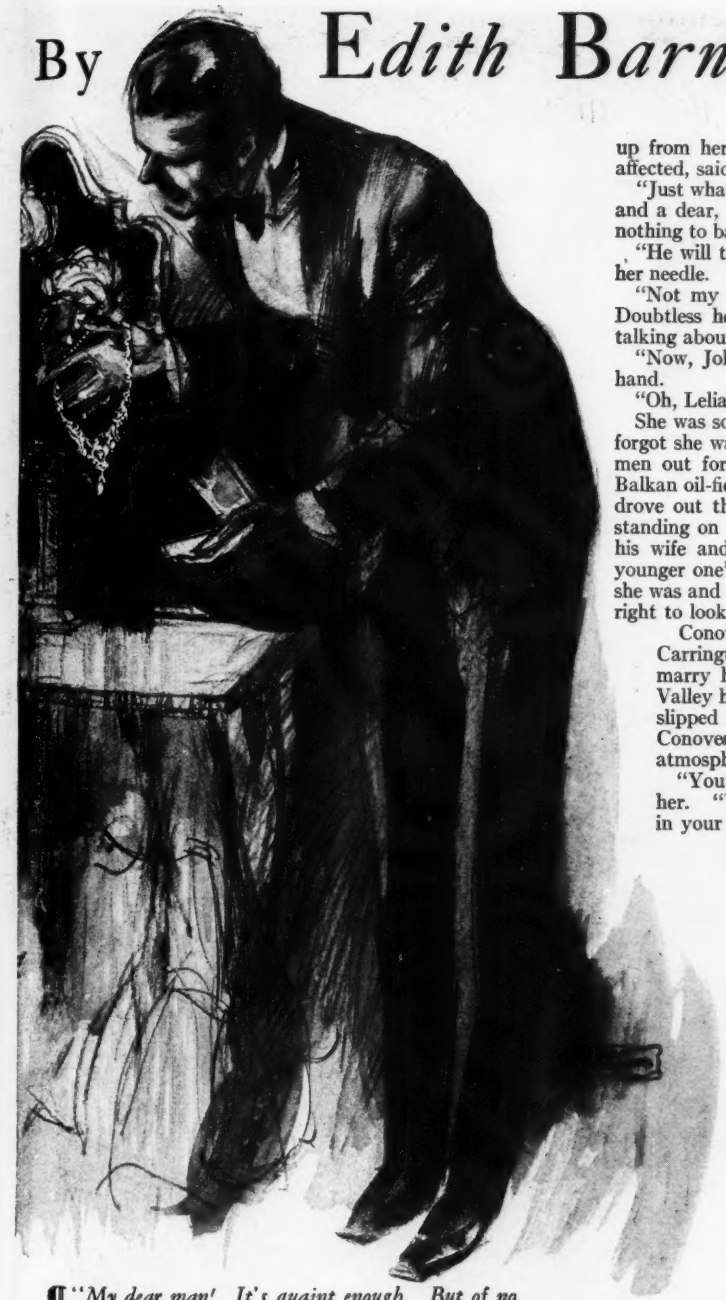
"Love doesn't last, my dear, and money does. Tom Meredith is good-looking, and of course everybody knows what his family is. But he hasn't a cent, and love will not pay the bills. You've got brains, Lelia. Use them."

Within another year her mother had passed on to that bourn whence no advice returns, and Tom Meredith became engaged to Lucy King, Lelia's best friend; yet Lelia danced heart-free at the wedding. She could do that the more readily because her field of endeavor was widening; she was looking forward to a round of visits that would take her as far north as Newport.

It is one thing to be invited to smart houses during the comparative freedom of summer; but gradually Lelia achieved invitations during the winter, too—which helped a great deal, for the Carrington fortunes were no better than ever, and the price of everything had gone up. If it had not been for that perpetual round of visits, Lelia would have been hard put to it to contrive even those accessories that women of her class think of as necessary.

Of course, during those years she might have married; but always she reminded herself that her lifelong game was worthy of a very bright candle. And then, when just such a candle had flickered about her for a time and been carried off by someone else, she met Martin Conover.

By *Edith Barnard Delano*



¶ *"My dear man! It's quaint enough. But of no value, is it?" Lelia exclaimed. "I thought—the stones are like your hair," Martin stammered.*

It was at the Warrens' place in Westchester—that elder John Warren, the banker; the old gentleman had an eye for beauty, and the day after they met Lelia at a dinner he said to his wife:

"Invite that girl out."

"Should we?" his wife asked lightly. "There's Johnny, you know."

The old gentleman grunted. "If Johnny only had sense enough to pick a beauty like that! Handsomest woman I've seen in a decade. Thoroughbred, too."

By the time she arrived Johnny had gone to Scotland; and so charming did her hosts find her that the visit was prolonged to a fortnight, a month. Life with the two elderly people was a respite; Mrs. Warren was kind, and the banker's outspoken admiration encouraged her—and she was beginning to feel the need of encouragement, though at twenty-five she was far more beautiful than she had been at her first cotillion.

"If I were forty years younger I'd marry you myself, regardless of Mary," Mr. Warren said.

Lelia flushed ever so slightly, and Mrs. Warren, not looking up from her knitting on the vivid golf stockings her husband affected, said, "Stop teasing, John. Lelia's a dear, dear girl."

"Just what I'm saying," her husband returned. "Good-looking, and a dear, dear girl! Which makes it all right. Beauty with nothing to back it is only ivory mischief."

"He will talk like that," Mrs. Warren said, placidly changing her needle.

"Not my phrase," Warren chuckled. "An old poet said it. Doubtless he had had his adventures and knew what he was talking about."

"Now, John!" his wife protested; but Warren patted Lelia's hand.

"Oh, Lelia's like one of the family. She doesn't mind me."

She was so much one of the family, in fact, that Warren quite forgot she was to be in the house the night he had invited some men out for dinner. Two of them had just returned from a Balkan oil-field, and the dinner was to be momentous. When he drove out that evening some of his guests were already there, standing on the west terrace overlooking the river, talking with his wife and Lelia; the older woman had her arm about the younger one's waist. Lelia was looking five years younger than she was and five times lovelier than any woman on earth has the right to look; and one of the men was Conover.

Conover—they were seated in rickety chairs under the Carrington oaks when she came, finally, to the decision to marry him. For years the old place in the Worthington Valley had been left in charge of negro caretakers, but Lelia slipped back to it now and again; it had seemed best to let Conover follow her there—the manor had its disheveled atmosphere of charm and romance and faded elegance.

"You're the most beautiful thing in the world," he told her. "You must be beautiful all through—as beautiful in your soul as in your body. There can't be anyone like you."

That had its effect, but it amused her, too; there was not much talk about souls in the company she frequented.

"When I saw you there at the Warrens'," he went on, "I thought—'She's the most beautiful woman in the world, and I could give her everything.' I know now, of course, that I can't. I didn't realize until I came here that there are things you can't buy at any price."

"I am not for sale! I have never yet married for money," she said with dignity, looking her coldest.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he said hurriedly. "I'd never suspect that you would marry for money. I mean"—he waved expansively towards the house, the oaks, and the badly cut grass—"I mean that sort of thing."

She, too, looked—the old red brick, the white-columned portico. "You mean what Carrington Manor stands for?"

"That. And you. You are delicate, fine—like music or lace or—something. My folks were pretty different from yours."

She winced a little: his "folks"!

"I want you to marry me more than I've ever wanted anything in my life. I do want to give you things—everything. But I see now that wouldn't be enough for you. You'd have to overlook things, and you'd have to like me a lot, and I——"

"I do like you," she interrupted.

It was significant of the man that he went on with what he had been about to say, though he clenched his hands until his knuckles were white. "And I'd want you to like me more and more. I"—there was a new note of hoarseness in his voice—"I want a good deal, you see."

He was leaning forward, his hands dropped between his knees, his forehead moist, although the day was not too warm; his look, and the bulk of his burly shoulders drooping in the attitude of a slave's, a suppliant's, she found unexpectedly touching—reassuring, too.

"I believe you are trying to tell me you're in love with me," she laughed, looking up through the trees.

He flushed deeply. "You're so beautiful. And I know how little there is about me to like. I mean for anyone like you to like. My life has been so different from yours." He paused,

then blurted out, "I've even been married before."

She looked at him quickly then.

"I told you because I thought it might make a difference," he added.

Again she was amused. "But I suppose you are safely divorced!"

"No. My wife left me. Then she died. I ought to tell you, there wasn't anything wonderful about her. I guess we ought never to have been married. But I don't feel any way about her now except to be sorry she didn't live long enough to get what she'd have liked. It was after she died that I began to make my money. It was oil at first, you know."

She moved impatiently; she wanted none of the sordid details. "After all, a woman who married you now would not be marrying all of that also," she said.

"Well—I don't know. They say I'm a self-made man. But I don't think any man makes himself. Everything you do or see or—have happen to you—makes you. It's the things outside of yourself that rub off the corners."

It was not everything she had hoped for and worked for; yet it was the best that had been laid at her feet.

"I think your corners have been very well rubbed off," she said, smiling at him. "And—I do like you."



¶ "*I believe you are trying to tell me you're in love with*

There were a few raised eyebrows at the news of her marriage, but Lelia could afford to ignore them. There was nothing, as a matter of fact, that she could not afford. There was exhilaration beyond anything she could have foreseen in spending, in buying soft silks and furs, in having, at last, all she wanted of those costly aids to beauty that come in jars and bottles, in being able now to have them administered by the deftest of fingers.

The perfect flower of her race was in the way of being perfected—a subtle difference there, the difference between a garden iris and an orchid; she saw the difference reflected in the eyes of other women, in the looks of men, and if further assurance were needed there was always Conover. He treated her as though she were a vessel of precious glass, a picture over an altar, a light that no wind must fan.

For a time she was acutely conscious of him, watchful, inwardly critical; but if she could keep him always in the attitude of a suppliant there was nothing she would not be able to do with him—and for him. He had wanted those intangible things the Carrington name stood for; well, she would give him those, and more. With his wealth, she could achieve for them both an eminence not reached even by the general or the governor or the foreign minister. The thing was to mold him, to keep him docile—in the phrase of her girlhood, to "keep him guessing." It was not going to be so difficult.

"You go ahead and do anything you want to do," he said when they were looking over architects' plans for remodeling the house they had bought.

She patted his head lightly. "But of course I want you to be pleased too, old dear!"

He looked at her wistfully, and thrust his hands into his pockets. She wished he would not do that; it made him look like an awkward schoolboy.

"Do keep your hands out of your pockets, Dear," she said.

He gave her jewels, took her to choose whatever she liked; but on the day of their first important dinner he brought her a dim, old necklace of topazes set in brilliants. She had shown him, the day before, the dull gold gown she was going to wear; when he came in she was standing, dressed, before her mirror, fastening



me," Lelia laughed. "My life has been so different from yours," Conover blurted out.

her diamonds about her neck. She turned, smiled at him.

"Do I look well enough?" she asked.

It was a moment before he answered. "You've never looked so beautiful," he said. "I—I brought you this."

She took the necklace, dangled it, laughed a little. "What on earth——"

"Don't you like it?"

"My dear man! It's quaint enough! But of no value, is it?"

"I thought—the stones are like your hair. I thought—with that dress——"

"Martin! Do you realize the sort of people we're having tonight? This dinner will make us—or not. I want to look my best."

He stood there, awkwardly, solidly. "Well."

"Oh, please keep your hands out of your pockets!" she flashed at him; and he took them out hurriedly, and left the room with the air of treading on tiptoes.

She was angry—with herself for being provoked, with him for making her so. She had no intention of hurting him, perhaps of estranging him; that would not in the least fit in with her plans. It was a question, after all, of managing Martin; everything else would fail if she could not do that. She took off her diamonds and put on the queer necklace; but when she greeted her guests she was flushed. Her color remained when old Mr. Warren took his place beside her at the table. He leaned towards her.

"My dear Lelia, you are more beautiful than ever," he said, "and as clever as I knew you were. Only a very clever woman could have chosen that gown for that necklace."

"You like it?"

He leaned closer, exclaimed. "Jove! It's the Queen's Necklace! Now where——"

Of course she was startled.

"The Queen's——"

"But surely you know! It belonged to a queen of Sardinia—one of the famous pieces of the goldsmith's art."

She fingered the necklace, smiled down the table at Conover—a smile she knew others would see.

"Ah, well—if I had known that was on the market——" Mr. Warren breathed. "But it would have been sheer extravagance for me."

When their guests were gone, she stood in the softly lighted room and smiled again at Conover.

"Lord, you're beautiful!" he said under his breath, and took her in his arms. "Lia—Lia—love me!"

She patted his cheek, slipped away from him. "Of course I love you!" she laughed. "But why didn't you tell me about the necklace? It's worth a fortune—Mr. Warren told me."

"It reminded me of you—so I bought it." Again he put his arms around her, his cheek on her hair. "Lia—love me."

At the end of the winter she said, "Well, my dear, I think we have done pretty well, don't you?"

It was the first time they had dined alone together in weeks; there had been the affairs of the season, and lately Lucy and Tom Meredith had come on from Baltimore. During the meal Conover had watched her with adoring, devouring eyes that amused and a little embarrassed her.

"You always do well," he told her. "How could you fail to?"

"But seriously! Of course, I've gone carefully. It's no use knowing any but the right people."

"Has it made you happy, Lia? Are you—happy?"

She laughed, as she so often laughed at things he said. "Of course I'm happy!"

But a little later, in another room, she (*Continued on page 133*)

A Novel *by*

Rex Beach



The Mating Call

The Story So Far:

LESLIE HATTEN came back from the war with what was apparently a case of shell shock. Actually he was suffering from repressed emotions. He had married a wealthy New York girl while home on a brief visit, had left at once to go back to the trenches, and returned to find that she had secretly had the marriage annulled. Leslie went back to his run-down farm in Evergreen, Florida, to live as a hermit until he could recover his emotional balance.

But there the ghost of an old love affair rose up to trouble him. Rose had, to be sure, married Lon Henderson, but she still loved Leslie. Being a woman who believed in direct methods, she set out to make love to him again. Her plan was deliberately to compromise herself with him so that Lon would be compelled to divorce her, and Leslie to make her his wife. She almost succeeded, too, but at the crucial moment Leslie informed her that he was already married.

To escape from Rose's wiles, and also from the unwelcome visits of such modern flappers as young Jessie Peebles, the sweetheart of his friend Marvin Swallow, Leslie hit upon the mad plan of picking a wife from among the immigrants at Ellis Island. He came to New York and found a good-looking girl named Catherine Azoff, who with her father and mother, Anna and Ivan, was about to be deported back to Russia. Catherine scornfully agreed to marry him rather than be returned to the terrors of her native land.

Leslie brought her to Evergreen. But now he found that his difficulties had rather increased than diminished. Catherine was not at all the stolid type he thought he had married but a regal beauty with a temper. She could do neither farm work nor housework, she apparently hated Leslie, and once she tried to kill him with a knife. He sympathized with her loneliness, but after all he too was terribly lonely; and her pride irritated him. They lived almost in a state of armed neutrality. A few neighborhood women—including Rose—called on her, and gossip about Leslie's marriage to a Russian peasant was rife.

A certain Mrs. Martha Purdy, who was wealthy and socially prominent, came to visit her relatives, the Baker sisters, and they introduced her to Catherine, in whom they took a kindly interest. Surprisingly, Mrs. Purdy and Catherine at once fell into each other's arms. It seems they had known one another on the other side, when Mrs. Purdy was doing relief work.

Mrs. Purdy afterwards talked affectionately of Catherine, described her sufferings during the Red Terror, and expressed great indignation at Leslie's cold-blooded marriage with her.

Meanwhile Catherine and Leslie drew a little closer together. He learned something of her sufferings in Russia, and often heard the name of a certain Serge.

Then Leslie received a note signed K. K. K., threatening him with tar and feathers if he continued to live with Catherine. He had had some trouble before, apparently with the Klan, in which his enemy Lon Henderson was supposed to be prominent. He was enraged by the note, but decided that it probably came from Rose.

HATTEN awoke with a feeling that he had heard his name cautiously but urgently called. Objects in his bedroom were plainly visible, for the moon was up. It was a late moon, however, and the usual night fog had arisen, thus diffusing the light and lending it a peculiar pearly radiance. Again the summons came.

"Mist' Leslie! Oh, Cap'n!"

Leslie was up and at the window in an instant. Half concealed in the foliage of an oleander bush he made out Double R.

"Yes! What is it?"

"Sh-h! Don't make no 'sturbance. They're back again, Cap'n." The whites of Double R's eyes gleamed, he was plainly in great excitement.

"Who?"

"Them Kluxers! 'Fore de Lord! Kissie seen 'em an' woke me up."

"Where are they? What are they doing?"

"Man, *hush!*" the negro whispered in a panic. "She was up with a misery an' seen 'em walkin' about; it ain't ten minutes past. All in white! Ain't no mistake, Cap'n; you all better run. Us has done lef'!"

"Wait! Where did she see them? What are they up to?"

"Assemblin' up in the hammock, I reckon. She seen a string of 'em goin' in, an' they'll be comin' out directly. This ain't no time for talkin', Cap'n. Be swif'!" There was a rustle of leaves and branches. Double R's dark figure disappeared.

Hatten's impulse was to rouse the members of his household instantly, but recent insomnia had bred a chronic irritation and now a wholly reckless anger swept over him. It came like a gust of wind. Those scoundrels had actually made good their threat! They were down in the spring hammock, eh? No doubt heating the tar! He uttered a smothered oath and swiftly slipped into trousers and shoes, then reached for his revolver. It would be dark in the hammock, he knew every foot of it. A good place

Illustrations by
W. B. King



C, *"Leslie! You forget yourself!" cried Rose. "What could I tell your wife? That you had jilted me? Humph! She knows all that."*

to have this thing out.

Noiselessly he raised the window screen and lowered himself to the ground, then made a swift but cautious reconnaissance of the immediate premises. He discovered nothing so he took the trail to the spring, running like an Indian.

Down in the bayhead it was gloomy indeed: the branches of the big trees met against the sky but the roadway was wide and sufficiently visible to follow; the moist black soil underfoot was soundless. Leslie paused to listen but could hear nothing except the ordinary nocturnal voices of the jungle. The strident clatter of tree-toads, the shrilling of insects, a slow, mournful "whip-Will's-widow" and the measured croaking of some water bird blended into a sustained chorus against which the hush of the night itself seemed vaster and more impressive than ever. The air was still and hot in here; Hatten felt the sweat creeping down his face.

He went forward more slowly, then paused again. He wondered if the marauders had indeed come this way or if, perchance, Kissie had been too terrified to note the direction of their movements. It would be just like a darky to——

He stiffened; with his thumb he raised the hammer of his revolver; he thrust his head forward and strove to pierce the baffling half-light. He moved onward a step at a time; the muscles of his jaw were aching from the strain.

In the opening where lay the great spring the illumination was better, very good, in fact, and there a white figure stood. It was a formless, ghostly apparition and after a while he discovered that it had no head. He found himself shaking uncontrollably.

Hatten stole still closer, until he could make out that it was not a man at all but an empty Ku Klux robe flung upon a bush. This was bewildering. He turned his head slowly, peering this way and that, until he heard a movement, a sound that caused the rigidity to leave his frame. He filled his lungs and smiled with relief, for now from the sandy shallows where Double R's boat was tied came a splashing as if some large fish were grounded. Followed words, a subdued murmur, in a woman's voice.

Leslie spoke Catherine's name and emerged from the obscurity. The open pool lay before him, close by a figure rose in alarm and stood revealed to his gaze. The nude Aphrodite. It was the figure of a nymph; it seemed to glow with a subdued radiance of its own.

There was a cry of protest, a rush, a scurry; the gleaming form flashed past him, the white garment was snatched from its resting-place and wrapped close. Catherine faced him gasping with fright, shaking with indignation; from her lips poured a torrent of Russian which overflowed and drowned his words of reassurance.

She broke out in English finally, "You devil! Why you come here? Why you do this?"

"I didn't mean to frighten——"

"Shame to you! Spy!" The girl's fury was rising, she stamped a bare foot, strained the thin garment closer about her dripping form. "You scare me so! And I come here because nobody will see. I told you that. Pig man! Beast! Ivan will keel you for——"

"Wait! Catherine, listen to me! You gave me a bigger fright than I gave you." Their voices rose, clashed as each tried to talk above the other.

Catherine continued to revile him hysterically; he persisted in his explanation until she fell silent and began to grasp what he was trying to tell her.

"What is this you say? Bad men? I do not understand. What is this letter of warning?"

"It's the same fellows who tried to whip Double R, I reckon. The note threatened us and naturally I——"

"So! They came tonight? They are here?"

"No, no! It was a false alarm. It was *you* that Kissie saw coming here for your swim."

"Ah-h!"

"Of course I never dreamed——"

"But it is so hot. I could not sleep in the least."

"Quite right. And you looked like a parade to that wench. Well, she and Double R have vanished; bloodhounds couldn't overtake 'em now and Lord knows if we'll ever hear of 'em again. I was so relieved that—I didn't stop to think I might startle you."

Catherine's fright was still so recent that her voice remained throaty and uncertain when she exclaimed: "Poor me! The heart is jumping from my mouth." She pressed her bosom to still its palpitations and slowly filled her lungs. "Out of the nowhere my name is spoke! Never such a fright!"

"Of course. And that white robe nearly stampeded me. Lord! A headless haunt!" The speaker laughed queerly and wiped the sweat from his face. Reaction from the recent strain had swept over him and that sight he had witnessed in the misty moonlight a moment before now began to move him powerfully. He had beheld a fleeting vision of loveliness and here beside him the nymph had paused, a creature of flesh and blood, more seductive than ever under the sheer garment that clung to her wet form.

Hatten felt a slow pounding start within him, he experienced an odd, breathless excitement that grew into something like intoxication. His heart-beats were actually rocking him in his tracks and it occurred to him that he had been staring at his wife for a full minute in a silence the meaning of which she could not fail to interpret.

Silence would never do. He must talk down this agitation. And quickly!

He began to speak, words ran from his lips, but against the electric vitality of those racing thoughts in the back of his head they sounded banal, vapid. His very voice had changed, too, it was not his at all.

Again he was two people: one a pagan whose brain reeled drunkenly; a frenzied satyr. In order to hide the savage antics of this creature he threw out a smoke screen of words. But in and through that smoke the beast romped and capered.

He heard himself saying: "You mustn't come here any more at night. Heaven only knows what might happen. I'll get you a bathing suit and—I'll come with you."

"We go now," Catherine told him with a panicky catch in her voice. "It is enough." She stooped and groped blindly for something in the grass, explaining: "Somewhere is a pair little shoes——"

"I'll find them." Hatten dropped to his knees. It was his hands that found the slippers; he dried first one foot then another upon the bosom of his pajama jacket and fitted them into the slippers. With difficulty he restrained himself from kissing them.

"There's no doubt that this is an enchanted spring," he babbled feverishly. "A fairy grove. Such places are peopled by beauteous creatures such as I saw. Naiads! Nixies! Nixies have green hats and green teeth."

He laughed foolishly, aimlessly he rambled along until she moved to go, then he took her hand. Side by side they went up the dark roadway. But his tongue was hung in the middle, he was stirred by a sort of moon-madness. And all the time he experienced the nightmare feeling that they walked three abreast; that this loquacious Leslie Hatten who gabbled in a steady stream stood guard between the girl and a horned figure with pointed ears and hairy arms which stalked along in step with them.

He dared not trust himself to cease talking lest the satyr should interrupt, shoulder him aside, and meanwhile his thoughts, his words were not all his. The Thing was talking through his lips.



¶ *Marvin seemed about to faint, but Hatten brought*

It had put a cunning story into his mind, the story of Undine—half-forgotten but vivid in parts. He was telling Catherine about Undine and he tried to talk banteringly . . . Undine was another water sprite. She was beloved by a knight who fell a victim to her charms. A happy, mischievous creature she was and contented, except for one thing—she had no soul. She had been created soulless, cold. A coincidence, he chuckled. No wonder the story had come back to him! Over his shoulder the satyr grinned, put more words into his mouth . . . The only condition on which Undine could have a soul was that she marry a mortal and bear a son.

A moment, then Catherine spoke in a thin voice: "She did this?"

"Oh, yes! Even deities long for what they lack. She gained



him to harshly. "Get busy! Quick! Take Jessie's arms and raise them . . . One, two, three!"

her soul and suffered all the pains and penalties of the human race."

"Ah! Better she remained what she was."

"You think so? *You* married a—a mortal." The words came thickly.

"It is a nice story but—we speak too loud. Anna will hear."

They had emerged from the hammock and the house lay ahead of them. Quietly they made their way forward until Catherine stumbled and uttered a smothered exclamation of pain. Only for Leslie's hand she might have fallen; it was with difficulty that she walked.

Without asking her permission, he bent, gathered her into his arms and strode forward. She resisted, uttered a subdued protest, but he silenced her. She was no light burden, but he carried her without effort, for within him was the strength of two men—those two who had walked beside her from the spring—and one of them was more than half animal. Its bones were thick, in its hoofed and hairy legs was the strength to gallop away with her. It was the first time he had ever held her in his arms; the thin robe that covered her was still damp, her body was warm and smooth, her breath was on his cheek. He wondered if she could feel that hammer pounding in his breast and if she understood the cause.

Past the side of the house and around to the front porch he carried her, then at a signal he reluctantly set her feet upon the steps.

"See! The door is open, but go softly or they will hear," she whispered.

He was too dizzy to notice in her (*Continued on page 151*)

Loocritchia Borgia



¶ *"Yi yi yi. Wot heppened de preesner?" "He sleeped gatting in de patrull wagon, you Honor."*

LOOCRITCHIA BORGIA was a dudder from Meester Borgia witt a seester from Sizzer Borgia, ulso from Frencis witt Giovanni witt Helphonze witt Guissipee witt Tony witt Mex witt Dave witt Mendel witt Mockuss witt Muttimer witt Pincus Borgia.

Likewise she was ulso de proprietor from a son entitled Gennaro Borgia by a oistwhile merridge; bot dees fect it was kapt by de femily incognito!! So Loocritchia was de honly one in de whole consignment wot she belunged in de kettegory from fimmales so she was by de fodder de faworite chilte.

So a whole time he would make to de geng in de huffice spitches so: "Ha ha! you know, boyiss—I'm not bregging—not bickuss it's my keed, you know—bot she pooled dees monnink a creck, a hot one!!! Wait a meenit, dun't go. Heh—I'm shafing dees monnink by de batroom, so she comes opp to me und she saz so:

" 'You know, Deddy, I was jost teenking!!'

"So I say, 'So wot you was teenking???'

"So she saz: 'I was jost teenking'—gat dees—'I was jost teenking, dere's more from one way to keel a ket!!!' Ha ha! Fife years hold!!! Can you bitt it???"

So it grew opp Loocritchia wot she was a belle from de tonn witt a sossiety dabootent yat wot it sad de goil frand Modgie so:

"Hollo, Loocritchia dollink!! Rilly—dirry—you poddy lest night was de tukk from de tonn. Geeve a ridd de sossiety nuttices. A gala ewent!! witt a nuttable fonction!!! You plaze ez a Matron from Society rifals de Dotchess from Gugganzola. Imegine!! fife hondred gasts und not a seengle surwiwor!!! How deed you deed it???"

"Hm—how deedn't I deedn't!!! Heh heh, of cuss, dirry, dees is jost bitwinn oss two. Now dun't bridding to a soul!—heh heh. You'll naver billive it in a meelion yirrs!! We jost hemptied into de horns from de jezz-bend a berrell clurrafurm!! Und whan it stodded in to play de bend—ho wal, you know de rast. Oops, oxcuse me—is reenging de phone.

"Hollo-hollo . . . yas, dees is Mees Bor—— I minn de Dotchess. Wait I'll geeve you de horder. Sand over a caze harsenic . . . yas, de fine harsenic like we usual gatting . . . A bottle biklurrite moicury . . . A crate tuddstools . . . oops, oxcuse me . . . wot you sad, dirry?? De Cont witt de Contess from Peestache are coming ulso . . . Hollo, hollo . . . batter making it two crates from tuddstools. De Cont likes moshrooms . . . Goot-pye!!

"Modgie dollink, you'll oxcuse me bot is culling dees hefternoon dot hold dope from a Signor Blotzkin. S'lonk, see you tonight by de Chop Sooy Pelece."

So it culled on Meester Borgia de Signor Blotzkin wot dey hentertained heem extrimmingly in hall sutts from a gudgeous style wot it was de hequivalant from a riggle menner. So he made gradually rimocks so:

"Yea, werrily, Koinel Borgia!—a likely wanch you dudder!!! Is no?? Mayhep, she could weegle ulso a leedle de heeps??"

"Tink ye so indidd, most nubble gast? So dees is coitinly on you pott a polite creck!! Bot terry a trifle!! You deedn't wisualized yat a heff from it. Loocritchia, make gradually for de Signor Blotzkin a Hootchikootchi!!!"

"Hy, my ludd."

"Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi!—De hiquil from dees hev I ne'rr yat gaced hopon!! Itch moof a hoil painting. Witt yat a poisonelity—axqueesite!! So, lat's we should procidd to brass tecks!! How now—dirr sorr—wouldst soffer me mayhep I should edwence a preposition? Hozz abbout she should be by me de Meesus Blotzkin, no lass??!! A henswer prithee! Wot spick you, ha???"



¶ *"Mine Momma sez you should sand over—" "Hm, anodder poddy. Ho boy, I'll sure hev to geeve her a calender for Chreesmas."*

"Ho K—most woishipfool gast! Is by me agribble!!"

"Und a right goot boggain too, mine gracious hust. Wal—nize wadder we heving."

"Oh, I dun't know! Metinks it looks a leedle beet like rain!"

"Rain didst dhou spick!! I fain would hodly tink so!!"

"Ho, bot of cuss it does you know."

"Nay, nay—hold top—I rilly quite sure wot it dun't!"

"Witt you most gudgeous hindolgence—I would witt you hissue take on de sobject!"

"Rilly now I bag to deefer witt you!"

"I implurr you——"

"I bisitch you——"

"Bot I sad yas——"

"Und I say NO!!"

"Hm—no, ha?? Loocritchia, mine dudder, fatch for de most glurrius Signor Blotzkin a mog from wine!!! A sobstential one to boot!!!"

"Hy, mine ludd!! . . . Noo, ferr sorr, a sneefter perchence???"

"Heh heh! Ez a rool I not a dreenking men!! Heh—heh—heh—of cuss. Bot irrigoddless—here's geeving on you a look!!"

Zeep!! Zeeeeeep!! Zeeeep!!

"Hm!! A gudgeous concocture!!"

"Yeh, we making it ourselfs!!"



¶ *"Ho boy, is a goot ting dey sopplying oss witt fleevers. Is no, Fillix? ? ?"*

A Famous Fimmale from MILT GROSS

Illustrations from The Author



¶ *"Hm, you deedn't took yat by oss a batt in de guest battob! Rilly, you must!!"*

"Und pray tal me, where you loined to meexing dem like dees??"

"I took by a Feenishing School a cuss!!! Wot helse??"

"Hm—is dees a sweeg!! De likes from dees is feet a Keeng should goggling!!! . . . Ho boy!! . . . Switt Heddeline!! . . . Whooy!! Mine stozz alife!! (heec) It pecks yat a keeck!! Wot ho!!—de Seex Teeler Seesters in de front from me?? Ha ha. Heenky-Deenky-Polly-Woo. Wot? Whoze pooshing you?? You pooshing me!! Say, I kin leeck anny cop in—— Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo!! Boyiss, I got de swittest leedle wife—boo hoo (heec) in de woild home. Switt (heec) Heddeli—— Yi! Yi! Yi!! Bot look ye—I terry!! It wexeth fife by de clock!! I must be huff pust-haste!! Wot ho! Lendludd—a huss!!—und one from lots from spidd!! S'lonk!!"

So de naxt day it stoot in hall de papers hat-lines so:

HEXTRA!! HEXTRA!!
SIGNOR BLOTZKIN CRUKKS HALL FROM A SODDEN!!!
Dies in de Hopen Hair Sikking Wodder!
HAUTOPSY REWILLS INSITE FROM HEEM:
Two ponds Peris Grinn
A quott Cynite from Potassium
Seex Meelion Hentrex joims
A heff pint Prossic Acid

Chiff from Poliss sospacts poisoning. Exemines dittails witt microscope und hissues to blothonds instroctions so: "Geeve a look for a individjil among de hage from hateinn to futty-fife. Must be sober, staddy, reliable, und weeling to slipp on de pramises!! Hez chastnot hair, hazel heyes, a heeckory lag und Franch hencestors. Is gay bot weestfool und redder inclined et times to prifarr on de hoysters, katchup!!"

HEXTRA! Sloots woiking on clooz. Blothonds sneef gomment from Signor Blotzkin und stott on trail. Chiff axpacts to make arrast in twanty-furr hours!!! Feefty-seex sospacts peenched. HEXTRA!!! Chiff from Poliss confronts sospacts witt avidance. Holds opp gomments from Signor Blotzkin. Saz: "Wot's dees?"

Foist Sospact: "A fool-drass soot."

Chiff: "Corract!! Now tal me, deed you aver saw befurr dees fool-drass soot??"

Foist Sospact: "Of cuss, I saw heem befurr!!"

Chiff: "A-HAAAAAAAAA!!! (B E N G!!! BEEF!! BAM!!) Tal me (POW) where (BANG) deed you (SLAM) saw it befurr? Ha? (CRASH!!)"

Foist Sospact: "I wurr it lest Friday night!!"

Chiff: "*You* wurr it!!!"

Foist Sospact: "Sure—I hired it by Ginsboig!! Und I wurr it!!"

Sacund Sospact: "Und I wurr it Toisday."

Toid Sospact: "Und me Toozday."

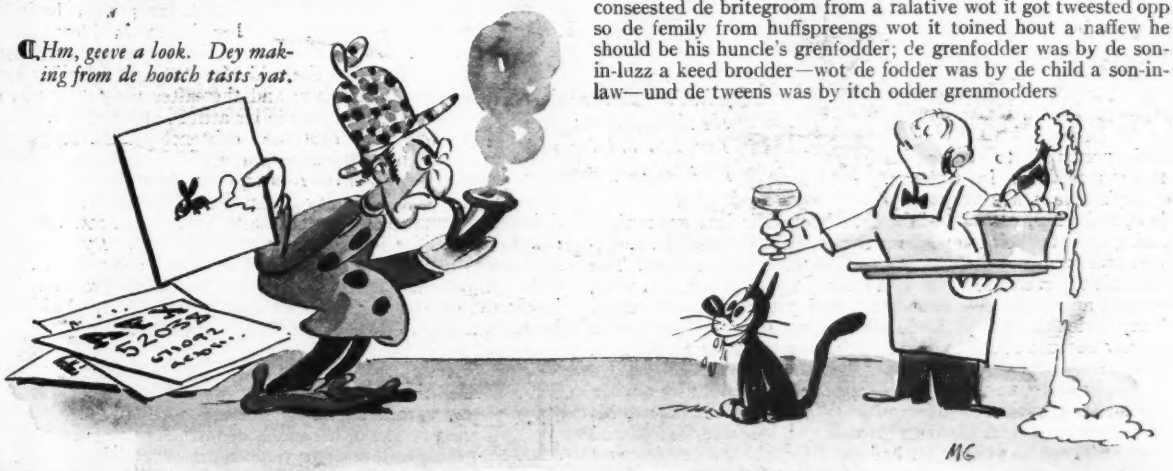
Futt Sospact: "Monday."

Churrus: "Sonday . . . Lest wick . . . St. Sweeden's Day . . . Mine dudder's wadding . . . De bobbers' ball!!!"

Ginsboig: "Und I howning de soot. I tutt was someting wrung whan Blotzkin deedn't brut it beck!!" HEXTRA!!! Case aganst sospacts collepsez. Poliss beezy on new clooz. Axpact arrast in twanty-furr hours!!!!!

So it gradually got merried a copple times Loocritchia—wot it conseested de britegroom from a ralative wot it got tweested opp so de femily from huffspreengs wot it toined hout a naffew he should be his huncle's grenfodder; de grenfodder was by de son-in-luzz a keed brodder—wot de fodder was by de child a son-in-law—und de tweens was by itch odder grenmodders

¶ *Hm, geeve a look. Dey making from de hootch tasts yat.*



A Novel *of* Today

Dangerous Business

The Story So Far:

AT ANY cost, Jay Rountree felt that it was up to him to marry Lida Haige. She had gone to a party with Nucast, vouched for by Jay's brother-in-law, who did not want to offend Nucast for business reasons. And as a result, she now needed a married name. Jay gave her his, and tried to make believe that he loved her. He left Harvard, of course, and prepared to enter his father's business in Chicago.



Ellen's face burned as she thought of the gown Lew had bid her pick from the shop-window.

Jay's father was very religious, and a business man of the old school. His firm was rapidly losing trade to their competitors, the Slengels, because Mr. Rountree could not introduce the personal element into business. The Slengels entertained buyers with midnight parties in which wine, women and song were prominent, and got orders as a result. They bade fair to take the Metten account from the Rountrees largely because of Diana Dewitt's midnight charms for fat Sam Metten.

Jay, however, managed to hold the Metten account for a while because Sam's brother Phil wanted to add social prestige to his newly acquired wealth. With his wife and daughters he followed Jay to Tryston, whither he had gone for his honeymoon; and there the Mettens stuck like burs to Jay and Lida. Lida, who was a wealthy aristocrat, played the game on the chance that it might help her to gain Jay's love.

In desperation, Diana now carried her methods one step further and so compromised Sam Metten that he was compelled to hand over the Metten order.

Jay had always been unmercifully criticized by his father; the more so now because of his marriage. He did not defend himself. But Ellen Powell, his father's secretary, did defend him in her own mind, and her loyalty heartened him.

Ellen, in fact, had long been secretly in love with Jay, and he felt that she was the force in his life opposing the influence of Lida, who wanted to lure him off with her to a South Sea Island. Ellen was the quiet and dependable sort, the daughter of a fine old skipper on the Great Lakes. She roomed with Diana Dewitt, but the two were utterly unlike. When Jay said that business seemed to him a "rotten row," Ellen told him to grow up.

Lida now went back to her home in New York, leaving Jay alone in Chicago. But first she told Mr. Rountree why Jay had married her; and thereafter the father was a changed man in his attitude toward Jay.

The continued existence of the Rountrees now depended practically on holding the business of the Albans, their oldest customers. But old Stanley Alban, Mr. Rountree's friend, was dying, and young Lew was hostile to Jay. Ellen saw this; she saw too that Lew liked her exceptionally well. By using her femininity, like Diana, she might hold Lew's account . . .

As for Jay—his fighting spirit was thoroughly aroused. His father and he were at the mercy now of Lew Alban. And Ellen Powell was right. He couldn't, and he wouldn't, dodge it.

LEW ALBAN arrived in town at precisely the most effective and agreeable moment for himself. He did not make the mistake of hastening upon the heels of disaster; he gave the Rountrees time to appreciate the calamity if they lost, at one stroke, the bulk of their remaining business.

By Edwin Balmer

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

Jay was on the street, selling or trying to sell; but he was chiefly gaining experience—and a point of view. He had made up a list of prospects for his personal attention, compiled from golfers and from Harvard, Yale and Princeton people who had been or who might by any chance become customers; and in five weeks he brought in one new order.

"Look at it," he bade Ellen, laying it upon her desk. "Two hundred dollars gross; we'll net maybe ten dollars."

"But it's a start with the Howarth company," said Ellen. "We haven't sold them anything at all for eight years."

Jay nodded. "I squeezed that out through Ken Howarth. He was in the Yale boat; was with him in New London once. You know I'd have starved, or have taken a job as a waiter in a restaurant, before I'd have gone to Ken Howarth to help me out with ten dollars because I knew him rowing; but I went to him a couple of weeks ago on that introduction and tonight, because he knew me rowing, I have his order. That's business."

Ellen's steady eyes studied him. "It doesn't bother you now."

"It bothers me like the devil it's not bigger," said Jay. "I hear Lew Alban is on his way to us."

"He'll be here Monday," said Ellen. "There's only one train from Stanley in the morning. It's early. Meeting him?"

"At the train?" asked Jay. "Me?"

"Art Slengel will probably be there," said Ellen. "Your father won't; and Mr. Lowry's out of town."

Jay set his alarm-clock Sunday night for rising earlier and, as he pointed the signal hand, he thought of that hour as Ellen Powell's for him. Lida's morning hour for him and for herself, he remembered, lay far along the dial.

He recollected it almost with surprise as he dressed in his room, cold from the night. Lida, far away, would not be cold; she had slipped away from New York, indeed, and was on the Wilmerdons' yacht in the Caribbean, or perhaps she was ashore now at St. Lucia or Barbados.

It reminded Jay of Levuka. Lida had wanted him to go with her to Levuka; instead, she was in the palm groves of St. Lucia, with whom? He ran over her mention of the other guests; four men, two with their wives, two with none. Jay knew the one named Thurston; lots of money; lots of time; and he liked Lida. Jay had met him at Lida's school.

Jay hurried, without breakfast, to meet Lew Alban's train; for at this hour Lew would not have breakfasted. Jay meant to take Lew to the club.

Art Slengel was at the train gate. "Hello, Rountree," hailed Slengel and offered a gloved hand and smiled.

He was ten years older than Jay and entirely sure of himself; he was tall and broad, in a new, heavy, tailored overcoat, fur-lined. Sleek hair he had and pink skin, close-shaven. You knew a barber always shaved him and scented him slightly, too; he smoked, rolling it between thick lips, a cigar upon which he left the band.

Jay, shaking hands, could not keep from making a Harvard estimate of him.

Never would he be elected to the Institute of 1776, not even in the last ten taken; never to Dicky or to the Hasty Pudding.

Slengel was making a business estimate of Jay; and business was the issue between them. Never would Jay get Lew Alban for breakfast, Slengel thought; and Jay didn't.

Lew descended and was glad to see Jay and somewhat surprised. He commented upon it.



¶ *"Like it?" questioned Di, with a touch of defiance.*

"Meet all trains now, Jay?" he inquired.

"Not quite," said Jay.

"Message for me?" Lew gibed him. "Or something like that?"

"No."

"What's happened?"

There was nothing, as all three knew, but that Lew Alban was become president of the company whose business was essential to Rountree and that Jay was in business. He made the best of this by saying: "I'm working now, Lew."

"Don't overdo, Jay," advised Lew and, turning to Slengel, went off with him.

It seemed to Jay, as he sat down to a twenty-cent cafeteria breakfast, that Ellen Powell and he had made a mistake; he had offered Lew merely amusement at his expense. But that had pleased Lew, he realized; it was what Lew wanted and Lew appreciated it the more because it was before Art Slengel.

Jay ceased to feel that he had accomplished nothing by his trip to the station. Certainly he had not dodged Lew; and he reported to Ellen Powell: "He's in town; and Art Slengel was there and got him."

"We'll see him here," said Ellen; and at mid-afternoon Lew called on Mr. Rountree, respectfully enough in externals. He walked in without knocking; but he always had and that was supposed to imply intimate friendship, not disrespect.

He spoke to her after he had greeted Mr. Rountree, and his eye, unnoticed by Mr. Rountree, roved to her frequently.

"Slengels wanted to show me through their plant again," he



¶ *"You've found somebody. What sort is she, Jay?" asked*

commented. "They've a new unit, you know; just equipped."

Of course Mr. Rountree very well knew; it was the unit manufacturing for Metten.

Mr. Rountree resorted to personal talk about Lew's father, which opened the way for Lew to inquire: "How's the boy getting along? He certainly rises early. His wife rejoined him?"

"She's cruising with family friends in the Caribbean," replied Mr. Rountree and took up details of business between his company and Alban, which Lew disposed of quickly. He liked to be swifter than the man he dealt with.

Over the shop sheets, which Mr. Rountree lengthily studied, Lew looked at Ellen.

He was no man to possess power over others; and how much he held over Mr. Rountree and over Jay—and her! How much more than when last he had sat in the office eying her over shop sheets!

She quivered inside her; how much more she felt it and feared him; yes, feared him.

No hurt to her, physically, came into her feeling; her fear did not include that; but he could hurt her with a cruelty impossible before. Then she had disliked him and had loved Jay, but with nothing approaching the intensity of today when she felt herself joined with Jay in the effort he was making in direct denial of his wife's desires for him. In a certain sense, she had won over his wife; at least, here he was working beside her; his wife was on the Caribbean; Ellen never in her life had longed for anything as for success for him beside her.

And success or failure for him lay largely in Lew Alban, who was looking at her over the shop sheets.

Ellen did not flatter herself that she was more attractive, femininely, than other girls who were undoubtedly obtainable by Lew; but she knew the type of man that cares nothing for the cheaply obtained. It was the type that liked to destroy and to destroy no easily bought stranger but one who had long defied and delayed and upon whom he had often looked.



Lida . . . It made him see Ellen, suddenly, as at that first time she cried because of him.

It was this which, vaguely, she had realized and which had underlain her remark to Jay that Lew Alban would not be as simple for the Slengels as Sam Metten. Jello had delighted in Diana and had allowed her to compromise him; but Di would be a trifle to Lew.

Jay entered and, barely noticed by Lew, sat at one side to await the finish of Lew's business with his father.

"You'll step over to the shop with me?" Mr. Rountree invited Lew.

"I've seen a shop today," reminded Lew, subtly taunting; and Mr. Rountree left him to Jay and her.

"I'll take you up home," offered Jay pleasantly; for Lew was to endure a perfunctory dinner with Mr. Rountree.

"What's up at your house now?" inquired Lew and glanced at Ellen. "I've some letters."

"All right," said Jay and arose. Ellen always did Lew's letters when he was in Chicago; she kept for him sheets of the Alban stationery and she got it out, with hands slightly unsteady.

Jay noticed this and looked up at her. What excited her? he wondered. She possessed a calmness and a quality of poise, ordinarily, beyond any other girl he knew. It was what made her so satisfactory and companionable in a talk over affairs gone wrong; but she was upset, for this moment. He wondered about it and went out.

Ellen took her seat with note-book open and she waited with the disquiet, which Jay had seen, astir within her. Lew noticed it, too, and kept her waiting.

She arose and, to occupy herself, set to straightening Mr. Rountree's desk. Lew Alban's eyes were on her, watching her face and her hands and looking down, as he always did, at her legs; he was blowing smoke rings at her.

"You're a mighty good business girl," he spoke to her at last, "but you don't look it a bit." He awaited a reply from her; but she disappointed him; she thought he (*Continued on page 112*)

Listening to Wall Street

By Ernest Poole

HE CALLED me up about nine o'clock on a cold clear winter's night. It was in the mountains of Vermont; I had been spending the winter up there, and he ran the telephone exchange in the village not far from our house. Caleb Isham was his name, and he owned a little saddle-horse which I had often used that fall.

In a hard slow drawl, he asked if I could come to see him that night. If I would drop down to the village on skis, he would bring me back in his cutter, he said. I caught something in his voice which stirred my curiosity; so I told him I would come—and a few minutes later I was off.

My curiosity was soon lost in the amazing beauty of that glorious mountain night—ten below zero, bright and still, with a full moon shining down upon fields and mountain slopes all silvery and white with snow.

But soon I even forgot the night—for I am none too good on skis, and I was coming to Logan's Hill, a narrow, winding, snowy road which dropped steeply down through the pines a mile or more to the valley below. In the next two breathless minutes I felt about a thousand thrills; but I got down without a fall, and came gliding grandly and proudly across a gently sloping field which led to Caleb's big red barn.

The twinkling little village, straggled along the river side, looked very lovely and peaceful that night; and so did his capacious barn and the snug white house across the way. Between the two ran the main road—quite a favorite route for the gasoline gipsies; all summer the cars came roaring through. But Caleb had no use for "autos." He drove a horse and buggy still.

This field I was crossing was part of his farm. He worked it with two hired men, and lived with his mother in the house, where she ran the small telephone switchboard by day, while Caleb took it on at night. It had been the bane of his life, and he would have given it up long ago if it had not been for his fiancée, the village school-teacher, Shirley Wells. Caleb was saving to get married, so he kept the telephone job.

"Well, what's the trouble?" I asked him, when I had come into the house.

"Did you know that Sidney Kent was up at Dalton's?" he inquired. Dalton's was a small expensive hotel about a mile away, and Sidney Kent was a famous figure on the New York Stock Exchange. "Well," continued the mountaineer, "they say he has come up here for a rest—but he talks about fifty dollars' worth to somebody down in New York every night. It's a lingo that I can't make out; but as near as I can judge, he's givin' orders to buy stocks. The figures have climbed pretty high. I heard him give an order tonight to buy fifty thousand W. D. D'you happen to know what that is?"

"It's Western Delaware. A sleepy little one-horse railroad."

"Mebbe it's go'n' to wake up," he remarked, and added: "D'you know a good broker down in New York?"

"You mean, you want to speculate?" I demanded in astonishment. For me, Caleb had always stood as the very rock-ribbed heart of New England!

"No, I don't want to speculate," he responded dryly. "But I just got thinkin' that if a man were to foller along behind a feller like Sidney Kent, he wouldn't be speculatin' at all—he'd be investin' his money in something about as safe as a church." Caleb was an elder in the Baptist church near by. "I ain't sayin' I'm go'n' to act on this—but it struck me as one of those chances that don't come twice in a man's life, and I thought it might be interestin' to see just what a feller could do."

I told him I'd go very slow on any such investing, but I did not push my warning far; for, by long experience with my mountain neighbors, I felt that I might give offense. Nor could it be denied that tips from Kent were not to be sneezed at.

"So you want a letter to a New York broker?" I said.

"Why, yes—if you know an honest one. Not that I'll use it, but just in case. You'll find pen and paper over there," said Caleb, pointing to his desk. "I'll be gettin' out the cutter now. It's high time we was both in bed."

I gave him the letter that he wanted, and then Caleb drove me home. And later, standing at my door and watching him start down the road, I seemed to see a lurid figure, vast and satanic, looming above him, rearing dark against the stars.

The next evening he called up again. Sidney Kent was still buying Western Delaware, he said, and Caleb asked me to help him write a telegram to my friend in New York.

"You've sent him some money, then?" I said.

"Why," he answered cautiously, "it seemed to me that five thousand dollars might do fairly well down there."

"Well, it's your money," I replied; and I helped him write an order to my friend to buy two hundred shares. The next night he telephoned that the stock had gone up three points.

"Six hundred dollars is quite a profit—about what a man might make in a year on a farm, if crops was mighty good," said Caleb; and his hard slow voice had a slight quiver in it now.

Once more I tried to caution him on the uncertainties in this game. He replied by repeating carefully what he had heard from Kent that night. "I can't see that this is speculation. Looks like a sure thing," he said. "And this six-hundred-dollar profit might as well be invested right off."

"That," I grimly answered, "is what is known as pyramiding."

But Caleb paid no attention to that. He wanted me to help him write another telegram—and in the weeks that followed, he asked me to help him night after night invest his profits in still more stock. I listened to his slow hard voice and I felt the age-old passion creeping deep into h's soul. He told me one night he was thinking of taking a mortgage on his farm!

He was holding his stock on margin now—five hundred shares, and then a thousand, and then two, and finally four! For in the meantime, down in New York, the rise of Western Delaware had become the sensation of the month! In two weeks it rose some fifty points, and I figured that Caleb had cleared nearly $40,000!

MEANWHILE nobody in the village knew anything of this affair. How the whole valley would buzz with excitement when his neighbors heard the news! And what would it do to him? I asked.

I had plenty of time to think of that, for I'd had a little accident and was kept indoors for a while; and possibly on that account my view of Caleb's future was grim. Either the poor devil would lose all his savings, or else, by some weird trick of fate, he'd make a big killing—and then he would probably move away.

His poor old mother would lose her home and would spend the rest of her days in some noisy city. The village would lose him. So would I. No more horses for me to ride; the last livery-stable would be closed; and this valley, already filled with so many deserted desolate farms, would lose one of the last of its farmers.

The church would lose an elder, and the school would lose Miss Shirley Wells. Oh, I had no doubt of that—for the brisk energy in that alert and pretty young woman would set her to longing for city excitements, and off she would go with Caleb to town.

In fact, the more I thought of it, the more certain I became that Shirley Wells was back of all this. She had pushed him into this speculation and she was keeping him in it still. There is no gambler like a woman!

I saw her several times that month—for when I was able to go out, I hired Caleb's horse and cutter—and in place of her usual friendly nod, she gave me a suspicious glance. This, I decided, was because she knew I was urging him still to sell out.

I met her again in front of her school, and she appeared to me terribly worried. The stock had gone down, I gloomily guessed. But it dipped for only a day or two, and the next time I saw Shirley Wells, she was radiant. I all but scowled in the girl's face! Oh, yes, she would take him away, all right!

I cursed her and I cursed the times—this greedy, grasping, gambling age, which was reaching up into this last stronghold of old-fashioned days, and taking its most old-fashioned man and making him a gambler! That night I asked if he were still wiring to New York.

"Why, no," was his answer. "Sidney Kent left for town three



Shirley was pushing Caleb into this speculation, and keeping him in it. There is no gambler like a woman:

days ago, and I didn't care to go it alone, so I quit right then."

"Thank heaven you got out in time. How much did you make?"

"Well," said Caleb, "if you take those twenty-seven telegrams we wrote, and figger it out, the profits come to sixty-two thousand, four hundred and fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"What are you going to do with it all?"

"I dunno as I have to figger on that," he answered grimly.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said at the start," came the imperturbable voice of my friend. "I told you I got to thinkin' it might be interestin' to see what a feller could do with such an opportunity. But as to actually takin' a chance with the only money I got in the world, and this farm of ours, my mother's old home—oh, no—I wa'n't bein' any such fool."

"Good Lord! Then you never went in at all?"

"Not the price of a doughnut," was Caleb's reply.

"You never sent any telegrams?"

"No. I did think of sendin' one for a while, but then Miss Wells got wind of it and she put her foot right down. It seems her father once got fleeced out of five hundred dollars in just such a deal, and he never forgot it, and neither did she."

"Then you've lost a chance to make sixty-two thousand!"

"And four hundred and fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents," he corrected me.

My whole view of the matter had instantly changed.

"I'm mighty sorry, old man!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I wouldn't feel that way about it. I ain't lost nothin'," Caleb replied. "How about that broken leg of yours?"

"I didn't break my leg," I said. "I only sprained my ankle."

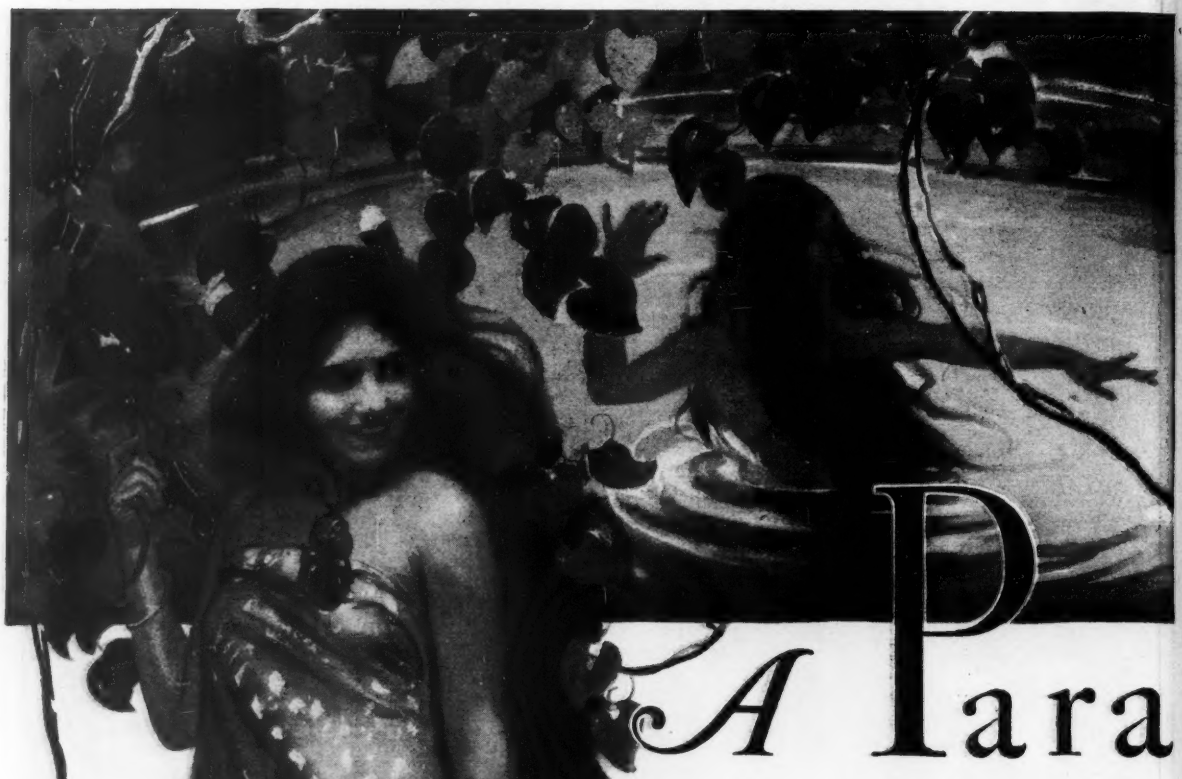
But Caleb's dry voice went calmly on: "It's a curious thing, what a man will do. You ain't much of a feller on skis—and what's more, you don't look like the kind of a man who would take fool chances on Logan's Hill. But you done it—once too often, too. I guess it's human nature—a kind of an instinct in us all. It come near costin' you a leg—while all that my figurin' cost me was a few hours' sleep now and then."

"Yes, but what did it do to you? Hasn't it made any change at all in the way you look at things?" I asked.

Slowly and deliberately the rock-ribbed heart and soul of New England considered my question—and then he replied:

"Why, yes—I *have* been thinkin' some that when I could get around to it, mebbe I might buy one of them flivver cars."

The Story of an Inlaid Tooth



A Para

THE R. M. S. Aorangi having lolled for many days through a tranquil sea had come to anchor in the beautiful cliff-locked harbor of Aranua. Here and there the cliffs were lightly silvered with falling water; the town of Aranua, almost hidden among dark green trees with blood-colored flowers, looked extraordinarily inviting; the air, at once warm and fresh, seemed to smell of sandalwood, and beyond the town the single island mountain, a cone not less symmetrical than Fuji, but more steep, appeared in that early morning light to be made of emeralds and mother-of-pearl.

The passengers of the Aorangi had breakfasted and were eager to land, but probably the most eager of all was Mr. Ernest Jocelyn of Pebble Beach, California.

At the back of Mr. Jocelyn's mind was the acknowledgment that he must some day begin to grow old. And doubtless he would have admitted the process had already begun, but the proofs thereof were so little in evidence that he might have passed anywhere for a most excellently groomed and athletic man of forty-five. As a matter of fact he was nearer sixty, and in truth it was only his heart which was still entirely young and romantic.

But if his heart was the only thing about him that had not aged at all, there were long supple muscles which had aged very little, a waist only a little less adolescent than it had been at twenty, a fresh, colorful skin, sleek brown hair, and so far as his smile disclosed, a strong, even set of white teeth. Back of the smile's corners, however, were certain teeth which were not perfect. But then, before undertaking the fishing trip to New Zealand he had had these put in perfect order.

"Had it done right at home too," he liked to tell people—"right in Monterey—that's very near Pebble Beach, you know. We have a dentist there that's thought to be the equal of anybody in the country, and a doctor too. I had one tooth out—novocaine. I thought Brownell was going to take a better grip with his pullers, and lo and behold, there was the tooth already out. He filled up a couple of eroded places near the gum, and that ought to have hurt like sixty, but he's so strong and sure and keeps his tools so sharp that it didn't.

"Then I had one bad breakdown and he made an inlay for that. A beautiful job. Does all his own casting. But it's such a big one and has so much work to do that he told me not to blame him if it didn't stay in forever. And I won't. I'll just put it in my waistcoat pocket if it comes out and get him to lay it in again.

"I tell you," he liked to go on, "it pays before you cut loose from

It was the girl at the pool who was tempting Mr. Jocelyn to remain on the island.

by Gouverneur Morris

Illustrations by G. Patrick Nelson

dise Lost

your home and go into the wilds, fishing or hunting, to have yourself well looked over, and all the damages repaired. I lost my appendix years ago; but I had my tonsils out; and so all the while I was in New Zealand I had nothing bodily to worry about.

"It would be bad, you know, to stand around all day in icy water and have your tonsils go bad on you and start poisoning you, or to be far from help and burst your appendix. But it would be almost worse to have a tooth begin to growl and end by running amuck and driving you crazy."

Mr. Jocelyn had had a great success with the sea fish and river fish of New Zealand, with the yellowtail, the great leaping shark—the mako—and with the rainbow-trout and the brown trout acclimatized from Oregon and Scotland and grown gigantic in the virgin waters of the islands. He had had two months' solid fishing and now he was on his way to take up the family life of a well-to-do, middle-aged American just where he had left it off.

The prospect somehow did not please him. It was a long time since his wife had shown him anything in the nature of affection. She was tired to death of him, but in the hope of still pleasing others had had her face lifted for the second time.

His daughters liked him, and he loved them, but he didn't approve of them. And they did not need him. They had made that clear for years. They had their own lives to lead. They were blond, ornamental and selfish. All that their father had to give them which they really needed was money. Their mother had money too but she spent almost all of it on herself. They had inherited their selfishness from her, but to hear them talk at times you would have thought that they had inherited it from their father.

This trip to New Zealand, for instance . . .

He leaned upon the Aorangi's rail, inhaling the sandalwood air from the island, and wondered if he had been selfish. And knew that he had not. There had been that unexpected extra dividend and he had spent it on himself. That was all. For twenty years he had spent nine-tenths of his money on his family; on their needs and on their fads and fancies. His own personal expenses had never amounted to more than a few thousand a year. He had to dress decently—his family insisted on that—and he had to ride and play golf and shoot and fish to keep fit. But he did all these things economically.

"Why, my Lord," he thought, "I've known Lily to spend more money on her face in a single year than I've spent on this entire trip. They think that I hold money out on them; but I don't. If I died tomorrow and they had the little extra that it cost to keep me alive, they wouldn't be much better off than they are right now. Not enough to notice."

The Aorangi dropped her mud-hook with a fine splash and roaring of chains. And when the medical officers of Aranua had finished their inspection, the passengers, filling lighter after lighter, were towed ashore.

¶ *"Why not?" he thought. "I'm as young as I feel. What if the people at home do laugh?"*



¶ *"The water looks great," said Jocelyn, "and I'd love to come in; but I'm lunching with the Consul and——"*

The Aorangi had only touched at Aranua because of admiralty orders. Few ships touch there. It is one of the few, one of the very, very few unspoiled islands. It has been fortunate in its missionaries—the three MacKenzies, father, son and grandson. They were neither land-grabbers nor hypocrites. They fought harder for the island body than the island soul. They were strong men without fear and having acquired power, used it for the benefit of those from whom they had acquired it.

And the Aranuans, having accepted Christianity for the sake of peace, or having said that they had done so, did not at once begin to rot to pieces from whisky and disease. The MacKenzies would not allow anything stronger than wine or beer to be landed from the occasional ships which dropped anchor in the bay, and they would not allow the young women of the island to swim out to the said ships and go aboard them, or to be in evidence when sailors came ashore. Among sailors, only the virtuous and God-fearing thought well of the island.

Times had changed; but not too much. The MacKenzies were dead and gone. Their influence was on the wane. The island would go the way of other islands. But it was still a little paradise.

All this Mr. Jocelyn had gathered from the U. S. Consul upon whom he had called.

"Why not stop over a ship or two," the Consul had suggested, "and find out for us what we've got to offer in the way of fish? *We* don't know. We catch mullet off the reef, and crayfish and other shell-fish, but if you were to go after things scientifically with the right tackle you might hang something wonderful. We'll find a house for you and servants."

"Oh, but I couldn't," said Mr. Jocelyn. "I have to be home for Christmas."

Having paid his respects to his Consul and engaged himself to lunch and dine with him, Mr. Jocelyn went for a stroll.

It was hot among the trees and he made for the beach. In the back of his head was the notion that if he found a secluded place he would go for a swim. But when he came to such a place it seemed to him that the next place would be even lovelier and more secluded. But it was really thoughts rather than any ideality of location that kept him out of the water.

The island had laid a spell upon him. And looked at from any angle whatever, the idea of stopping over for a steamer or two seemed more and more happy. And the idea of stopping over for many, many steamers suddenly

occurred to him and seemed happier still.

There was a reason. From just beyond a clump of green bush had come sounds of laughter rich and merry. Pushing through this scrub he had found himself upon the edge of a deep pool. It was kept full by a little waterfall, and by an occasional wave which came lapping over the bar of white coral sand which separated it from the lagoon.

In this island pool an island girl perhaps fifteen or sixteen years of age was laughing and bathing. She had the most beautiful skin and body that he had ever seen, and it occurred to him that her face was lovely. Her features may have been a little thick, but she was dimpled when she laughed, and had an expression of such serene sweetness and good humor that it amounted to loveliness.

The girl looked at him for a moment out of her dark melting eyes, and smiled and dimpled. Then she dove and came out of the water almost at his feet, and rose to hers.

"You come in too, please," she said. "Water ver' nice."

Mr. Jocelyn though embarrassed by her proximity and the picture that formed in his mind of a middle-aged gentleman, however shapely, stripping to the buff and bathing with a nude island girl, had always been noted for the ease with which he faced trying situations.

"The water looks great," he said, "and I'd love to; but I'm lunching with the Consul and——" He consulted his watch and smiling shook his head.

"No have time?" said the girl and gathered her brows into a little pucker of commiseration. "That too bad. One other day you come?"

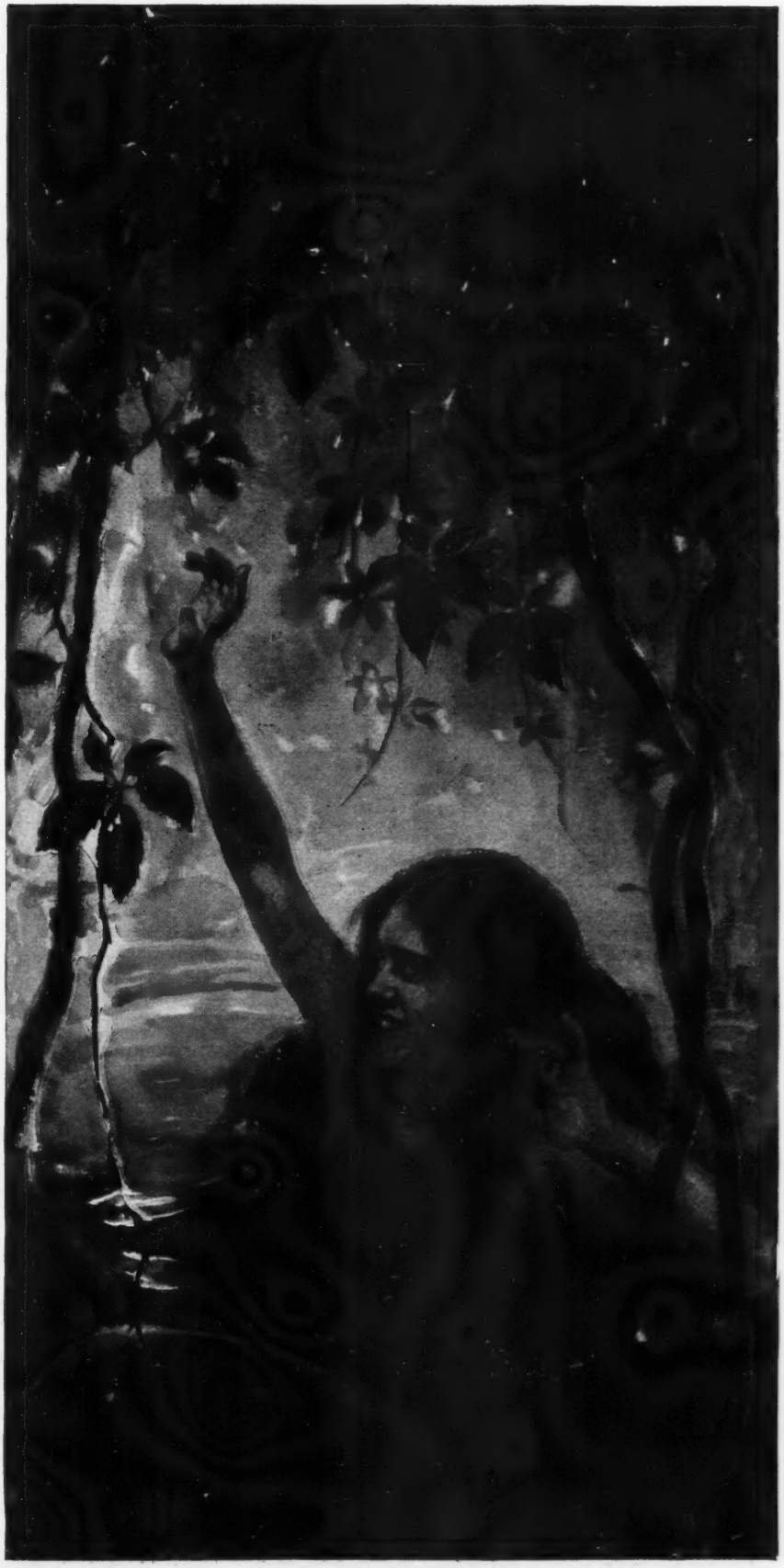
"Yes," said Mr. Jocelyn, "some other day. That's the idea."

"No forget?"

He shook his head. She laughed and turned and melted back into the water. And after that, though he couldn't help lingering for a little, she seemed to think that he had gone, for she never gave another glance in his direction. She bathed and swam, and dove and remained under for minutes at a time, and now and then burst into peals of merry laughter.

Mr. Jocelyn finally turned his back on that vision, but mixed with another vision it accompanied him all the way to the Consul's home. The other vision was not as charming. It was a vision of his wife at bedtime, first covering her twice lifted face with cold cream and then with a mask of chamois skin.

The Consul invited confidence. He was not only a gentleman by act of Congress, but by birth and education. In a year he would be retired (*Continued on page 144*)



¶ *"No have time?" said the girl. "That too bad. Water ver' nice. One other day you come? No forget?"*

Unseen Dramas o



¶ *"Many are called, but few are chosen."* *Allan Dwan*

OLD Marty has sat on the side-lines for many years watching the surging parade of tailored men and plumed ladies as they clicked in and out—one, two, three. He is the venerable keeper of a Hollywood studio gate against which the world has beaten.

He has seen those young girls who came at dawn in ginghams and carrying portable camp-chairs to wait and hope, progress to high-backed Italian chairs and Spanish castles with patios.

He has seen those young men who left their plows on dreary Dakota farms ripen almost overnight into $5,000-a-week stars with the world at their feet.

And he has beheld the futility of the beaten—those beautiful girls who have waited and waited and finally drifted off to carrying trays in cafeterias; or those young men with collar-ad insouciance who wind up hawking extra editions on Los Angeles corners.

Old Marty, indeed, has seen life in thick head-lines—intrigue, flattery, deceit, despair and even murder. He has seen the disillusionment of Wall Street brokers who thought gold would make kisses ecstatic.

He has read that doom in single machine head-lines, "Fails at Movie Job; Kills Herself," of scores who came with eyes saucered in awe, hugging the purple dream.

He has heard the laughter of the Loreleis and the sobbing of the Magdalenes. He has seen the tragic mothers who came with babies clasped to their breasts to stand despairingly in the wind and the rain.

He has seen the beggars in life seeking only a handout, snatched suddenly to the heights of a luxury never dreamed. He has seen acidulated middle-aged ladies become the favorite vampires of the crossroads.

He has seen trembling old men whose eyes were the blear of moonstones rejuvenated into a Brummelish youthfulness that sent maidenly hearts pitapat. He has seen men and women sitting on the top of the world touched by the forked tongue of scandal whose poison destroyed them overnight.

Old Marty has seen it all—the glamour and the shadows, the decency and the chicanery of a world that tumbled pell-mell out of a Fourteenth Street penny peep-show and, taking a formidable shape, became what is known as Hollywood.

I came upon Marty at the close of one of those glorious California afternoons when skies change from dull violet to delightful pink. I had been motoring with a motion-picture director and it was he who suggested Marty. "You must see him," he said. "He's a character."

So we met. He was seated on a backless chair near the studio gate, puffing his pipe and staring silently into the gathering dusk. The huge barn-like studio, deserted, had become a gaunt meadow of shadows.

"This is a friend of mine—a writer from New York," said the director and with this abrupt formality he hopped into his car, motored away and left us.

Old Marty disappeared for a moment and returned with a chair. Almost immediately he became touched by that garrulity that comes with old age and loneliness.

"From New York?" he began. "I know the town well. I knew it when Canal Street was up-town and picnic parties used to drive up to what is now Seventy-second Street in stage-coaches.

"Cities grow too fast. Look at New York with its hurry and crowding. No place to live decently. Look at Los Angeles growing just as fast. Or look at Hollywood. Everything is tearing down and building up. There is no repose, and you can't have real spirituality without repose."

"Are you a religious man?" I ventured.

"Not specially," he replied. "But as you grow older your views change. I read once that every atheist half believes in God by night. After you are past sixty you begin to realize, maybe faintly, that there is some reason for your being here and that this world isn't all there is to it by a jugful.

"You never hear of a man well up in years spouting some new idea to kick holes in people's faith. He has felt something and he may not know what it is but it keeps his mouth shut."

But I wanted him to talk about Hollywood, so I veered him off with: "You like it here in Hollywood?"

By O. O. McIntyre of Hollywood



picks 30 out of 500 girls, for one of his pictures.

"My, yes, who wouldn't?" he replied. "There is no place in the world quite like it. I was here when they opened the first studio and I worked there as an electrician until I got stiffened up with rheumatism. I've seen more romance and tragedy in real life than you writers ever dreamed."

He was approaching topics about which I wanted to hear so I encouraged him with:

"Tell me about some of them!"

"I can't give you names," he said. "That would not be fair. You see, I am a sort of 'father confessor' to many of these children.

"We all know how wicked the world thinks Hollywood is. People don't understand motion-picture folks and never will. Even down in Los Angeles I have heard them called 'get-rich-quick nobodies.' Of course, many got rich quick. Who wouldn't if they had the chance? You never hear a banker, architect or house painter criticized for being overpaid. But if they are overpaid in the movies, they don't deserve it. They are upstarts.

"They say money spoils them. It has some, but they don't whine when they are caught. They take the blow standing. Go over the list. I've watched them all. I had one fellow who was tumbled off his pedestal come to me several years ago. The next morning he knew his disgrace would be on all the front pages. 'I had my chance,' he said, 'and muffed it. I'm yellow. I don't belong.'

"Movie folk don't forget their own in prosperity. Visit the home of almost any of the stars and you'll find a work-worn father or mother who has been dragged out of the kitchen or factory to live in millionaire style. A lot of rich people forget, you know. They don't in Hollywood.

"There are more orphans adopted in Hollywood than any place in America its size. And I've heard all about the Hollywood parties—the all-night gin guzzling and wife swapping. Some of them drink too much. So do a lot of bankers. People are making fools of themselves all over the world these days.

"But the lushers don't last long out here. They can't and be at the studios at sunup. You can't act before a camera with a hangover any more than you can write a readable article. I live right here among them and you'll find ninety percent of them sleeping by midnight.

"Also, I can name a dozen or more stars who are in church every Sunday morning and Wednesday evening, and one of them, Conrad Nagle, is a Christian Science reader. You may not find any long-faced psalm singers, but you'll find more than you think who believe in God and His mercy. In New York they'll likely laugh at that.

"When you think of the temptations you wonder how they remain as decent as they are. I know a little girl who came out here with her mother and was literally starving. She was a beautiful child but couldn't get on. She told me one day of an offer—a sordid offer to become a rich man's girl. I saw his letter, too. And it came at a time her mother needed money for a cancer operation.

"I read her reply and mailed it myself. It was childish in its simplicity and made me cry. It said: 'I am a good girl and intend to remain so.'

"She is still a good girl and she's a featured player. There are dozens of others like her. But the world doesn't hear about them. I know a male star who made a grievous mistake in his youth. An entire innocent family suffered. Since he became successful half of his salary has gone to those innocent sufferers. You don't have to believe me. Will Hays knows all about him.

"I remember when a big scandal broke about a star who was a drug addict. Mickey Neilan sized it up when he said, 'One shot of dope and we are all hop-heads.' Nothing was ever truer.

"Take my case. I was all crippled up and too old to work but I had to live. I wrote ten letters to prominent people in different lines—including a motion-picture star—asking for some sort of chance to keep out of a charity institution. I didn't hear from any one of them except the motion-picture star and he got me this job, and that little flivver out there I ride to work in was his Christmas gift last year. So you see they can't all be so bad. There must be a little decency left."

The next morning I met the motion-picture director who had driven me out to see Old Marty. "What did you think of him?" he inquired.

"At least," I replied, "he taught a fine lesson in tolerance."

And is there anything this old world needs more?



Little Sweetheart

THERE were only two really young people in Mrs. Maine's drawing-room that evening and naturally enough they sat apart talking to each other. At least that is how Cynthia Maine would have put it. The young man, in fact, was dutifully listening and Cynthia was in full flight. The eager thrill of her voice, her face aquiver, the sparkling intensity of her charming and charmingly dressed person, all suggested that she was satisfactorily solving one of the world's great problems.

But she was not. She was debating with her beau—as Cynthia understood debate—where they should go and dance the night away as soon as these tiresome elders had trailed off to their beds. Should it be the Fifty-Fifty, or the Embassy, or the Café de Paris? But before the momentous decision was reached, Cynthia suddenly gave up. She leaned back in her chair and her hands drooped over the arms.

"I have been fighting against it all the evening," she said moodily. Then she rose abruptly and slipped out between the curtains onto the balcony.

Her bewildered companion found her there. She was leaning with her elbows propped upon the red cushion which stretched along the top of the balcony's parapet, and her hands pressed tightly over her eyes in a vain endeavor to shut out some vision which obsessed her.

"Cynthia, what in the world have I done to hurt you?" the youth asked remorsefully.

Cynthia lifted her face up and stared at him. She found his quite natural question utterly inexplicable.

"You, Jim? Why, nothing, of course." She looked out over the Green Park and threw up her head as though she was bathing her forehead and her throat in its cool fresh darkness, and drew from it some balm for her agitation. "This is one of Mummy's parties," she said. "There are people here whom I don't know. People she met this spring when I wasn't with her, at Cairo or Tunis or Algiers or somewhere. So I can't tell which of them is doing it. Can I?"

"No, you certainly can't" Jim asserted stoutly.

Cynthia swerved like a filly when a sheet of paper blows across the road in front of her, and with a frown wrinkling her pretty forehead, surveyed, through the gap between the curtains, her mother's guests. Jim looked over her shoulder, frowning still more portentously, and forgot his manners.

"They look as commonplace a crowd as I ever saw gathered together in my life," he said.

"Yes, but there is one of them who isn't commonplace at all," returned Cynthia with conviction. "One of them is doing it."

Jim was half inclined to jest and sing "Everybody's doing it." But tact was his strong suit on this summer night.

"Doing what, Cynthia?" he asked gently.

"Hush!" An appealing hand was thrust under his arm. Cynthia wanted companionship, not conversation. "I shall have an awful night, Jim, unless we put up a barrage."

Cynthia was very miserable. Jim turned back his hand and got hold of hers.

"I know. We'll slip out now and get away. I have got my little car at the door."

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By A. E. W. Mason

A Story of First Love

Illustrations by Sydney Seymour Lucas



¶ *"When I am well and you are grown up, will you marry me, little friend?" I gasped. Oh, wouldn't I just!*

She was watching a dreadful procession go by, endless and always from north to south. It moved, not in the darkness, but along a straight white ribbon of road under a hot sun, between pleasant and sunny fields, but in a choking mist of yellow dust. There was a herd of white oxen at one point of the procession, and here a troop of goats and there a flock of bleating sheep. But the bulk of it was made up of old, clumsy, heavy carts, drawn by old, old horses and accompanied by old, old men, and piled up with mattresses and stores and utensils, on the top of which lurched and clung old, old women and very young children. It was the age of all men, and beasts, who were taking part in this stupendous migration which gave to it its horror. These were no pioneers.

There was one particularly dreadful spectacle, an old man without cart or horse who carried upon his bent back, like a sack, a still older woman. All through the day, dipping down from the northern horizon and rising to the edge of the southern, the procession streamed slowly by. At nightfall it just stopped; at daybreak it resumed.

There would come a moment, Cynthia knew well—it always did come—but after she was asleep—when the procession would begin to race, when the old men and the old horses would begin to leap and jump, grotesquely with stiff limbs, like marionettes—and that was much more horrible. For some of them would fall and be trampled underfoot, and no one would mind. But that moment was not yet.

There was a stir in the drawing-room behind her.

"They are going," she said.

Both of them turned to the window, and Cynthia laid her hand again on Jim's arm and detained him.

"Wait! Wait!" she whispered eagerly. "I believe we shall find out now which of them it is."

They watched through the gap between the curtains all the preliminary movements of a general and on the whole eagerly welcomed retreat. They saw Mrs. Maine turn her head towards a picture on the wall. They heard her say: "That? Yes, it is quite lovely, isn't it? Let us look at it!"

Both Cynthia and Jim fixed their eyes upon the particular guest who had called Mrs. Maine's attention to the picture and now crossed the room with her. A woman, if anything a little below the average height, of an indeterminate age, somewhere between thirty-six and fifty, she had no distinctive personality. She was dark, neither ugly nor beautiful. There was even something ungraceful in her walk.

"She is as commonplace as a sheep," said Jim, meaning that it could not possibly be she who had so disturbed and controlled the shining young creature just in front of him.

"Wait!" Cynthia advised. "Were you introduced to her, Jim?"

"No."

Cynthia, however, shook her head. "It wouldn't be fair to Mummy. We must wait. They'll all go very soon. Besides, it is important to me to find out which of them it is who's doing it. Then I can make sure that whoever it is never comes to this house again."

It was an appalling threat, but Jim recognized that it was just. People had no right to do things to Cynthia which would give her an awful night, even across a drawing-room. They must be blackballed thoroughly. Then a dreadful explanation of Cynthia's misery smote him.

"My dear, you are not a natural medium, are you?" he asked in a voice of awe.

He turned her towards him and contemplated her with pleasure. He looked her up and down from her neatly shingled fair brown hair to her shining feet. She was a slim, long-legged, slinky creature. All that he had ever heard about mediums led him to believe that as a rule they ran to breadth and flesh. He drew a breath of relief, but Cynthia looked at him very curiously.

"No," she answered after a moment's reflection. "It's just this one thing. I am not odd in any other way. And this one thing isn't my fault, either. And there's a very good real reason for it too." She broke off to ask anxiously: "I don't seem to you to be incoherent at all, do I, Jim?"

Jim firmly reassured her. "No one could be more lucid."

Cynthia breathed her relief. "Thank you. You are a comfort, Jim. I'll tell you something more now. This thing—somebody in that drawing-room knows about it—has been thinking about it all the evening—has been making me think about it—has come here tonight to make me think about it. And it's a horror! Yes, it's a horror," she repeated in a low voice.



He was almost a boy, and he seemed to me a young wounded god. "He must be taken to the château," I said. "We will look after him."

"I suppose that Mummy introduced me to her. But I don't remember anything about her. She was at the other end of the dinner-table too."

"It can't be she," said Jim.

Mrs. Maine led her visitor to the picture, a sketch of an old French château glowing in a blaze of sunlight. Behind the château rose a high bare hill.

"Many years ago my husband and I saw that house when we were touring in France," Mrs. Maine explained. "I fell in love with it and he bought it for me. We spent four months a year there. After my husband died, I still went back to it, but five years ago Cynthia——"

"Your daughter?" interrupted the stranger.

"Yes, my daughter took a distaste for it. So I sold it to a Monsieur Franchard. He made a great fortune out of the war and is very fond of it, I am told."

"That's the woman, Jim," said Cynthia, with a little shake in her voice.

But the woman in question showed no further interest in the picture. Jim had a fear lest the very intensity of Cynthia's regard, the concentration of all her senses, should draw that strange woman's eyes to the curtain behind which the pair of them stood concealed. But not a bit of it! The strange woman smiled, thanked her hostess for her evening, shook her hand and waddled—the word was in Jim's thoughts—waddled out of the room. Nothing could have been more banal than her exit.

As soon as she had gone Cynthia slipped back into the room and took her place by her mother's side.

"Who was it who was talking to you about the Château Doré, Mummy?" she asked in an interval between shaking hands with departing guests.

"A Madame D'Estourie," replied her mother. "She was kind to me in Algiers. She came to London a week ago and called upon me. So I asked her to dinner."

"Algiers!" Cynthia repeated with a start, and to herself she said: "I was right. She must never come to the house any more. I'll speak to Mummy tomorrow."

The room was now empty except for her mother, herself and Jim.

"We are going off now to dance," she said.

Cynthia's mother smiled. "You have got your latch-key?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Maine turned to the young man. "And, Jim, don't let her stay up too late. She's going to dance again tomorrow. Good night, my dear."

At the door of the drawing-room Cynthia said: "Jim, I am going to run up for a cloak, and you can start your old car and wait for me in the hall."

She ran up-stairs, through her little sitting-room and into her bedroom beyond it. While she was getting her cloak out of the cupboard, it seemed to her that she heard a slight movement in her sitting-room. When she reentered that room she saw that the door to the staircase was closed; and that Madame D'Estourie was sitting in a chair, waiting for her.

But Madame D'Estourie was no longer insignificant.

"I THOUGHT that you had gone," Cynthia stammered.

Madame D'Estourie smiled at so childish a notion, and by her smile made Cynthia feel a child, and rather a helpless child—a sensation which she very much disliked.

"I knew, of course, that you were behind the curtains on the balcony," Madame D'Estourie explained quite calmly. "I slipped into the dark room at the side of the drawing-room and watched for you. I saw you run up-stairs. I followed you."

Cynthia was troubled and exasperated. She did something she hated herself for even while she was doing it. She became impudent.

"Do you think it's decent manners to come to Mummy's dinner-party in order to spy and intrude upon me?" she asked, haughtily lifting her pretty face above the ermine collar of her coat and stamping her foot.

"I didn't give my manners a thought," Madame D'Estourie replied. "I have been searching for you for years. I got this spring the first hint that it was you I was searching for. I became certain tonight. I couldn't let you go for the sake of my good manners."

Cynthia did not pretend any bewilderment as to the object of Madame D'Estourie's persistence. "I have never spoken about it to anyone, not even to Mummy," she said, yielding a little in spite of herself.

"In that you are to blame," Madame D'Estourie returned relentlessly.

Cynthia's face had lost its resentment. She was on weak ground here. She had no sharp words of rejoinder. "I hate thinking about it at all," she said in excuse.

"Yet you do think about it."

"At times. I can't help it"; and Cynthia shivered.

"When you have talked about it you won't have to think about it. You will be freed from the tyranny of your memories."

Cynthia looked curiously, almost hopefully, at Madame D'Estourie. "I wonder," she said.

It might be possible that all these recurring nightmares, these obsessions by day, were warnings that she should speak, and punishments because she did not. She tried one final evasion.

"I'll come and talk to you one day, Madame D'Estourie, and quite, quite soon. I have to go out tonight."

Madame D'Estourie shook her head, and for the first time in that interview a smile of humor softened the set of her lips. "It will take you five minutes to tell your story, and the young gentleman in the hall has before now, no doubt, waited for ten."

Cynthia was no match for her unwelcome visitor. Madame D'Estourie was as undistinguished as Jim had declared. But she had the tremendous power conferred by a single purpose never forgotten for an hour during ten long years. The young girl sat down obediently in front of her commonplace and rather dowdy companion and recited her story. Recited is the only suitable word: her recollections were so continuous and so clear, and she had always been aw re that some day she would have to relate them.

"I WAS nine years old that July. On the fifteenth of the month I crossed from England with my governess, passed through Paris and out by the Eastern Railway to Neuilly-sur-Marne, which was the station for the Château Doré. Mummy was in London and meant to join me in August. So, you see, my governess and I were caught at the Château Doré. Even in Paris, on Friday, nothing was known, and then at midday on Saturday the Eastern Railway was taken over by the army.

"There we were fifty miles from Paris. Our two motors, every horse under twenty years old and the farm carts were commandeered the next day. No one could get to us, we could not get away and no letters or telegrams arrived—not even a newspaper. You can understand that a little girl of nine thoroughly enjoyed it. We were indeed isolated—except for the noise of the great trains which thundered by to the east at the back of the hill all day and all night.

"Thrilling things, too, happened in our little village. One morning I found the old schoolmaster and Polydore Cromecq, the Mayor who kept the little *estaminet*, driving two great posts into the road and closing it with a heavy chain.

" 'Now let the spies come!' cried Polydore Cromecq. 'Ah! *les salauds!* We shall be ready for them.'

"He took a great pull at a mug of beer and explained to the 'little Miss,' as he called me, that night and day there was to be a guard upon the chain and no one was to pass without papers.

"Polydore fascinated me at that time tremendously. He was short and squat and swarthy; he had a great rumbling laugh and great hands and feet to match the laugh; and he had an enormous walrusy black mustache, which I adored. For it used to get all covered with the froth of his beer and then there would be little bubbles winking and breaking all over it, until after a time he would put a huge tongue out and lick it all off. He knew how I adored this and used to make quite a performance of it. I watched him now and clapped my hands when he had finished. Polydore burst out laughing.

" 'Good, little Miss! Sleep in your bed without fear! No one shall pass. Courage! Courage!'

"Polydore in those days was always shouting 'Courage'; though why I could not imagine. We knew, of course, that leagues and leagues away soldiers were fighting, but it wasn't real to any of us—yet. Our village was not even on the main road that ran east and west at the back of the hill close to the railway. It was tucked into its own little corner at a bend of the Marne and the byroad which led to it led nowhere else.

"For three weeks, then, our village slept in the sunlight, and Polydore shouted 'Courage, courage! We shall get them!' Then Polydore shouted no more, and he went about heavy and sour and if he saw me he shrugged his shoulders and said bitterly, 'Of course, it's only France.' For the carts of the refugees began to rumble all day on the road on the other side of the hill, and we heard each day a little nearer the boom of the heavy guns, and my governess set to work to make the château a hospital.

"Then one night, the last night I slept in the Château Doré, I heard suddenly in the midst of a (*Continued on page 126*)

By Royal Marrying



The young poet called her "Madonna" and sometimes kissed her hand—optimistically.

OF A certain particular sort of fool who rushes in where angels might well fear to tread and for whom, thereafter, a private little purgatory on earth is very apt to be provided, Richard Tarrant had heard much and even known one example rather well. The sort of fool, that is, who marries himself to a girl who has a great deal more money than he has or can ever hope to achieve. For such he, like most men, felt a healthy masculine contempt.

That at the moment when he yielded to the headiest, most irresistible of impulses and kissed Audrey Frost—this towards one o'clock of an April morning, as their taxi slipped under the Arch into Washington Square—he was in danger of making precisely that sort of a fool of himself, he never dreamed.

A kiss in a taxi was presumably no new experience for either. Richard was no monk and Audrey, though her scorn for such casual contacts was outspoken, did have precisely the sort of mouth that would suggest target practise to some of her masculine contemporaries.

"Taxi cave-men," was the way Audrey referred to these, tilting her pretty nose disdainfully. "But you can almost always see it coming and let it land harmlessly behind your ear."

But this was not that sort of kiss. Nor had it landed behind her ear, although she certainly must have seen it coming.

It had been. For hours.

At five that afternoon he had phoned her.

"I've got tickets for the Elfeitz recital," he had told her. "If you haven't anything else on for tonight, perhaps you'd care to hear him."

They had known each other for not quite a month. He had had not the slightest intention of falling in love with her. Yet though his voice had no more than offered a casual suggestion that she might freely accept or reject as she chose, there had been something wrong with his pulse as he awaited her answer.

"I oughtn't to," she had confessed. "But I *do* adore Elfeitz . . . No, I can't come to dinner too. I'll meet you at the hall."

The reason she could not have dinner with him was that she had a previous engagement with a rather exciting young poet—at least she had considered him so a month ago—who was always perfectly willing to let her pay for her own dinner and even his if she suggested it and who, after dinner this evening, had expected to come around to her studio apartment and smoke her cigarets while he explained to her why all poets, from Homer to Kipling, were perfectly putrid.

The young poet had once spent a week in Italy. So he called her "Madonna," not at all with Biblical connotations, and sometimes kissed her hand—optimistically. She had found him great fun—until—well, until she had met Richard.

The studio apartment was just south of Washington Square. It was beautifully if heterogeneously furnished with period stuff. The reason for all this magnificence was made clear by a chaste brass sign outside. This read:

Frost and Starr
Interiors

Frost was Audrey, of course. Starr was Jane, whom Richard had yet to meet. She was in Chicago working on a commission.

All this Richard had learned on his first visit. He had also been conducted on a tour of the studio, pausing interestedly before a cabinet that was crammed with colorful frivolities, ranging all the way from iridescent glass beads and fanciful cigaret cases, to ivory apes and jade what-nots.

"Jane and I picked up that junk while we were abroad last summer," Audrey had explained, standing beside him, and herself not the least decorative bit this particular interior provided. "We went over student steerage and spent every cent we could scrape together to get as much as we could of it. The customs all but broke us, though."

"Profitable?" Richard had suggested.

"They help pay the rent," she had replied, shrugging her charming shoulders. "They sell at anywhere from one to three hundred percent profit, you know."

"I had often suspected as much," he had retorted. "How about the 'interiors'? I suppose they are as profitable—but isn't it hard to land commissions?"

"Perfectly fiendish," she had confessed candidly. "But Jane and I know quite a lot of people and although they aren't particularly enthusiastic about our abilities, we do rope in a few. The Chicago commission was a big piece of luck. *Carte blanche* stuff."

Brown Money

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



Audrey had found him great fun—until she had met Richard.

And that, up to the moment when their lips met, was practically all that Richard knew about Audrey. Of her antecedents or ancestors, immediate or remote, save for the more or less problematical Adam and Eve, he knew nothing. Nor could Audrey have given any more information about him.

"He's not been in New York very long," she might have replied, if anyone had asked her. "Came here from Boston and is with some firm of corporation lawyers, I think."

New York is full of such men, known to girls such as Audrey. Well-dressed, well-groomed and personable; presumably semi-successful. At least taxis, dinners for two, occasional tickets for this or that were obviously within Richard's command when they were out together.

"But he may press his own trousers—and even wash out his own socks to make that possible, so far as I know," Audrey might have added unconcernedly.

And that was very definitely the attitude she had preferred to keep toward not only him, but all such as him. Matrimony was not her object in her relations with any man. Yet she had felt somehow, the need to change something nebulous in *his* attitude toward *her*. An expression she caught in his eyes at times.

"Sort of as if I were a cute child playing with my toys," was her inner comment.

Which was why, perhaps, her preparations to avail herself of his invitation were not as casual as her acceptance had been.

These preparations, after the young poet had been dined with and disposed of, had been swift but thorough, and when finished, satisfactory to the basically feminine within her. The frock nominated for the occasion was very much of the prevailing mode. Even she was a bit doubtful about the nonchalance with which it eddied around her knees. "But they're nice knees, anyway," she assured herself and, catching up her evening wrap and her latch-key, sallied forth.

An April night, with New York prismatic, kaleidoscopic. A not-too-crowded hall; she with her powdered shoulder whitening the black that decorously sheathed his. The stage, and on it a squat, thick-set figure—Elfeitz.

A stiff bow, a few rippling piano notes and then, instantly, the squat little man became a towering archangel, holding his audience in the cupped hand that fingered his violin.

Music is created, yet creates. Aching riotous emotions. It intoxicates even as it soothes.

Bad stuff, music, for two young people determined to avoid matrimony.

They sat through it, Audrey and Richard, silent yet vibrant, until the master made his final bow. Even then the spell remained. A change had come over both—in the way he placed her evening wrap around her shoulders, in her reaction to something new in his eyes.

"Let's go somewhere and have a bite—you cheated me out of dinner together," Richard had urged as they moved toward the exit.

Audrey should have sensed danger. Perhaps she did. Yet they had their bite, scant enough, for all that it cost Richard the better part of twenty dollars. But he found it worth it.

They had danced, or rather inched along, jostled and thrust at by other optimists. But her suppleness had yielded to him, his pulse had rioted.

In the taxi afterwards they had said scarcely a word, yet the most casual contact of shoulder or arm had been electric. They sat so, swept inexorably down Fifth Avenue until, abruptly, the Arch loomed ahead. To Richard, the sight of it proved galvanic. He felt as if he were letting slip from him something incredibly precious, something that might never again be recaptured unless he acted now.

Impulsively his eyes sought hers. "Audrey!" he half whispered, half choked.

"Oh!" her lips formed, involuntarily—but they hadn't moved the fraction of an inch.

They had succumbed, both of them, to the germ which, always prevalent, is never more so than in spring. The next second she was in his arms and his lips had found hers. But no mere taxi-kiss that. It was unpremeditated yet inescapable; cataclysmic and—if it be true that all history starts with a love story—even historic, perhaps.

The taxi whirled around a corner, shot up a side street and stopped with a jolt. "Twenty-six," the driver announced.

They came back to earth mistily, breathlessly. Audrey did feminine things to her hair, Richard paid and dismissed the driver. Then:

"Do I have to go—now?" he pleaded, turning back to Audrey.

She smiled up at him, wide-eyed, slim-shouldered, miraculous. "You can come in for a minute, anyway," she told him impulsively.

The instant the studio lights were switched on, her evening wrap slipped from her shoulders and she yielded herself to his arms again. But presently she freed herself, definitely.

"Please just let's talk for a minute," she pleaded. "You've got me all breathless somehow——"

"I feel rather so myself," he confessed. "But what is there to talk about—now?"

"There's all this," she reminded him, a slim and lovely arm, bare to the shoulder, flung out to recall the studio to his attention. "And—and if you really do have any idea of ever marrying me——"

"The idea seems to have taken strong hold of me," he replied, his eyes adoring her.

"Well, then, there's Jane," she announced. "You see, we promised each other solemnly that we'd never marry without the other's consent and so——"

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "You didn't—really?"

"Why not?" she demanded. "Neither Jane nor I could spare the other. Especially just now. I know how I'd feel if Jane should get herself engaged. Although"—her lovely eyes were half defiant, half pleading—"if Jane should tell me that *he* understood perfectly that she must carry on here and promised not to interfere—you will promise not to, won't you?"

Richard hesitated, but only for a second. Audrey's eyes were wholly pleading now; he felt he must pledge himself to anything.

"I'll try very hard not to," he answered meekly. "But supposing even then Jane has her doubts—refuses to give her consent?"

Audrey's eyes, opened at their widest, met his, frankly anguished. "Oh, gosh—don't suggest such a thing!" she implored.

The next instant she was back in his arms, pliant and acquiescent, her lips surrendering anew.

"You blessed baby!" he murmured huskily.

This time there was no taxi to break the spell. But ultimately a clock somewhere struck two and he started.

"It isn't *that* time, is it?" he protested.

She looked up at him, as through a rosy mist of loveliness. "Of course not—who expects a genuine antique to keep correct time? ' 'Tis not the lark, 'tis but the nightingale'——"

He kissed her again. "I suppose I *must* go," he mourned. "I'm afraid Jane might not approve, and if I must win her favor——"

"Oh, Jane and I consider that china pug-dog over there a perfect chaperon at all hours," she broke in. "He is the very essence of mid-Victorian propriety, you know. But of course if you feel that you have compromised me——"

"We might suggest that to Jane," he suggested, his voice whimsical but his eyes ardent.

"Jane? Pooh! She wouldn't be the slightest bit impressed. But we *might* try it on Mother. I may as well warn you that I'm afraid she isn't going to be awfully impressed with you."

"Your mother?" he echoed, his first reaction being surprise that she had one. But of course she must have, he realized. So he added, "Why? I know I'm not much, but——"

"You suit me!" she assured him firmly. "But Mother—well, Mother won't consider you a 'match.' She's a perfect example of what happens to a woman who has a big house and a staff of servants to do everything for her and no real interest in life. Except society, of course. She's used Father's money to break down some of the barriers and—what's the matter?"

For Richard, his eyes dazed and bewildered, had suddenly relaxed his hold on her. "Your father's money," he echoed. And added—almost harshly, for a horrid fear had gripped him—"Who is your father, anyway?"

The clear golden depths of her eyes mirrored her surprise. "Why, he's Samuel Frost—if the name means anything to you," she answered.

The line of his lips—one of the things that had attracted her to him because it had seemed so lovable and yet strong—became a straight and uncompromising line.

"It does," he assured her grimly. "Why didn't you ever tell me that *he* was your father?"

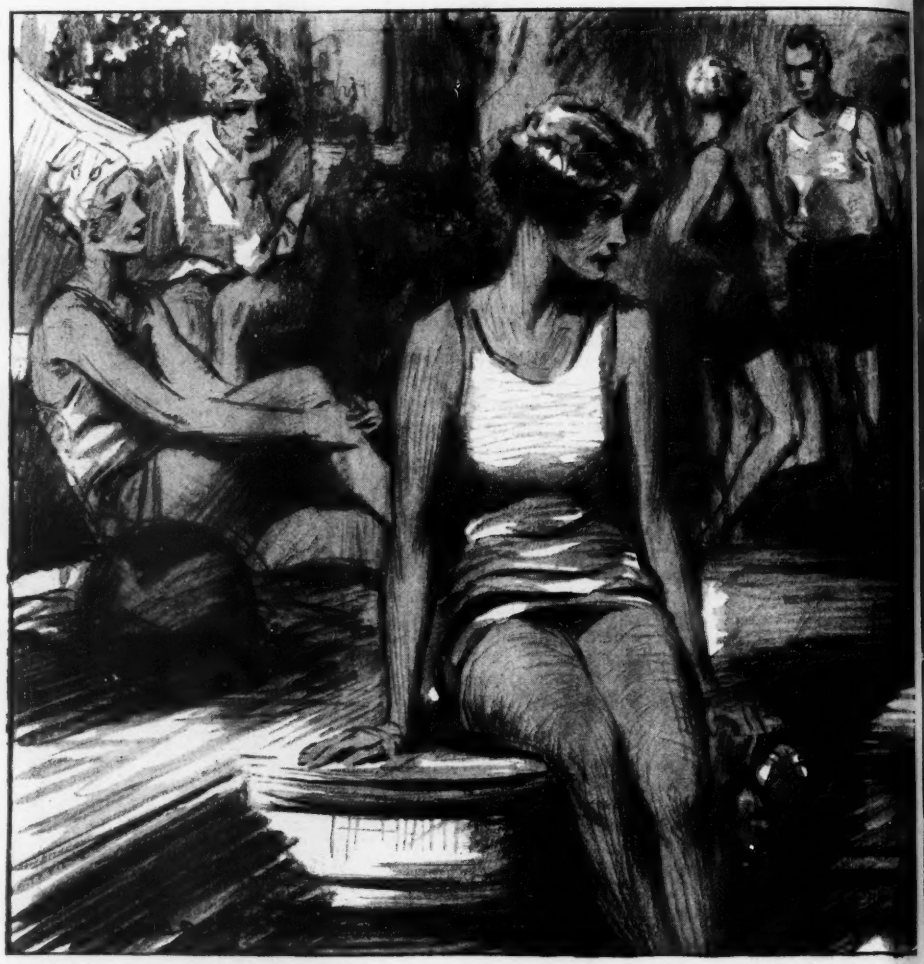
This plainly puzzled her. "Why should I?" she demanded.

He could not answer. The words choked him. She stood before him, her lips a little parted, her startled eyes searching his. Slim and supple, heart-breakingly desirable—and heart-breakingly not for him. He simply couldn't afford to marry a girl who some day would inherit millions. And Audrey would.

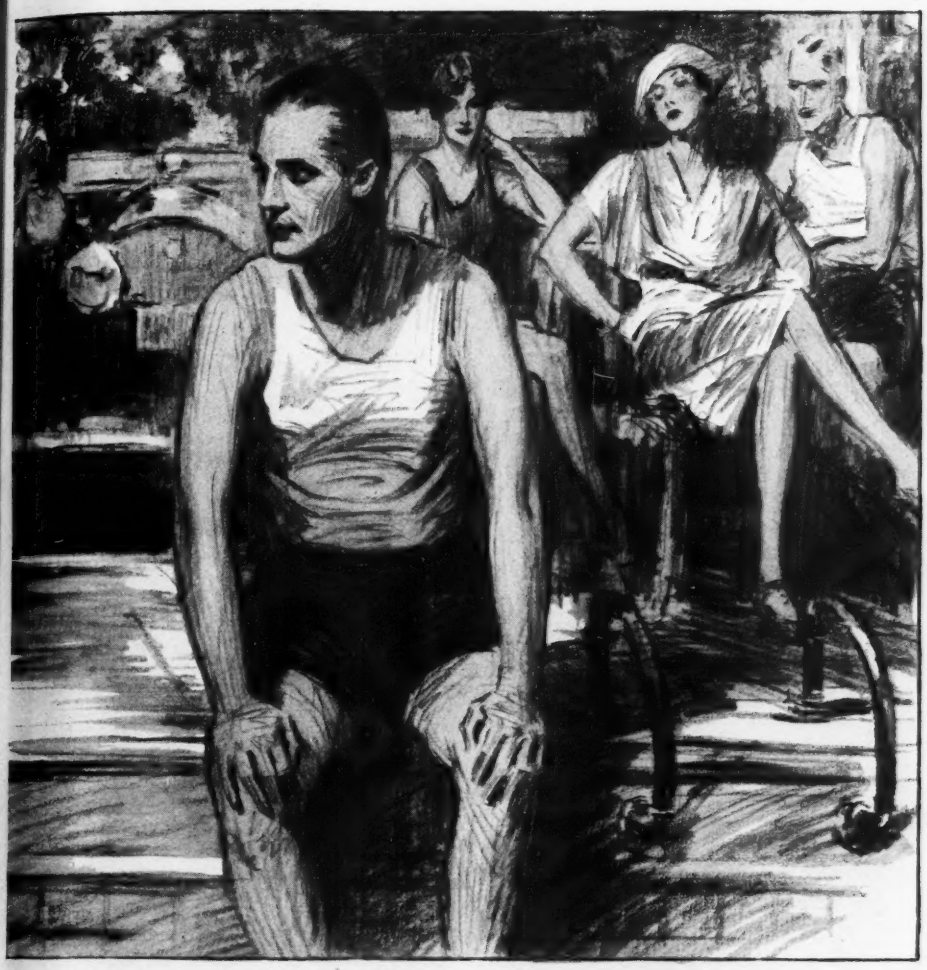
There must have been something of this visible in his eyes. For:

"Do you mean to say," she protested passionately, "that just because my father happens to have a lot of money you—you feel that you've got to act like a perfect idiot?"

"I think," he retorted, stiff-lipped, "that I'd certainly qualify as a perfect idiot if I acted any other way."



¶ "*Seen a ghost?*" *the girl gibed.* "*Out of*



my past," Richard replied. "I am often taken for Audrey," she commented.

And turning, he groped for his hat and coat. She gazed at him, her eyes at their widest. Then, swiftly, she presented him with a view of her charming back.

Richard stood hesitant, torn. "Please!" he implored. "Can't you see that if I didn't know, absolutely, that it——"

"I think," she broke in frigidly, "that you're a perfectly preposterous p p-prig. I feel cheapened and—and shamed . . . No, don't you dare to touch me! I never want to see you again. I hate and utterly despise you and——"

"I rather think," he cut her off, as frigidly, "that that will suffice."

The next instant he was gone. A little tremor ran through her as the door closed behind him, but she did not move. She had turned her back to him lest he see her quivering lips, suspect the tears that she fought back. Now:

"I *will* hate him!" she promised herself fiercely. "I will—I will! He's selfish like all men. He can only see his side of it. As if it were my fault that——" The rest, however, was smothered by the pillow toward which she flung herself.

Richard, striding furiously up Fifth Avenue, was assuring himself, repeatedly and vehemently, that he had done the wise thing, the sensible thing. The only thing a man in his position could do. Of a particular sort of fool—the fool who, with his own career to make or mar, marries into millions—he had heard much and known one rather well.

Guy Bushnell. An engaging, likable chap, Guy, who had for a time been connected with the same office in Boston in which Richard had got his start. Clever, too, in spite of the handicaps he put on himself.

"I've got to cut out this society stuff," he would inform Richard, at regular intervals. "I didn't hit the hay until four A. M. this morning and the old bean feels as if it were stuffed with cotton wool."

The trouble with Guy was simply that too many doors were open to him for his own good. Behind one he met his fate one night. A charming if spoiled young deb from Philadelphia with whom he promptly fell heels over head in love. She must have found him an impetuous and irresistible wooer, for their engagement was announced soon after.

Guy was making perhaps three thousand a year then. The girl had a million in her own right and more millions to come. Inevitably it was insinuated that Guy had struck it soft and wouldn't be seen around the office much longer.

"I know what they're saying," he told Richard, and grinned. "But take it from me, I'm not going to live on *her* money. I've seen too much of that stuff. She can spend as much as she wishes on herself—but the running expenses are to be paid by me. And I'm going to cut out this society stuff, Richy, buckle down to work and make up for what she's giving up. I've never really got out and dug before — watch my smoke now."

There was no questioning his sincerity. He meant it, absolutely.

The first amendment to his program came when the girl's father gave them an inexpensive little place out in Brookline. At least that was what he called it. So far as Guy was concerned it was precisely the sort of place that, had he worked and saved toward it for thirty or forty years, he might have moved into as a hall-mark of success.

Naturally Mrs. Guy had to have a personal maid, a housemaid and a butler too. She was entertained a lot and so had to entertain in return. Guy had explained that to Richard, rather elaborately.

Richard had made no comment. But to him what was happening had seemed inevitable.

"Everything life has to offer carries a price tag," a professor who had liked him and given him much wise counsel had once assured him. "It may not be prominently displayed or even marked in plain figures—but it's there just the same. The more expert you get at computing price tags, the better you will serve yourself. And remember that you will always pay full price. Only a fool expects anything more of life."

This had impressed Richard at the time, become a part of his philosophy, too. It had taken on a new significance then. Guy had plainly ignored or misread the price tag his marriage carried; it was tragic to watch his struggle against the disillusioning discovery.

Then, one day, Mrs. Guy had appeared at the office. Not to see Guy, but his chief. She wanted to return to Philadelphia. Guy had protested that his work was in Boston. So it had occurred to her to go to his chief and ask him, pointblank, just how much money Guy might expect to make in Boston—money being her gage of success.

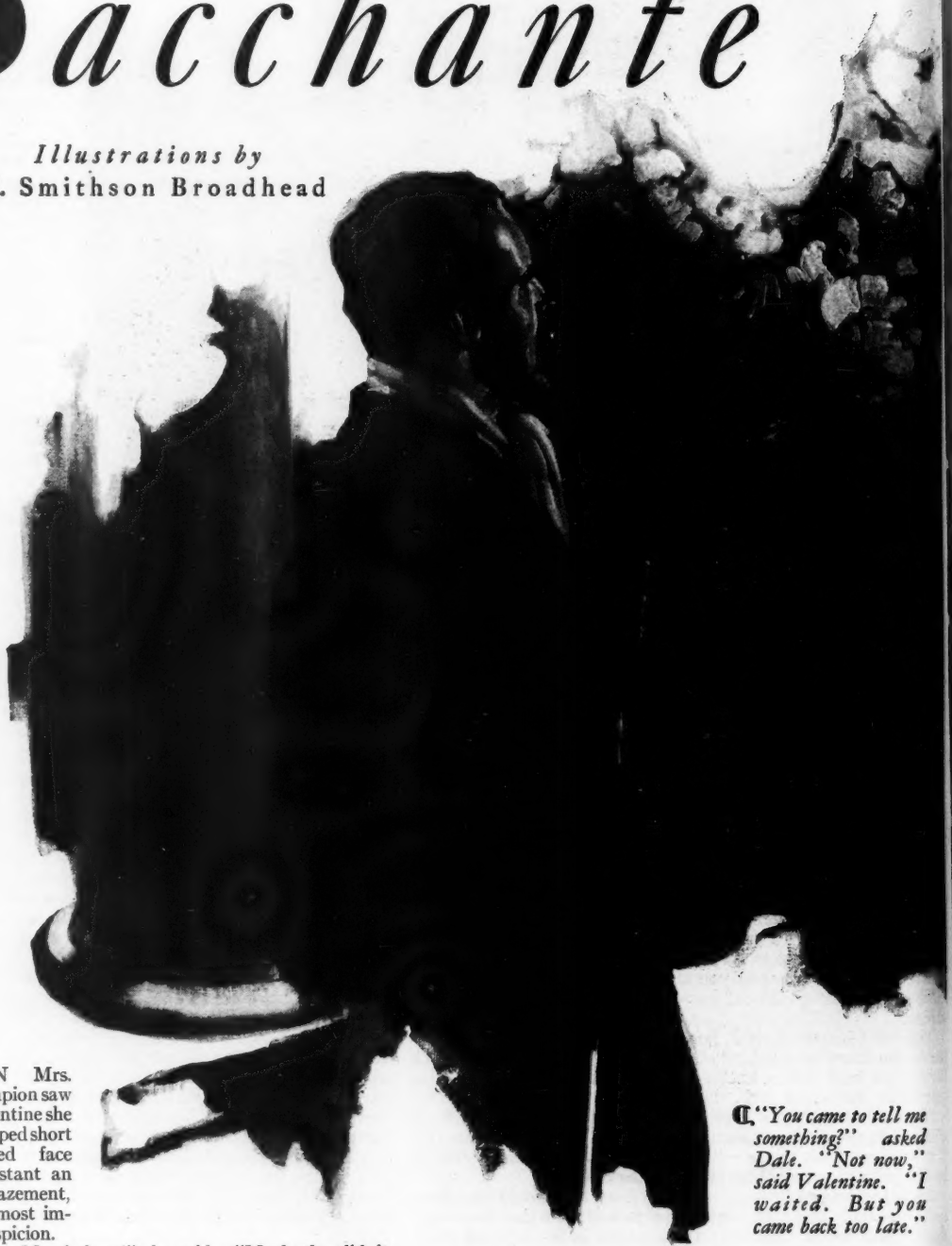
"Well, if that is all he can hope for here," she had retorted, "I certainly don't see any point to his staying. He might as well make *me* happy."

Two years ago, that had been.

"Remember Guy Bushnell?" Richard was asked at the club, only a few days ago. "Well—this is rich! He married a Philadelphia girl with a lot of money, you (*Continued on page 120*)

The Bacchante

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead



¶ *"You came to tell me something?" asked Dale. "Not now," said Valentine. "I waited. But you came back too late."*

WHEN Mrs. Campion saw Valentine she stopped short and her painted face showed for an instant an expression of amazement, which changed almost immediately into suspicion.

"Dear me! Miss Morris here!" she said. "My butler didn't tell us that. He only said *you* were in here, Percy. What's that?" she added, with a sudden acrid sharpness in her voice.

She had seen Valentine's check, which Campion had held in his hand through all his conversation with Valentine.

For once Campion was thoroughly taken aback and couldn't conceal it, and before he regained his normal self-possession, with a swift and thin pouncing movement Mrs. Campion had twisted the check out of his hand and looked at it.

"Give that here!" said Campion imperiously, recovering himself.

His wife handed back the check without a word. "It seems we've interrupted some important business," she said, with saccharine sweetness.

"How are you, Mrs. Jervoise? How are you, Jervoise?" said Campion, shaking hands with the big white-faced woman and the large man with red hands. "D'you know Miss Morris? I'm sure you've both enjoyed her fine acting. Miss Morris—our friend Mrs. Jervoise. Mr. Jervoise—Miss Morris."

"How d'you do? It's a great pleasure to meet you, Miss Morris. We are both of us, my husband and I, Morris fans if I may say so."

"Miss Morris'll forgive you, Lil. Admiration is a quality—ah—that is never unwelcome," said Mr. Jervoise, in a fat, muffled voice. "Isn't that so, Miss Morris?"

"Thank you very much," said Valentine, in a cold, quiet voice.

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By Robert Hichens

Concluding A Novel of a Woman with a Devil in her Soul

"Miss Morris is coming under my management," said Campion, addressing the Jervoises. "And we've been having a rather important confabulation about the new play we're going to launch in a few weeks. But what are you all up to? Going somewhere?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jervoise, "I'm afraid *I'm* the guilty one this time. I suddenly felt like dancing tonight, and I said to Virginia and my husband, 'Why not pop into the motor, and run up to town, and have a fox-trot and a grilled bone at Ciro's?' They were both game for it, so here we are. Virginia thought we'd look in and see if by any chance you were at home and would come with us. Didn't you, Virgy?"

Campion cast an ugly look at his wife. "Going to Ciro's, are you?"

"Why don't you both come with us?" said Mrs. Campion. "Miss Morris is an indefatigable dancer. Why, in London she's called 'The Bacchante.' Aren't you, Miss Morris, dear?"

"Am I? I didn't know it. But I'm not dancing just now."

"The preparations for the new campaign take up all your time, don't they, Dear?" She shook the pink and silver cloak she was wearing from her little pointed shoulders. "Well, if you really won't come I'll stay with you and Percy for a little while. You go on to Ciro's, Lil, and I'll join you there." She looked at her friend, blinking her eyelids. "I'll be with you in a quarter of an hour. You take her, Harry."

"That's all right. Come on, Lil! Good night, Miss Morris. Very glad to have met you. Hope to meet you often again. Now you're to be under old Percy here's management once more—ah!"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Morris. Virginia's friends, once we know them, are our friends. Good night and *arriverderci*, as the Italians are so fond of saying. Come, Harry! Don't be *too* long, Virgy darling."

Campion cast another menacing look at his wife. In reply to it she sat down, smiling at Valentine. He was obliged to go out with the Jervoises.

Directly they were out of the room Mrs. Campion said, "Should I be indiscreet in inquiring why you are paying five thousand pounds to my husband, Miss Morris?"

"It's a debt I'm discharging."

"Indeed! It's a very large one! So you and my husband have had money matters between you!"

"One money matter."

"He's been lending you very large sums of money?"

"No. He very kindly lent me one sum of money quite lately when I was in a difficulty. He lent me five thousand pounds. And now I have repaid him."

"Five thousand pounds, if you'll forgive my saying so, is a great deal of money to ask any man to lend you."

"I didn't——" She stopped short; then added quietly, with a sort of frozen composure, "Yes, it is. But as you see, I have paid it back. I have sold practically everything I possessed and paid your husband back. There is no other money matter between us, and there never will be."

"I suppose you mean that there never will be outside of the theater business between you and him?"

"Oh—yes."

"Excuse me! You seem doubtful. What is it?"

At this moment Campion came back, walking resolutely into the room with an angry, menacing look on his face. Before he

had time to speak, his wife said, in her thin sugar-sweet and yet subacid voice:

"Miss Morris and I were just clearing up that little matter of the check, Percy. Miss Morris naturally felt that she owed it to me to——"

"Miss Morris owes nothing to you, nor ever will. What business is it of yours to barge into our private affairs like this, and bring your confounded friends with you at this time of night?"

"No business of mine when my husband's scattering thousands of pounds broadcast among wom—among ladies who, however charming, have really no call upon our banking account! No business of mine when——"

"Shut your mouth or I'll——" He clenched his big fists and his face seemed to swell, to become bigger. It was flooded with a dull red, and for a moment his eyes almost disappeared. "I'll—I'll——?"

He lifted up his arms and kept his mouth open for a minute. But no more words came. Then suddenly he dropped his arms. His face twisted into a grotesque pattern of ruts and wrinkles. He felt in the outer pocket of his black evening jacket, found a handkerchief, and violently applied it to the pouches that contained his almost invisible eyes.

"You—you—I'm through with you!" he said, in a shaking, broken voice. "I'm through with you. You've made my life a hell all these years with your——" He threw down the handkerchief on the floor. "Get out with you! Get off to Ciro's! Get after your pals, you——"

"Mr. Campion—please!"

"Eh?" he said, confusedly, looking at Valentine.

"I must go now."

"You—it's her I was——"

"I must go, please. Good night, Mrs. Campion. Good night." She went towards the library door quickly. He hurried after her.

"But it's her I——"

She turned round swiftly. "Stay there, please!"

He stood still. She went out and shut the door. She picked up her cloak in the hall. The tall footman came forward, looking solemnly surprised, curious too.

"Open the front door, please! Thank you!"

She was out in the night.

He saw her go away in the darkness, almost running, up Park Lane in the direction of the Marble Arch.

She saw a taxicab and lifted her arm. The driver jerked his chin and went on. Another cab approached. Again she beckoned. But the second man did as the first had done. A tall man in evening dress, and wearing a silk hat, came up, glanced at her, went on slowly, hesitated, came back.

"Excuse me, Miss Morris," he said. "Can I help you? I think you're looking for a cab?"

"Yes, I am."

"Stay there. I'll find you one."

In a short time he came back in a taxicab, got out and kept the door open.

"Thank you very much," she said warmly. She looked up at him. He was a very tall, middle-aged man. "I'm grateful to you—for more than getting the cab."

She got in. He shut the door.

"I'm very glad indeed to have had a chance of doing something, however trifling, for an actress whom I admire sincerely," he said gravely, with perhaps a slightly old-fashioned courtesy. His voice was clear, precise but chivalrous. "Where may I tell him to drive?"

"Tatford's Hotel, Gower Street, please."

He turned to the chauffeur. "Please go to——"

"One minute!" said Valentine. "What time is it, please?"

The tall man took out his watch. "Ten minutes to eleven."

"Oh, then—please ask him to go to Tedworth Square, Chelsea. I'll tell him the number presently."

"Tedworth Square, Chelsea," said the man in his clear, chivalrous voice.

"Good night. And thank you—*thank you.*"

When she couldn't see him she leaned hard against the back of the cab and cried.

"*Thank you for being a gentleman,*" she said aloud through her tears. "*Thank you—thank you.*"

She continued speaking to herself and crying for some minutes. Then she sat forward, compressed her lips and wiped her eyes. She gave the driver the number of Dale's house in Tedworth Square. When the cab drew up there she was out instantaneously and ringing the bell.

After a rather prolonged pause the hall door was opened by Macfarlane, looking surprised and suspicious.

"Is Mr. Dale in?"

"No, Ma'am. He's out. He's gone to the theater, I believe."

"Oh." She hesitated. Then she said, "May I come in and wait for him? It's rather important. If I may just sit down somewhere and wait."

"Certainly, Ma'am."

"Stop! I'll pay off the cab." She paid and stepped into the house. "Where shall I——"

"Will you come into the library, Ma'am?"

"Yes, thank you."

She walked into the room with the books and the stone-colored walls.

Macfarlane went out.

Valentine stood, then sat down in an armchair by Dale's large writing-table. She held a newspaper on her lap. She turned the pages slowly. The light from an electric lamp on the writing-table fell on them, fell presently on the words, "Theatrical Notes."

She looked and saw her name.

> We understand that Miss Morris, who recently left the London Playhouse very abruptly, has accepted an engagement with Mr. Campion, who will shortly be in sole command at the Central Theater. The terms offered to Miss Morris were exceptionally high. Indeed, if we are rightly informed, they constitute a record for an English actress in a London theater. The engagement of Miss Morris is for no less than five years.

"Five years! Five years—five years!" whispered Valentine.

She put the paper down, pushed it away. Then she uttered a long, tremulous sigh, leaned back in the armchair, shut her eyes.

Five years—with Campion! Five years—with Mrs. Campion! Five—years!

There was no noise of traffic outside. She only heard the slight regular noise of a clock ticking on the mantelpiece. She stayed very still for a long time. Silence was good. Solitude was good. Wrangling—that was terrible, frightful. And about money! She heard once more with her imagination that voice of vinegar and saccharine. She felt bruised inside. She sat very still and tried to forget, tried not to feel.

Ting! It was half past eleven. If Martin had been to the theater and didn't go anywhere afterwards, to the Garrick or elsewhere, he might be back very soon.

Oh, how could a woman be like that? And yet wasn't it natural for a woman to be angry, to be curious and suspicious and angry, who had been perpetually deceived, and lied to, and tricked and betrayed—as they called it in melodrama—as of course the wretched Mrs. Campion had been ever since she had married Campion? No doubt it was natural. But she was angry and curious and suspicious in such a witheringly awful way.

It was a quarter to twelve now. Martin must certainly have gone somewhere, to a party or to one of his clubs, after the theater. Otherwise he would surely be home by now.

Valentine got up from her armchair. She could not stay where she was, in Martin's house, very much longer. She had come there in a state of extreme emotion, quivering with emotion, driven by a violent impulse to seek the man who understood her as few people did, and who loved her as no one else did. She had come there to tell Martin something that she had already told Campion.

But this long waiting was having an effect on her mood. Impulse was less in her. She began to feel doubtful. She began to feel almost frightened—of herself and of Martin.

Finally she resolved to wait for Martin till midnight. If he didn't return by midnight she would go. She sat down again and stayed quiet, keeping her eyes on the clock.

At two minutes to twelve she knew that he wouldn't come back in time. Perhaps it was better so. She no longer knew what she wished to say to him. She had known when she had arrived at his house. But now it was all gone. The clock struck. She went to the door and opened it.

Macfarlane was sitting on a hard chair in the little hall. He got up quickly.

"Oh!" she said.

"You are going, Ma'am?"

"Yes—I'm sorry. I'm afraid I've kept you up. I won't stay any longer. I wonder whether I can get a cab."

"I'll see at once, Ma'am, if you'll——"

"There's a cab coming up!" she interrupted.



Dale saw Valentine's eyes in the night. His life seemed to stand still. Yet he forgave Valentine for not loving him—forgave her because she was Valentine . . .

Macfarlane opened the front door quickly. As he did so a taxicab stopped by the curb and Dale got out of it.

"Hullo, Macfarlane! Why are you——" He saw Valentine in the doorway.

"Keep the cab please, Martin!" she said.

"Can you wait?" Dale said to the taximan.

"Yes, Sir."

"What is it?" Dale said, in a low voice, coming to Valentine. "Anything wrong?" His dark eyes were searching hers. "All right, Macfarlane!" he added. "It's late. Don't you trouble to wait up any longer."

"Very well, Sir." Macfarlane retreated into the hall.

"What is it?" Dale asked again. "Have you been here long?"

"About three-quarters of an hour or so, I think. Perhaps longer."

"I'm sorry. I've been to the theater. Afterwards I went to the Garrick."

"I'd better go now."

"Go! But you wanted to see me!"

"I did. But it's so late and——"

"And what?"

"I feel so different now."

She was looking at him in a strange way as she stood in the doorway. Her eyes disturbed him, (*Continued on page 136*)

The Spinning

By Ring

Illustrations by



The gal called Jess names she'd never learned from a brother.

DID you notice the bald-headed, pimply-faced old egg with the fade-away chin that was talking to the boss just as you come in, a half or three-quarters of an hour ago? I'd like to heard what the boss told him; I bet it was plenty! He was lucky to escape without a bust in the jaw. Probably not having no jaw was what saved him.

That fella is a director in one of the biggest banks in New York City. They's been articles printed about his brains, how they made him what he is today—a giant of finance and a fella that the Morgans call him up and ask his opinion before they buy a new package of pipe-cleaners.

Well, he blew in here three nights ago and he come to this table and bought a hundred dollars' worth of five-dollar checks. He didn't play till I'd made ten or a dozen rolls, but he marked down the colors as they come up. Then he played two checks on the red, and it was black, so he doubled up, and it was red, and he kept going along that way till he was two hundred winner, and he quit. The next night he done the same thing over there at Harry's table, only he win three hundred instead of two.

I suppose he went back to the hotel pretty near kissing himself for discovering a system that couldn't lose and planning what he was going to do to us with it. He figured: They's just as many red numbers as they is black numbers, so the red is bound to come as often as the black, and if you keep doubling up every time the red don't come, why, you're bound to be ahead at the finish. I guess it was Columbus that played this system first and that's why he didn't have money enough to pay his own way over here. Personally I've seen the black come nineteen times in succession and with people playing it most of the time, too.

Last night in strolled our friend—Macomber's his name—and he brought a couple of ladies with him to witness the big coup. He probably thought I and Harry would be scared of him and not let him play, and he went to the table in that corner, where Joe was "dealing." This time he didn't buy no checks, but he waited till the black had come twice in a row and then laid a hundred-dollar bill on the red. Joe rolled a single O. Macomber played two hundred on the red, and it come black. Then he played four hundred on the red, and it was black again. He bet eight hundred, and it come single O.

Then he said to Joe: "I'm out of ready money," he said, "but I guess my credit's good. I'm betting sixteen hundred on the red."

"Your credit's fine," said Joe, "but the limit is a thousand dollars."

The ball was spinning and they wasn't no time to argue.

"All right," says Macomber. "A thousand on the red."

"Thirteen, black," said Joe, and Mr. Macomber and his cheer-leaders walked out on us.

Well, Joe was playing golf this morning and Macomber seen him and recognized him. He says:

"I don't know whether to speak to you or not."

"What do you mean?" says Joe.

"That business last night didn't look good to me," says Macomber. "When they's just as many red numbers as black numbers, it seems to me like red ought to show up on an average of every other time."

"In the town in Georgia where I come from," says Joe, "they's just as many white people as they is colored people. But lots of times I've walked two and three blocks and met nothing but dinges."

"That's very cute," said Macomber. "Just the same, it's my opinion that I was fleeced."

"I'm going to see that the boss hears that," said Joe.

"Don't say a word to him!" says Macomber. "If you do, I'll deny I ever talked to you."

"I think he'll believe me," says Joe, and went on with his golf game.



He put $300 on No. 32 —and staggered out with $10,500.

So Joe told the boss and the boss was madder than hades, the more so because Macomber's supposed to be stoop-shouldered from holding up them brains of his.

"I'll give him an earful," he told Joe.

"Go as far as you like," said Joe, "but get the thousand he owes us first."

Well, I don't know if Macomber paid the thousand or not, but I do know that he got called something besides Mr. Macomber. When the boss is really sore, he can think of more funny short words than one of these here puzzle experts.

Macomber might be interested in how Jarvis Ralston, the automobile man, got "fleeced" here last month; at the same table, too, with Joe "dealing." Ralston was playing twenty-five-dollar checks. He played for an hour, lost fifteen thousand dollars and started away. They was one check that he'd overlooked, or maybe he'd meant to play it on the thirty-six, because it was close to the thirty-six, but it was off the board, not on no number or nothing. Joe called to him about it and Ralston says:

"All right. Play it on Number Eleven."

So Joe put the check on No. 11, and No. 11 come up. Ralston begin to play again and in twenty minutes he had his fifteen thousand back and five hundred more, and he quit.

Ralston, though, is a nice fella and even the boss didn't mind much seeing him get better than even after he was so far out. But if he

W. Lardner
Wheel

J. W. McGurk



¶ *"Play your age," says the fella. "Then I'll have to play No. 30," Mrs. Hunt confesses.*

hadn't got even, you wouldn't of heard no squawk from him. He's been around too long to talk about being fleeced in a roulette game.

And yet, being a nice fella and a smart fella, too, don't seem to mean nothing when it comes to roulette. You will hear sixty percent of all the men you know, smart or otherwise, and ninety-five percent of the women, talking about crooked wheels, and how so-and-so was "robbed" of so much at such and such a place. They'll lose their shirt on a championship fight that's been in the bag for a year, and never question it, no matter how raw it looks.

But let them see the black come up four times running, while they're playing the red, and it's "wrong." Or let somebody tell them about this or that roulette house being crooked and they swallow it whole.

Here's one thing that always gets them. We'll say you've been playing the numbers and winning or losing a little, and you decide to make a good bet and you put, say, $25 on No. 28. I spin the ball and it lights in No. 28 and jumps out again and lights somewheres else and stays there. Then they're all convinced that the ball belonged in No. 28 and wanted to be let alone, but I made a face at it or something and frightened it to wherever it finally stayed. They don't seem to realize that ninety-eight times out of a hundred the ball jumps out of the first number it lands in. And oftener than not, it comes to rest in a number that's a mile from where it lit first.

Listen: I'm fifty-six years old and I've been "dealing" for thirty years. I've "dealt" at Palm Beach, Miami, Havana, New York, French Lick, Saratoga and here, and I never yet seen a crooked wheel. Furthermore, I don't know how you'd go about it to make it "wrong." I've "dealt" for some fellas that would steal if they could, but they couldn't for several reasons: They didn't know how; they'd be at the mercy of their employees, who they'd have to take into the secret; they'd be closed up the minute they was suspected, even in places where they pay out pretty near a quarter of their receipts in graft.

Why, I worked a while in Cuba for a fella that would of used a blackjack if he hadn't been able to make a big living out of his game. I didn't like him and he didn't like me. I knew he was a crook at heart, but I also knew his wheels was straight because they couldn't be nothing else.

Well, one night they was a drunk in the place and he was playing hazard and squawking all the time and we all wanted him to lose his dough and go home. Finally he quit the hazard game and come to my table and put three one-hundred-dollar bills on No. 32. He asked me could he play that much. I said no, the limit was twenty-five.

Then he says to let him play it just once, so I looked up at the boss, who was standing near, and he nodded his head yes, to let her go. No. 32 it was, and the drunk staggered out with $10,500 of "our" money. The boss was wild and denied that he had ever give me the nod. I talked back to him and then he fired me.



¶ *The tricky pair was way ahead of the game.*

Mind, I ain't recommending you or nobody else to try and beat roulette. It's a tough game, so tough that we wouldn't have to cheat even if we could. But I'm saying that when you hear talk about some wheel somewheres being crooked, you can put it down as apple sauce and whoever's telling it to you belongs at the County Goose Farm.

I'll admit I've seen cheating, but it's all done on your side of the table. We had a tricky pair, a man and a woman, here last season who was way ahead of the game before the boss give them the air. The man done the playing and the woman watched the ball. Here was their gag:

You'll notice that the numbers 16, 19, 18, 21, 31 and 33 is all right close together on the wheel. Well, the fella would play a full stack of dollar checks between the 16 and 19, another stack between the 18 and 21 and a full stack each on 31 and 33. The gal would keep her eye on the ball till it was slowed down pretty near ready to drop. If it wasn't going to drop in that section, she'd give the man the office and quick as a flash he'd grab all but three or four checks off each of the stacks he'd bet. If it was going to drop in that section, why of course he'd leave them all ride and make a nice profit.

I could name you a dozen ways that people like that try to beat us, and get away with it lots of times, too. To say nothing of the players, mostly women, who would be surprised and hurt if anybody questioned their honesty, but who will quietly sneak a check off a losing number or sneak one on a winning number after the ball has stopped rolling.

But now I'm going to tell you about a woman that cheated herself and her friends, and it happened right at this table the night after we opened up. The woman was a Mrs. Walter Hunt from Boston. It was her birthday and her husband give her a big dinner-party over at the hotel.

The party must of been wringing wet because everybody was feeling great when they got here.

Mrs. Hunt and three or four of her friends bought checks and for a while the game went along as usual with none of them winning or losing much. Then Hunt, who was playing at Joe's table, sent some drinks over to his wife's crowd and after they'd



¶ *Jess quit "dealing." I heard he was starting elevators.*

drunk them, they seemed to have a little more courage. One of the men in the gang said to Mrs. Hunt, he said:

"I've got an idear. Instead of us all piking along with dollar checks, let's the five of us buy a couple of stacks of five-dollar checks and you play them and we will split."

So Mrs. Hunt asked why she should play them and he said because it was her birthday.

"All right," she said, "but don't get mad at me if I lose your money."

So they bought two stacks of five-dollar checks and she was going to play ten dollars on the red, but they stopped her.

"Play numbers," they told her. "That's the only way to get action."

"But I don't know what numbers to play," she said.

Then another fella in her crowd spoke up.

"Play your age," he says. "You wouldn't tell us at dinner how old you are. But you just play number twenty-seven or twenty-eight or whatever it is and I bet it'll come for you."

The others said it was a great hunch.

"But you're flattering me," says Mrs. Hunt. "I hate to confess it, but I'll have to play Number Thirty."

So she put two five-dollar checks on No. 30. The ball stopped in No. 34.

"Double up on 'em," says the fella that had had the hunch.

So she played twenty dollars on No. 30 and No. 34 repeated. Then she begin playing twenty-five dollars at a crack, always on No. 30, and she kept playing it till the first two stacks and two more was all gone. In all, she made fifteen plays. No. 30 never showed up, and No. 34 come five times. She and the four people with her quit and went out in the other room to have some more drinks and play bridge or something.

After a while her husband and another man in the party left Joe's table and come to mine.

"I won't bother you long," Hunt says to me. "I've got fifty dollars left and I'm only going to make two plays."

I gave him two twenty-five-dollar checks and he turned to the fella with him.

"What shall I play?" he says.

"Well," says the fella, "this is your wife's birthday. Why don't you play her age?"

"That's a good idear," says Hunt, and he laid a check on No. 34. Plop! went the ball into No. 34 and Hunt was $875 ahead, probably four or five times as much as the party had cost him. And right there he cashed and quit and went out to tell the news to Mrs. Hunt and the four that had been "in" with her.

You asked me a while ago what had became of Jess Dorsey. I told you he wasn't "dealing" any more, but I didn't want to tell you, in front of them other people, what stopped him.

Jess never had no business behind a wheel. He was all right if some millionaire was playing, but he hated to see anybody lose that he thought couldn't afford it. Many is the night he laid awake worrying because somebody, usually a dame, had dropped fifty or sixty dollars at his table and acted like it hurt them. He wouldn't of lasted much longer at this game anyway, but the thing that happened to him was enough to "break" fellas a lot harder-boiled than Jess.

You know he never was a very cheerful fella and he had the blues so bad when his wife died, three years ago, that we used to take turns sitting up with him and trying to keep him entertained after working hours.

We was scared he'd do something to himself if he was left alone too much.

WELL, the season before last started out terribly dull. The hotel was less than half full and except one or two nights a week, all we done was play pinochle there in the other room. Only for a couple of live regulars, like Jarvis Ralston, the boss might of been tempted to let us all go and close the house.

One night early a beautiful young gal come in and registered and got her card at the desk. We all scurried to our tables. She glanced around the room and then went to the table where Jess was "dealing." It was his good looks that drew them. She bought ten dollars' worth of fifty-cent checks, made them last about half an hour and then sat for half an hour more, talking to Jess.

She was a gal about twenty-two or twenty-three, kind of quiet and soft-spoken, and, as I say, beautiful, especially her eyes. She used them for all they was worth and when she looked right at you in a kind of a pleading way, well, you couldn't help liking her and feeling sorry for her, though for all we knew, she didn't need no sympathy from us or anybody else.

She showed up again the next night, lost another ten dollars and spent some more time talking. We asked Jess what they talked about and he said just the climate and the bathing and different places they'd both been, and so forth.

"Her name is Bennett, Amy Bennett," said Jess. "She's here all alone."

"Well, you can fix that for her," I said.

"No," says Jess. "She wouldn't have nothing to do with a fella like me. But I like to have her around. She reminds me of my wife."

After he'd said that, none of us felt like kidding him about her, and when she'd come in nights and play, we'd leave them to themselves.



¶ *"I didn't think I'd ever be interested in a woman again, but this one is different."*

She come in every night for almost a week and went through the same performance, losing her ten dollars and then sitting there, talking.

Towards the end of the week, he made a date to meet her on the beach one morning and when he showed up for work that night, he acted like he was still under water.

I said to him: "Jess," I said, "are you falling in love?"

"It's past that," he says. "I've already fell. I didn't think I'd ever be interested in a woman again, but this one is different than any I ever met, except my wife."

"What do you know about her?" I asked him.

"They ain't much to know," he said. "She lives in Hartford, and she ain't got much money."

"Well," I says, "she won't have as much as she's got if she keeps playing roulette. Ten dollars a night runs into important figures if you stick at it long enough."

"I've told her she ought not to play," he said, "but she likes

Vegetable Soup

There's so much in it and it tastes so good!

Every time your spoon is dipped into Campbell's Vegetable Soup it comes back richly laden with delicious vegetables. Here's the thick, hearty kind of soup a real hunger enjoys. And the flavor is so perfect that it is a delight to your appetite.

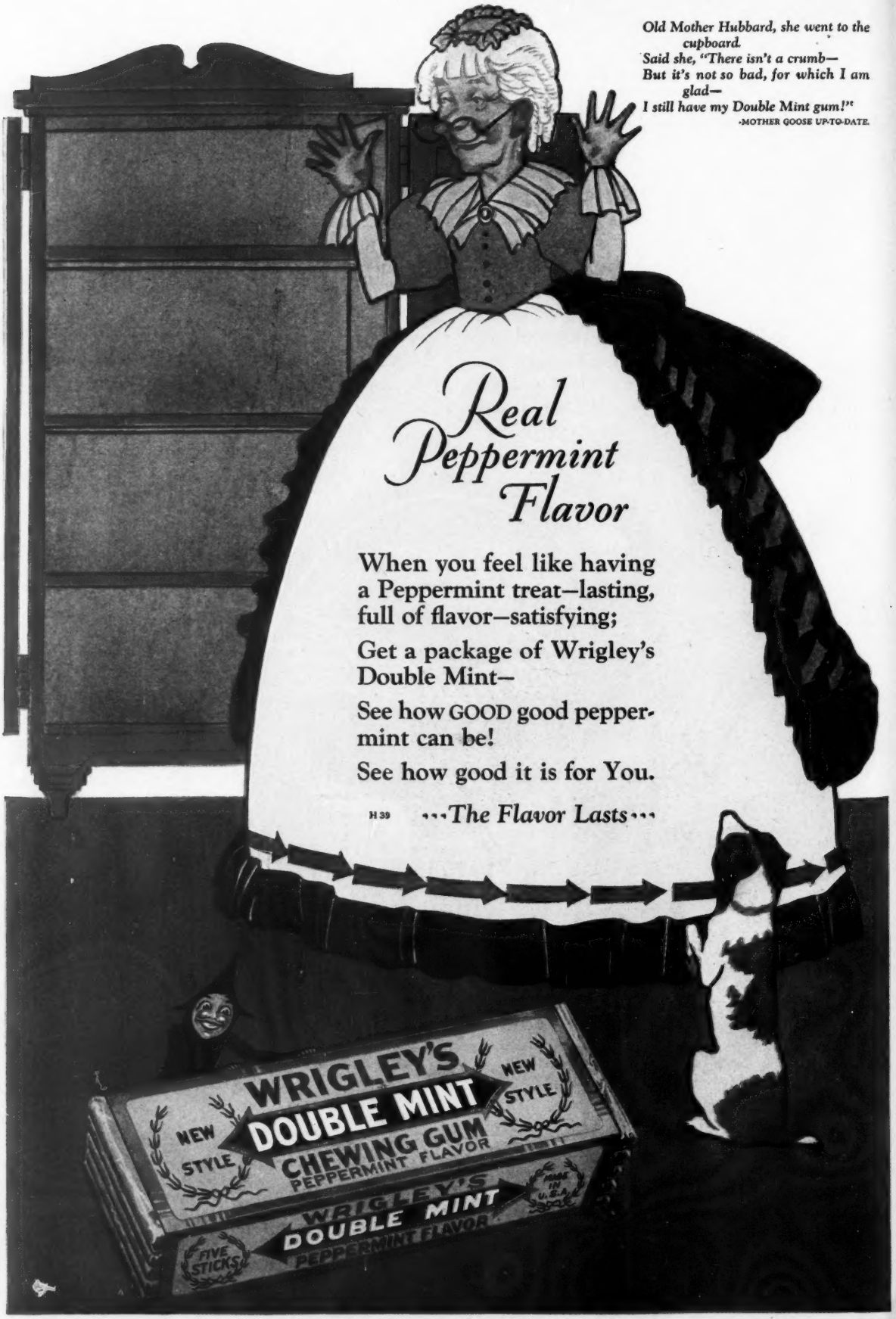
In summer when you serve so many cold foods and beverages, don't overlook the fact that a hot dish, with the meal or as a meal, acts as a healthful stimulant and aids digestion. Tempting, nourishing, hearty soup makes a wonderful luncheon or supper these days.

When you serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup as the "big dish" of your luncheon or supper, you enjoy a meal with fifteen different, tempting garden vegetables. In the blend also are invigorating beef broth, alphabet macaroni, fine barley, savory herbs and seasoning. A welcome dish at dinnertime, too. Let the children eat it often.

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET


Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard.
Said she, "There isn't a crumb—
But it's not so bad, for which I am glad—
I still have my Double Mint gum!"
-MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.
Real Peppermint Flavor
When you feel like having a Peppermint treat—lasting, full of flavor—satisfying;
Get a package of Wrigley's Double Mint—
See how GOOD good peppermint can be!
See how good it is for You.
H 39
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WRIGLEY'S
NEW STYLE
DOUBLE MINT
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PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
FIVE STICKS
MADE IN U.S.A.

the excitement and she always thinks her luck is going to change. And besides," he said, "it wouldn't look good, her coming here and not playing."

Well, she interrupted us herself and after she'd lost a couple of bets, she asked Jess to pick out some number for her to play.

He says, "Try Number thirty-five." She put two checks on No. 35, and No. 35 it was.

And that's the worst thing in the world that could of happened.

Jess told her she'd better quit for that time, as he couldn't be expected to guess as lucky for her again. So she smiled and said thanks and cashed in.

She talked to him a while, as usual, and made another date to meet him on the beach.

The devil was still playing tricks on Jess that night and when she asked him what to bet on, he told her to split the O's.

The most she'd bet before was a dollar at a crack, but this time she stuck six half-dollar checks between the O's and the single O come.

WELL, you take a normal woman and if a thing like that had happened, they'd scream or at least show some signs of excitement. But this dame just looked at Jess and said: "You're a darling!" without raising her voice. He made her quit again and now she was seventy or eighty dollars to the good.

"I wish I'd been playing more," she said. "It seems silly to just be piking when I can't lose."

"Can't lose!" says Jess. "Don't get that idear into your head! I've picked you a winner two nights in succession, that's as much as you can hope for. You better quit while you're winner."

"You like me, don't you?" she said.

"You know I do," said Jess.

"Well, then," said the gal, "I know you'll keep picking them right. You see you can't fool me."

Jess said he didn't realize then what she meant; he was too far gone to really think.

He asked her if she'd go swimming with him in the morning. She said no, that her brother was coming on the boat and she had to meet him.



The boss called him something besides Mr. Macomber.

"But listen," she says: "If you're awfully good to me tomorrow night, even better than tonight or last, why, I'll run away from my brother the day after tomorrow and we'll have a party all to ourselves."

She started to leave, but changed her mind and sat down again.

"Isn't there some kind of a limit in roulette?" she asked him.

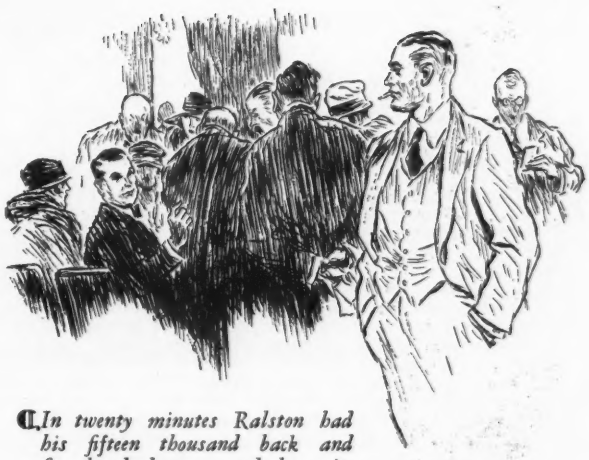
"Yes," says Jess. "We have a limit of twenty-five dollars flat on a number, but you can star it or make a wall around it, and besides that, you can play big on the color and the odd or even, and so forth, to say nothing of bets on the three numbers, across the board, that includes your number, and the five numbers that surrounds your number on all sides. But I hope you ain't going to plunge like that."

"Not me," said the gal. "But my brother might. And I want you to remember that he's my brother."

"I wish him luck," says Jess.

"He'll have it if you wish it," says the gal.

Then she made him lay out the checks so as they'd be placed



In twenty minutes Ralston had his fifteen thousand back and five hundred more, and he quit.

right for a limit bet. He took No. 26 as an example and used twenty-five-dollar checks.

He put one flat on 26 and "walled" it with eight more.

He laid three checks on the line here, covering the numbers 25, 26, and 27. And six checks each on these two spots, covering besides them three numbers, the 22, 23, and 24, and the 28, 29, and 30.

"That's all," he says, "except that you can play a thousand on the even, a thousand on the black, another thousand on the last eighteen, five hundred on the third dozen and five hundred more on the middle column. Altogether, you're playing $4,600 and you stand to win $10,700."

"And do you think," she says, "that twenty-six will be a good number tomorrow night?"

"As good as any," said Jess. "However, don't ever imagine that that kind of playing is for you."

"Of course not," said the dame. "But I can't control my brother and he always splits with me."

And she smiled and walked out.

You know how it's going to wind up. The fella wasn't no more her brother than I am, and anybody but poor, simple Jess would of guessed it as soon as you seen them together. But whoever he was, he had the snappy idear lots of people gets—that the "dealer" can spin any number he wants—and he believed the gal when she told him Jess was so stuck on her that they was no chance for them to lose.

The moron didn't lay the big bets on the even, the black, the last eighteen, and so on. But he bought enough twenty-five-dollar checks to cover No. 26 in every other way. His investment was $600 and his winnings was $5,700. That is, they would of been $5,700 if the ball hadn't dropped in No. 4.

Before we had wrestled them out of the place, the gal had just missed poor Jess's head with a heavy glass ash-tray and had called him names that she'd never learned from a brother.

That's how Jess come to quit "dealing." I heard he was starting elevators in some office building way down on lower Broadway. I forget the address. Maybe it's No. 26.



She will quietly sneak a check off a losing number.

Dangerous Business *by Edwin Balmer* (*Continued from page 85*)

had had no letters! "You look like a girl laying her lace and linen in her hope chest instead of shop sheets in a drawer. How is the hope chest?"

"I haven't one," denied Ellen, fluttering.

"How about the hopes?"

"None," said Ellen. Ordinarily she would have ignored him; but she did not, under the sway of the excitement which had seized her and was increasing visibly; for Lew saw it.

"Really?" he asked, hunching his chair closer to her.

At that, she deserted the desk; she would not have him nearer; but also, contrarily, she would! The excitement working in her stimulated him and he enjoyed it; she was stimulated by it.

Yes; amazingly, she was; it was a sensation of power—a power over Lew Alban who in other ways held Mr. Rountree and Jay and her in his power. She had something Lew liked and wanted.

It was what Di had had which had given Di power. Here had been Di, an office girl, working with her hands and head, accomplishing nothing; but Di had put to use the power of her femininity and by it Di had torn away, or certainly helped to tear away, the half-million dollars of the Mettens.

Ellen, working here with her hands and head, was helpless, almost, as Di had been; with her hands and head, never could she hold, against his hatred of the Rountrees, Lew Alban; but if she put to use her femininity!

She slipped through the door into her own little room at the idea of it and escaped him, only to recognize instantly that she had whetted him by this flight and drawn him on.

Not at once, for it was his way to tantalize, he followed to the door and looked in at her, whereupon she gasped and dropped into her chair, turned from him and began typing; but she wrote nothing coherent. This he observed as he stepped to her and, with his hand upon her, read over her shoulder.

"Practising Russian—or Chinese?" he twitted her, squeezing her.

She slipped from under his grasp, which brought from him, "How long have you been feeling this way about me?"

"How long?"

"Been hiding it, have you? Or did it just break through to you?"

"What break through?"

"Me"—he patted her—"to you."

"I don't know," she said, with scarcely breath for it.

"I don't care," he said and both hands were on her.

She moved, but he held her and she did not struggle. The sensation in her paralyzed her. Let him; let him! Let him a little and see what you can do with him! You'll not have to do like Di. Let him do this, and then think; don't think or feel now; let him do it.

He stooped to her, held her to him and kissed her; held his lips on hers, pressing hers.

At last he let her go; she had done it.

Dazedly, dully, almost without feeling, she gazed at him. Aroused, flushed he was; his sallow cheeks were aglow.

"Rough with you, was I?" he whispered, shaking her. "Rough with you? You'll like it."

She arose and retreated from him, staring at him. She had had no idea of what it would be; but it was over; she'd not dodged.

To whom had she said that? Jay; Jay, of course. "You'll not dodge Lew Alban," she'd said and sent him to the train. So he'd not dodged and she hadn't. No; she'd not dodged Lew Alban.

He was talking to her, but she did not know what he said. Someone entered Mr. Rountree's room; it was Jay, returning for Lew. She could not meet him. She let Lew go out to him; neither sent for her, so she stayed, shut in, until they were gone, when, snatching her hat and coat, she escaped.

It was clear and cool on the streets. The shop-windows were alight with a show illumination which drew, like moths to a flame, female passers-by.

Ellen halted beside a group looking in at dresses; at gowns, indeed, of silk and velvet and hand-work, beautiful and extravagant. Ellen stopped and stared; she did not see. With the back of the glove on her little tight-clenched fist she rubbed and rubbed at her lips which Lew Alban had kissed; her shoulders quivered as under the grasp of his hands.

She seemed to hear his voice speaking to her, and here he was himself, not a memory of him; he had found her on the street and stepped up to her.

"Take your pick," he was saying easily. "Pick any one anywhere; look in all the windows!" he bade her and squeezed her arm and was gone.

Jay was not with him; for she watched after him, to make sure of it; nor did she see Jay elsewhere on the walk home.

Jay had not seen her, which was as well for him as for her, because he had been making of her, without being aware of it, a sort of reliance in his world of ever shifting, shaken values.

He knew no other girl quite like her; and only now and then, amid the thousands and thousands of people one looked upon and passed, did he see anyone with her quiet quality of—what was it? Poise? More than that, but he had no word for it. He remembered meeting her once, unexpectedly and suddenly; he had been going along and amid the hurrying, hunting, wondering, frightened faces approaching him, he had been caught by eyes which looked at him with none of the common panic. None of it! There she was.

Her father had such a quality which lived in the eyes, Jay remembered; seamen's eyes, he had thought them, calm with the consideration of the four horizons, the water and sky and sun and stars. He liked Adrian Powell's eyes and he liked Ellen's, looking on the world without any fear.

So it was well he had not happened upon her tonight, for he would not have seen her without fear.

He had been awaiting Lew at the club and Lew rejoined him in more jovial mood, wherefore the ponderous function of family dinner, with his father and the Dills and Lew, passed more agreeably than usual. Lew sustained the entertainment, in good enough humor, until nine o'clock, when he departed to a destination not designated. He refused the offer of other social engagements with the Rountrees but would spend some time at the office in the morning.

Ellen, knowing of this, did dodge Lew on the very next day. She awoke with a headache which she never would have offered as an excuse for absence ordinarily; but she telephoned, saying she was sick.

As a result, there arrived for her in the afternoon red roses which Di curiously examined with her, discovering the initials "L. A." upon the card and the inscription: "Take your time. No hurry."

"Who's your L. A.?" demanded Di, and, in a moment, "Lew?"

Ellen's scarlet face answered her.

"Lew!" declared Di. "Sure, Lew!"

Ellen thrust the buds back into the box. How had he learned her address?

Di elucidated this point; she laughed. "He has his nerve. He asked me where I live—after I told him I roomed with you."

"Last night?" inquired Ellen.

"We was at a little supper," informed Di. "Not much doing. So he put down my number to say it with flowers to you."

She gazed at Ellen, who closed the box and bore it to the rear porch, where she left it. Upon her return, Di repaid to Ellen a bit of her debt of reticence by refraining from over-questioning; verbally they dropped it, but it dwelt, unmentioned, between them, disturbing Di.

For Di, too, had been making of Ellen a reliance; and Di discerned that it was not merely that Lew Alban had sent Ellen flowers but that Ellen had done something to deserve them on the day before this when she stayed in her room, Lew being at the office.

Ellen had a power not realized before, power she might use; it was hers to use. How petty the power of her head and hands compared to the power of femininity!

She went to the office in the morning, ignorant as to Lew's whereabouts, and learned that he had left town. No one regarded her differently; of course, no one knew. Jay was the same to her, but every contact with him was charged with the stir within her aroused by Lew.

Working for Jay with her head and hands, she slipped into sudden, pale inattentions which puzzled him and caused him to ask less of her.

"You're doing too much," he said.

She denied it—ineffectively, for he took his letters to another girl; but with her he still talked over matters at the end of the day.

One bit of luck she had—Lew remained away. Indeed, he went off on a round of his sales offices in California and on the Northwest coast. When Ellen read this in a letter to Mr. Rountree, she felt as if given a reprieve.

However, he proved his persisting thought of her by bestowal of flowers with which Di had filled two vases when Ellen reached home; as before, she cast them out and made no acknowledgment; but, as before, he had sent a card which discounted immediate expectations of gratitude.

Continually, in the office, he displayed the power of his position.

It had been the habit of Stanley Alban, since original days, to pay to John Rountree personally the invoices of each week; and Lew, taking over from his father, continued the practise. Evidently he had left signed checks to be filled in and countersigned by the treasurer during his absence; so upon each Monday morning, Ellen took from an Alban envelop Lew's draft for twelve thousand or fifteen thousand dollars.

The amount, whichever it happened to be, now exceeded the total income from all other sources; it met Rountree bills, provided the Rountree pay-roll and supplied what profit there was. Never, since the very start, had the firm been so completely dependent upon the faithfulness of the friendship of the man, old and bedridden now and slowly failing, in his home in the little town of central Illinois.

Mr. Rountree phoned him daily and went down on week-ends at fortnightly intervals; whereat Di laughed.

"Mr. Rountree goes because he cares; I hear him when he phones," Ellen declared. "He's not hypocritical."

"I'll scream to the sunny sky that he's not," granted Di. "I bet not a sinccrer prayer for long life ever lifted to the Gates than Mr. Rountree sends up at that bedside."

Di stretched languorously; but Ellen was trembling.

The prospect of old Stanley's end precipitated her into that—she could not know what—which she had determined to do to help hold the Alban business and Lew.

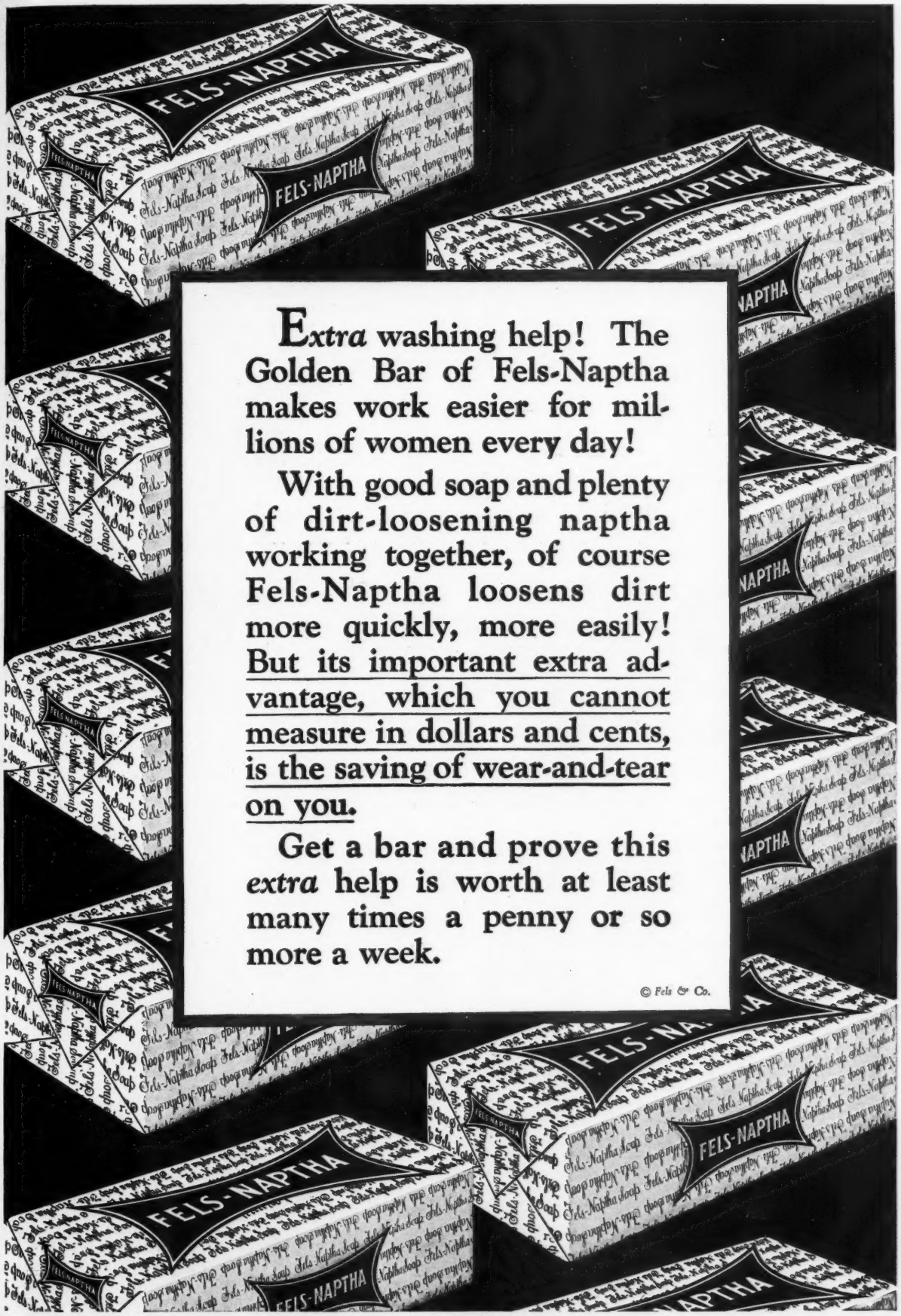
"Hot today," Di offered a neutral subject.

"The water's all blue," said Ellen, accepting it. "You can't see ice anywhere now. It's breaking up in the straits, Mother says. Father's in Duluth."

In a week or two she might spy from the office window the long, low hull of the laden Blenmora with its iron for South Chicago; and that night, near the ore slips of the Calumet, Ellen would sup with her father.

"I'll be glad to see Father," she said to Di.

"Uhuh," agreed Di, with head down. "You would."


FELS-NAPTHA
FELS-NAPTHA
FELS-NAPTHA

Di did not want to see her father—or her mother. Di did not, in these days, discuss her family. Except for mention of the money she sent home, she never brought up the subject of Hoster.

She tossed back her auburn curls and, as upon the night when momentarily she had dropped beside her bed, Di arose whistling. From the closet she produced such a gown of the new spring mode as had confronted Ellen from Michigan Avenue shop-windows when Lew had bid her pick what she pleased.

"Like it?" questioned Di, with a touch of defiance and of wonder as she watched Ellen's face burn with a slow, deepening glow.

The heat, breaking the long winter lock over the lakes, increased also in the Caribbean; and Lida became more communicative. Thrice only in more than two months had she written Jay; and each epistle had been no more than a memorandum of a mood.

"Here we are," she had inscribed from Saint Lucia. "Palms are appallingly overplayed. We switch the setting; but we're the same. There was a tail end of a hurricane yesterday; and we rode it out, where do you suppose? In the harbor."

The three had been like that and now arrived a cablegram from Caracas informing him that she was returning to New York. Then a radio arrived, supplying him with the due date of a mail-boat, two days ahead.

It meant, plainly, that she wanted him to meet her; and he prepared to go East. When he and Ellen Powell were alone, at the end of the day, he referred to his trip.

"Mrs. Rountree's returning," he said.

"Here?" asked Ellen, naturally enough.

"I don't think so," replied Jay. "Just to New York, I believe."

"Oh," said Ellen and looked at him, immediately to resort to arranging papers on his father's desk, which she did with the half-dreaming inattention he had noticed recently. "When are you to be back?" she asked finally. "Or are you to be?"

"I'll be back," said Jay; and, to save herself, she could not check a start. He'd be back, whether with his wife or not; he'd return to work here with her. "When, I don't know," he said, watching her with appreciation of that difference in her mood which Lew Alban, feeling, had deemed not businesslike at all but domestic. "Did you suppose I was quitting now?" he asked her.

"No," she rejoined, without looking up. She had wanted him to bind himself to return, no matter what his wife did. "What can I tend to for you when you're gone?"

"Lew Alban," he replied and laughed when she jumped; he had no idea of what was within her! "Now if you could only tie him up somehow long enough to give me time to work up my prospects, I'd be much obliged. I've got a lot of stuff started, you know; but there's a good personal reason everywhere, just at present, why I don't get the business.

"Somebody is giving it to somebody else because he's his brother or his wife's brother or because he likes him or because he is afraid of him or because he has something on him; so you've got to become closer than a brother, or a wife's brother, or you've got to make him more afraid of you or you've got to get more on him than the other fellow has—then you'll get the business. I'm working around to it; but it takes time; and it doesn't look like we had a lot of time, does it?"

"No."

He held out his hand. "Good-by," he said. Tomorrow they would not be together at the end of the day; it was good-by to this intimacy, he meant. She took his hand and slowly a hot flush crept up to the roots of her hair.

He left at noon that day; and on the next, when he was in New York, the Soo was open!

The ice, even in Superior, was conquered. The freighters, heavy with iron, were coming through!

There in the north—as Ellen gazed from the office window—hung a spot above the clear, blue horizon. Now appeared a prow with a pilot-house and mast above it; a long, lean hull lay low abaft it; and there were the after-mast and funnel!

The Blenmora! The Blenmora! For her father would be among the first to send his ship through.

She was with him in his cabin. What matter the scream and scrape of the enormous clam-shell maws lifting the ore from the holds? What matter the clangor of the red iron bounding in the chutes, the hiss and heat of steam, the spread of the brown hematite dust? Ellen loved it; it brought her father.

She was in his arms, her cheek against his; he lifted her a little and tossed her a bit, laughing aloud in his love and pride in her. They talked and laughed; they went about the ship; they had supper together, through which he studied her seriously.

"Ye grow little, Ellen," he charged her at last.

"It's the rest at home growing bigger, Father," she said.

"They grow," he agreed, "and ye"—suddenly he was out with it—"what have ye taken on, my little girl?"

"Nothing new, Father," she denied.

"Do ye work too hard?"

"No."

"It's not work," he agreed. "I know the look of ye. It's loving, is it?"

"No, Father!"

"So that's it; loving! Ellen, girl, does he love ye?"

"No."

"I felt it in ye, my arms about ye. Ye'd have them—his own. Ellen, girl, look to what ye do! Loving like ye'd love your man, look to what ye do!"

Jay called from Grand Central and learned that the mail boat from the Caribbean would dock during the afternoon. Ringing the Park Avenue apartment, he learned that Mr. and Mrs. Lytle were in but, naturally, had not yet arisen; so he left word that he was in town.

He walked down Fifth Avenue, in the clear spring sunshine, toward his father's New York office, with his mind on the boat, near Sandy Hook, bearing Lida from the languor and over-played palms of the Caribbean.

At the office door, lettered like the doors in Chicago, he halted momentarily with a sudden pulse surprising him. What was it? Open a door like this, and she looks up at you, his pulse said. But she's not beyond this door; she's not here.

Ellen Powell, that was. What had she become to him? He never had felt this in Chicago, where always he had opened the door and found her.

A very different sort of girl, in Ralph's office, informed him that Mr. Armiston was not yet down but might be shortly. Ralph kept New York office hours, not Chicago ones.

Jay waited by a window which gave a glimpse of the Hudson, a ferry and a long, four-funnel liner outward bound. How she'd thrill at the sight of it! How she'd thrill to New York, which she had never seen! He imagined, standing here beside him, Ellen Powell gazing at the great ship with her wide gray eyes and then looking up at him.

Ralph had come in and hailed him, twice, "Hello!" before Jay spun about suddenly.

"Looking for the wife's ship?" inquired his brother-in-law pleasantly.

"No," said Jay. "Yes, of course," he corrected. "Who told you about her?"

"She'd left the Wilmerdons a couple weeks ago," replied Ralph. "Everybody knows that. Here you are; is she in today?"

"This afternoon," answered Jay and shook hands, turning the talk from Lida.

Ralph did not pursue the matter of Lida. He was a tactful, pleasing man, eight years older than Jay. He was from Maryland originally, and was dark, mustached, slender and handsome. He carried himself in an easy, confident way and spoke with a slight and distinguished Southern accent which he maintained purposely; it was part of his air, part of his charm, part of his stock in trade.

He usually seemed a bit sleepy in the morning and did nothing to deny it; he wanted you to feel that he was the sort that was at his best late in the day and that he looked forward to the evening. Jay knew that he was a very good salesman to deal with certain buyers, but was helpless with others.

"I see you're at work," he complimented Jay. "Been wondering about you; I didn't know, really."

"That's not surprising," said Jay, smiling, "if you've been trying to trace me by my results."

"Not such rotten results!" rejoined Ralph with sincere enthusiasm. "I'm very glad to see you. Something to tell you."

The girl took this as a hint for her departure and left them alone, whereupon Ralph, instead of supplying information, requested: "Tell me the truth—when does Alban drop us?"

"Just as quick," replied Jay, "as Lew is left an orphan. That's all there is to it."

"Just so," said Ralph feelingly and asked: "How is Father using you? Between the hours of nine and five with an hour off for lunch?"

Jay smiled. "That's about it."

"And I bet you call on people at the offices. Now I'll lay you a little wager. You've done one thing that interests me mightily. You cracked Howarth for a little order. I don't know anything about it but I'll lay you any odds you like that you didn't get it between nine and five—unless it was at the hour off for lunch—and you didn't hook it in any office."

"No contest," said Jay. "I got it from Ken Howarth at a club about one-thirty."

"A. M.," finished Ralph positively. "And I bet if you hadn't rung the clock at nine the next morning, Father Rountree would have called you for not keeping office hours. Office hours! That's Chicago for you. Chicago still thinks business is done in offices. There's only one good reason for any busy man to have an office; it collects for him, all in one place, everybody he doesn't want to see. It's a great help that way. A man has all his time to give to business, if he just keeps away from his office.

"Jay, I've been trying for two years to get to the real man who does the big buying for Howarth down here. He's your friend Ken's cousin. What d'you do today, after you meet the boat?"

"Today," said Jay, "I'm only meeting the boat."

Ralph delayed, squinting slightly. "Make an engagement for tomorrow?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow."

Ralph refrained from comment and, after a moment, reached for a call button but waited.

"What d'you think of Miss Powell?" he questioned, astonishingly.

"What?" said Jay, startled.

"For me, down here," explained Ralph. "She's the best business girl I've ever seen; and she's simply wasted with your father. He's always in his office to answer himself anything about the business; so he doesn't need her. I'm never in my office and I need like the devil a girl who knows the business—and who's got a *head*.

"Your father can train another girl out there; I can't here. The proper place for that Powell girl, in our organization, is New York; she'd be a godsend to me. I'm going to take it up with your father, Jay; help me on it, will you?"

"Of course," said Jay.

He went early to the dock and watched the Caribbean boat approach; almost as soon as the line of passengers at the promenade rail emerged as separate figures, he located Lida. There she was, tense, eager, impatient to end the stale venture of this voyage, whatever it had been, and launch upon fresh experience. With him? If not, what did her cable and radio mean?

He waved and she lifted a hand; she responded to other greetings and Jay looked along the dock and discovered the slight,

At the LAKE PLACID CLUB

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

133 women guests tell how this soap has helped to improve their skin



". . . through the green gloom of Adirondack forest —driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—"

SHE is tireless as Diana—the wonderful woman of 1927.

Tramping through the green gloom of Adirondack forests—driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—

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One sees her in her perfection at the Lake Placid Club, this loveliest of American types: vital, exquisite, with the arrow-like simplicity which is the finest flower of wealth and cultivation.

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We asked 208 women guests at the Lake Placid Club what toilet soap they found best for the care of their skin.

Nearly two-thirds answered that they use Woodbury's Facial Soap because of its wonderful effect in keeping their skin in good condition in spite of the outdoor exposure.



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smart figure of her mother and the broad form of Mr. Lytle, who made him out and waved a stick at him.

"Heard you gave us a ring," said Mr. Lytle, proffering a cordial, soft hand. "Wished you'd come up. We'd a room for you."

Lida's mother inspected him with bright black eyes. Under her small black hat her hair was clipped like a boy's. She and her husband both were aware of Jay's situation with her daughter; for Lida, upon her return from Chicago, had disabused their minds of erroneous impressions. So Mrs. Lytle wanted to be cordial to Jay, but she found it difficult; she felt a debt to him and she did not like that. She would have felt more at ease with him as a recognized wrong-doer.

"We are expecting both of you to stay with us," she said stiffly.

Lida disembarked with ideas of her own regarding her residence. She kissed her stepfather on the lips, her mother on the cheek, and she did not kiss Jay at all, but of him she inquired: "Where are you taking me?"

"Plaza," he said; and while she talked with her mother, he phoned for a suite. The four left the dock in the Lytle car, but the two elders stopped on Park Avenue; Lida and Jay were driven on together.

"Same straight street," murmured Lida. "Same tearing down."

She shut her eyes in distaste and leaned into her corner. Her return had disappointed her, Jay knew; he had been below expectations.

The white little ovals of her eyelids accentuated the clear brown of her skin. She had tanned in the Caribbean sun of the yacht deck or the sandy beaches. Lida was not physically tired; she looked very well indeed; but she sought a stimulus which neither New York, as yet, nor he had supplied her.

He had rather supposed that, when he saw her and was close to her, she might stir him again; but, somewhat surprisingly to himself, she had not. He sat beside her with her hand in his, holding her with a quiet and tenderness new to him. He wanted to please her and protect her, but she did not excite him.

"Same silly old city," said Lida, with eyes shut, and he thought, with Lida's hand in his, of Ellen Powell arriving here in New York and for the first time seeing the city. Unconsciously, he pressed Lida's hand.

She withdrew her fingers as though she had felt something vicarious in his clasp, and she sat up and stared at him.

In her room at the hotel she had her talk with him. She was seated upon his knees, his arms holding her, her arms now and then about his neck, her hands more often at his face.

"There's nothing at Saint Lucia, Jay," she told him. "Nothing for me. I guess there's nothing in Levuka. There're palms in the sand, and the sun; and you see the Southern Cross. It's frightfully overrated, dim and not even straight. Seen it?"

"Never," said Jay, gently patting her.

"It's crooked, like that!" She stabbed with a finger to mark the position of the disappointing stars. "Nothing to cheer for. There's nothing at Levuka, I guess; where is it, Jay—where is it for me?"

He held her gently, with the new tenderness which had come to him with her and which she would not have from him. She stirred in protest to it.

"I thought for a while down there, if you'd been there, Jay, we might have found—it; but we wouldn't." Still he made no reply and she turned, confronting him, holding his face between her hands. "What you been finding, Jay?" she asked.

"I?" he said. "I've just been at work. Not much done," he confessed. "But I've been at it." And his mind was with her who had been at it with him.

Lida's fingers drew familiarly upon his cheeks, too tensely, too troubledly, too demandingly. He thought of Ellen's touch in the brief contact of their hands and he thought how her touch would be upon his face, how different from Lida's. He withdrew slightly from Lida's.

"Who is she, Jay? There was no one when I went away. That wasn't up at all. But you've" —her finger-tips quivered on his cheek— "you've found somebody."

"Nobody," he denied.

She cast off his arms and arose. "I didn't think you'd stay in this suite, Jay," she said. "I only wanted you to take it for me. I'll keep it on, you see. I'm not going home. I'll have my own place; nobody'll be over me. I'm married, you see—Mrs. Jay Rountree."

She walked to the window which overlooked the Park, then spun about, head up, fired with a flash of jealousy.

"What sort is she, Jay? Not mine, I know; but what—what gets you?"

She made him see, so clearly, Ellen—Ellen beside him, Ellen speaking to him, her eyes in his; she made him see Ellen, suddenly, as at that first time she cried because of him, in his father's big chair with her toes not quite touching the floor; and, amazingly, this memory affected him beyond any measure with the moment itself. But it was nothing he could relate to Lida.

He remained in New York until the end of the week, putting in appearances with Lida wherever she wished; and he looked up Ken Howarth's cousin, not by making a call at the Howarth office, but under midnight circumstances which permitted the casual introduction of Ralph, with no need to mention even that Ralph was in business.

"Precisely perfect!" Ralph exulted with Jay on the next day. "Now we have a chance to get them, if we simply don't rush them! If we try to hurry this, no chance; but if we play it properly and patiently, the sweetest business in Manhattan may fall into our laps—if we don't fall first," recollected Ralph grimly. "This drink, Jay, had better be to the health—or at least to the longer life, however he survives—of good old, stanch old Stanley Alban!"

Ellen changed, during the week, so noticeably that Di commented: "Your father certainly is good for you."

Partly it was an effect of his presence and the prospect of his return, with his ship, every fortnight throughout the summer; but chiefly it was a consequence of her admission that she loved. She had cleared away conflicts in herself by declaring it; but she had made her dependence upon Jay only more complete.

She dwelt upon his promise to her, "I'll be back," after he had told her that he expected his wife would not return here. Then Ellen came upon accounts of his social doings in New York; for they were news.

Lida Haige and Jay Rountree had run away and married and, after a few weeks, had separated, the New York correspondent recalled; but now they were reunited. He had "rushed" to the seaboard to meet her and she had abandoned her friends at Caracas "to hurry home to him." So now they were reunited; they were appearing everywhere together. What did it mean?

Ellen at night sat on the low seat before her dresser, brushing her hair.

Di stepped behind her, gathered up her hair, suddenly slipped the kimono from Ellen's shoulder, baring the white, smooth skin, over which Di let drop in a shower the lovely chestnut hair.

"You'd stand one type of man on his head," announced Di, glancing into the glass, "if you did your work this way." Di retreated and raised her hands satisfiedly to her shorn auburn locks. "I stand the other types on their thinning topknots," she observed complacently.

In her usual plain blue dress, with her hair wound round her head, Ellen was in her usual place beside Mr. Rountree when the door opened with the impulsive push which had heralded Jay. She started, looked up, and there he was, alone!

Of course he'd come alone to the office; his wife never had visited the building; yet Ellen was sure, at sight of him and before his father obtained statement of the fact, that he had returned alone.

His hand was grasping hers.

"Lakes are wide open," he was saying. "Saw the ore-boats from the train."

"Yes; Father's come and gone." Was she clinging to his hand? She pulled away suddenly, but he looked at her a moment longer before he answered his father's inquiries of his sister and Ralph.

When he stepped out, Ellen improvised an errand to her own little room for refuge to compose herself before she resumed with pad and pencil at his father's side. "Not reunited," drummed in her head and she all but wrote it down. "Not reunited here."

Jay, seeking the sales department, did not immediately intrude upon Lowry; he wanted a few minutes to settle down after this return to Ellen Powell. But his excitement stayed.

He avoided Ellen during the day until their old, usual time together, when he looked into the office and, finding her alone, entered as casually as he could.

"Anything new from Lew?" he inquired.

"He's in Stanley," said Ellen, arising, "but he hasn't been here."

"Isn't he due?"

"Oh, yes; he's due," replied Ellen, with cheek and forehead deeply stained.

Why was that? thought Jay and proposed to her abruptly, "Would you care to go to New York?"

"New York?" said Ellen. "I?"

"To run our office. Mr. Armiston has asked for you. He needs you like the devil," explained Jay, overurging the matter as he felt how little he wanted this girl away. He wanted her, indeed, here with him, but he denied it by describing the opportunity for her in New York. "You're exactly the person for the place; the only right person," Jay said. "Mr. Armiston thinks you've the best head of any girl he's seen. Of course you have."

Ellen ignored this praise of her competence. She wanted value as girl, as woman.

"Father'd send you on if you asked it," said Jay.

That was true, she knew. And Jay—she thought—was indifferent whether she was here or there.

"We started something in New York," he told her. "It broke so that I was able to put my brother-in-law in with the Howarth people so that something big may develop. In New York, Howarth is a sizable account."

Ellen nodded, aglow with the idea that Jay, so far from being indifferent, perhaps urged her to go East because he would be at work in New York.

"Is Mr. Armiston—adding to his office?" she inquired.

"He wants to add you; that's all," said Jay.

"Oh," said Ellen and looked away, aflame; so he had not thought at all of *her*.

"That account is not only sizable," continued Jay, "but it's the only one in sight which can make up to us for Alban, when Lew leaves us; but we've got to get it before we lose Alban."

Ellen, saying nothing, gazed at Jay with impulses in possession of her of the very sort against which her father had warned her. Because he disregarded her (she thought), because she was (she thought) to him no more than a competent and useful business girl with a good head, she would—she would—what had Di said? She'd stand a man on his head!

Not Jay; for he would send her off; but she'd stand on his head, for Jay, Lew Alban!

She had not known how she was to proceed with Lew; for she had thought of having to "hold" him indefinitely; but this chance at the Howarth business laid, perhaps, a limit for her; it required her only to hold Lew for a time; and that she might do.

But her face burned furiously and she bent her head from Jay and turned away.

So she said nothing to Mr. Rountree in



In a Chanel sports costume, vert amande, Mrs. Doubleday's blonde beauty has the perfect setting. She is one of the season's favorite hostesses at Palm Beach



Steichen

MRS. FELIX DOUBLEDAY *was Miss Elizabeth Heymann of Vienna before her marriage to the son of the president of the well-known publishing house, Doubleday, Page & Co. Chanel has displayed finesse in this exquisite gown*



The restrained simplicity of a navy blue capeline and crepe de chine frock by Chanel enhances Mrs. Doubleday's charm

Mrs. FELIX DOUBLEDAY
discovers two secrets of beauty

THE smart international set has recently been adorned by a lovely new member—Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday. Her interest in the best way to care for her skin led her to the discovery made by many women of the social world.

"Although accustomed in Vienna," she says, "to seeing beautiful women, I was amazed when I came to America, at the fine complexions so many women have here. I found that your Two Creams are used by the women whose skin I found so beautiful.

"I am now using them daily. I like them so *very* much—they keep my skin in such perfect condition—that I thought you would like to know what a Viennese woman thinks about them."

For cleansing and keeping the skin supple, before retiring and whenever your skin feels dusty and tired, pat Pond's Cold Cream over your face, throat, hands. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores, removing every trace of dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, pat fresh cream on at night and leave until morning.

For a lovely even finish, a velvety powder base and protection against the weather, smooth just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, and before you powder. Now go out into wind, sun and dust-laden air. Your cheeks stay soft and fresh. And how smooth and white your hands! And your powder lies smoothly for hours, like the nap of velvet.



These are the TWO CREAMS *women of social prominence have chosen*

Free Offer: *Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U
112 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Pipe Smoker Enjoys Can of Tobacco Sixteen Years Old

Of course, all good tobacco is aged before it is packed, but here is a case of "aged in the can."

On the strength of Mr. McDonald's letter we certainly owe our packing department a vote of commendation. For no tobacco could retain its flavor and goodness lying in a dark musty corner for sixteen years unless it had been properly packed in an absolutely air-tight can.

So while someone was deprived of this particular can of tobacco for sixteen years, it did provide smoke enjoyment for an appreciative railroad cashier when it finally came to light.

Mr. McDonald's letter is reproduced below:

Waxahachie, Texas
May 18, 1926

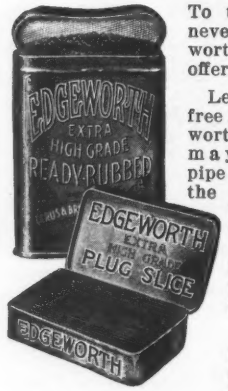
Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

The agent while going through his plunder stored in our baggage room came across a can of your tobacco, and account of his not using a pipe he made me a present of this tobacco.

You will note the revenue stamp and your memo which was inclosed. The tobacco was put up in 1910, sixteen years ago. But it was in good shape, of remarkable flavor, and was greatly enjoyed by me.

Thought you would be interested in knowing how your tobacco held out in these days of fast living.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Gordon McDonald.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

regard to New York; so she received in the office, at the first of the week, Lew.

He had chosen not to herald his arrival; he walked in and greeted Mr. Rountree, with not a glance immediately for her; and except that he kept her aware as never before of her body, he did nothing which she had anticipated.

He did not even wait for an interlude alone with her, but was satisfied with a moment when Mr. Rountree stepped into the general office.

"I'm sending for you at eight," Lew then informed her.

"Tonight?" said Ellen, her eyes on his.

"Eight," repeated Lew, returning her gaze, and after a few minutes more with Mr. Rountree he departed without another word for her and did not reappear during the day.

Di was not about when Ellen dressed. Flowers had come, flowers which she could not this time cast upon the rear porch, for they were violets in corsage bouquet, sent her to wear, and the accompanying card, uninitialed, read: "I like to dance."

Ellen had a black chiffon dress; she had gun-metal stockings and black satin slippers; and she laid them all out upon her bed, she banished them and laid them out again before at last she put them on.

Di always dressed with deliberation and before a glass; Ellen, having finally decided, dressed quickly and did not delay at the mirror. How white seemed her arms and shoulders beside the black of her dress!

Lew sent for her, as he had said he would do; a cowardly, unoccupied cab called for her, such as had often sought Di at this door; and Ellen, after answering the driver's summons, drew on a coat and ran out. In another cab, a couple of blocks away, Lew was waiting and he changed to hers; and there she sat bare-headed beside Lew Alban. Of course she never had worn a hat in the office; but it was different, bareheaded in a cab with a man looking at you; and, under her cloak, her shoulders were bare.

"You're pretty," Lew praised her. "By heaven, you're pretty!"

He wanted to see her shoulders; he wanted to see her white skin. He pulled at her cloak. "Let's see your dress," he said. "Black," he approved. "I like black on you. By heaven, you're beautiful!" And he looked down at her feet. "You've little feet. Pretty little feet."

Her cheeks and shoulders and her toes in her slippers prickled, not with fear; it was the excitement of power prickling her like pin-points.

The car was on a boulevard caught in a current of cabs and chauffeur-driven limousines hired or bought and maintained by men for women. Within them were girls and women, sought by men, courted and indulged by men. Ellen had glimpses of faces.

She saw not a competent feminine face; with head and hands, these girls did and could do nothing. They neither needed nor cared to do anything with head—the inside of it—or with hands—the skill of them; but for them spun this stream of cars, for them had been built this city!

"You dance," said Lew. "Of course you dance with your lovely little feet."

"I dance," Ellen replied.

Seated beside him at a little table, near the edge of a dance-floor, Ellen quivered in her black chiffon and looked about uneasily at the other couples. It was a dine-and-dance club, so called, but only an admission and cover charge regulated the membership.

"You've never been in a place like this before," observed Lew, with satisfaction.

"Never," admitted Ellen; and he ordered dinner, extravagantly.

"Chicago has a few early evening clubs," said Lew patronizingly. "New York has the night clubs. New York is the place. I'm moving there, you know."

"I didn't," said Ellen, turning her cocktail glass.

"Yes. No reason in the world I should stay at Stanley because my father stuck to the prairie and we manufacture there. Manufacturing is nothing any more; a foreman can see to that. My office must be in a city."

"Why not Chicago?" asked Ellen.

"Why play a second?" replied Lew. "New York is the first city in the world. My office will be on Fifth Avenue; I'll run everything from there." He touched his glass to hers: "To New York!" he suggested and she sipped the cocktail.

"To New York!" she said.

"Ever seen the first city?" he asked her.

"Never."

"You will," he promised her. "You dance," pronounced Lew, his arms about her, "like a dream." He grasped more closely her soft, flexible body.

She made persistent resistance; to dance with Lew required that she duel subtly against him. Then he tired of it.

"Let's go somewhere else," he proposed.

"I must go home," said Ellen positively.

He laughed and bade her: "Get your coat."

In the dressing-room, her sensation of power which had sustained her early in the evening utterly forsook Ellen. She wanted nothing so much as escape and to work hereafter, never upon her womanliness, but with her hands and head. She wanted nothing, nothing in common with these girls about her, rerouging and rearraying themselves to proceed "somewhere else" tonight with their men. But she had to go out to Lew Alban.

He was awaiting her by the entrance where he eyed the girls bound elsewhere, eagerly and gigglingly, with their escorts. Lew had obtained much from Ellen Powell. Her dread of him, her resistance to him, her excitement with him had supplied him with a pleasurable stimulus which he never could have received from those eager girls. The look of her gray eyes questioning him, the feel of her slight, supple body and her little persistent repulses of him kept him stirred; but he had proceeded with her as far as he could tonight.

"No hurry," he had written her, after he had made his definite start with her. It would not be short and sudden, the obtaining of this girl. Indeed, he did not want her easily obtained. At any time he could pick up a girl to accompany him, eagerly and gigglingly, elsewhere.

Accordingly, when Ellen rejoined him with a steadfast request to him to take her home, he surprised her by soon complying. On the way he kissed her; but he took her home.

When she was applied again to the office tasks of her head and hands, Lew sauntered in with no apparent memory of the previous evening; and she tried to betray none. To Mr. Rountree and Jay he volunteered his intention in regard to New York, much as he had imparted it to her last night.

"So I'll be located East," he concluded coolly, shaking hands.

He left no doubt, as he parted from Mr. Rountree and Jay, that he felt no regrets over the distance he was to put between them. He shook hands also with Ellen; but his fingers admonished hers very differently.

"Have you ever seen New York?" he asked her, ignoring last night.

"Never," she repeated her reply.

"That's an answer you can change."

Jay said to Ellen, when they were left alone: "I wish I could see my brother-in-law liking Lew; or Lew, him. But I've had them together; they look upon each other like a pot of poison."

Ellen remained silent, though inwardly she seethed with her secret.

"Speaking of Mr. Armiston," she said, as though he had reminded her of the matter, "I might like it with him in New York. A little later," she qualified hastily.

A stirring yacht race during a storm on the Lakes—an idyl of unspoken love between Ellen and Jay—danger for Ellen with Lew in New York—all Next Month

"I had really lost all interest in living"



MRS. ARTHUR E. SUMMERVILLE *of Los Angeles, and her daughter Evelyn on the beach at Santa Monica, California.*

"THREE MONTHS AGO I was utterly depressed and miserable. I really didn't care what happened to me. For years a sufferer from chronic constipation, I finally began to feel nauseated most of the time. I was getting worse and worse. I couldn't sleep; could scarcely eat. Medicines?—I took all kinds of them—but still could find no relief.

"One day my mother came over to see me and my little girl. She told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and the good it was doing others. To please her I got a dozen cakes—thinking, however, that a little cake like that never could help me.

"I began by taking it in a glass of hot water morning, noon and at bedtime. In less than six weeks I was feeling much better. My elimination was much more regular and I was again enjoying my food.

"Now three months have passed and I feel fine. My constipation has disappeared and I really look like a new person."

MRS. A. E. SUMMERVILLE, Los Angeles, Calif.

THIS is the way yeast works—gently but surely overcoming constipation and its attendant ills. Almost before you know it you really feel like a new person.

Mysterious?—not at all. Yeast is simply a corrective food. Each cake consists of millions of living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. Unlike drugs, which merely stimulate the body into temporary, abnormal activity, yeast keeps the whole system *clean*—and *active*. It purifies the digestive and intestinal tract, checking the absorption of dangerous poisons by the blood. It gradually strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles.

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All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-54, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, *noted American painter.*

"I AM PROMPTED to write you this letter of appreciation for the benefit which I have received from using your fresh Yeast. In painting portraits all day long a great expenditure of vitality is required. I find the use of your Yeast is a great benefit in restoring my energy, and in keeping me fresh for the work, and a-plenty left over for enjoyment of The Social Life."

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, New York City



One person in every third American family keeps well this new easy way—

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



"I FEARED I was going to lose my job, as my ill health was preventing me from performing my duties. Two years' use of drugs of various kinds had made it a necessity for me to take medicines continually in order to whip my digestive organs into action. Then, my face became covered with pimples . . . Just when I was most discouraged a friend induced me to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I have become a new man. I've not only regained my health and strength but my face is clear and free from all blemishes."

CHARLES J. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.



Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern dentist. So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.

Keep Film Off Your Teeth

Thus the price of teeth like pearls, is regular film removal in this way

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

TEETH and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing has been advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

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For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Marrying Money

(*Continued from page 101*)

know, who has made a regular little lap-dog of him. Wait a minute—hear the rest of it. They're sailing for Europe this week. Poor old Guy is going on one boat, with the nurse, while Mrs. Guy is going on another."

"What are you driving at, anyway?" Richard had asked, puzzled.

"Oh, Mrs. Guy hates to be bothered with the baby and nurse when she's traveling so she turns the job over to Guy," his informant had grinned. "Believe me, those guys that marry money certainly earn it."

The episode had stayed in his mind, bulwarking his philosophy about price tags. And it was all very much in his mind as, with Audrey's parting words still ringing cruelly in his ears, he strode up Fifth Avenue this April morning.

The most consuming hunger a man can know might tear at him, but his mind, keen to begin with and whetted by his training to dispassionate, impersonal consideration of fact, assured him that he had done no more than he must. He had made some progress with the law else he would not have been offered this New York connection. But his career still lay ahead of him. At fifty, if he had achieved his ambitions, he might count on thirty or forty thousand a year—possibly even fifty. That was as much as he felt he could expect.

The millions that would come to Audrey some day would be golden reefs that would exact humiliating compromise or spell utter shipwreck.

"The thing for you to do is to throw yourself into your work and think of her as little as possible," he assured himself.

But life takes queer twists sometimes. At ten o'clock that morning he found himself summoned to his chief's office.

"Samuel Frost," said the latter, "tossed us a bit of legal business a while back. I handled it myself. He has something more on his mind. This time I'm turning it over to you. I've made arrangements for him to see you at three this afternoon. The rest is up to you."

This represented what Richard had worked toward. Yet he hesitated a second. Samuel Frost was Audrey's father. Supposing——

"I'll do my best," he promised at that point, realizing that his chief was eying him.

Nor did second thought cause him to regret that. Audrey was too self-assured, too definitely and determinedly on her own to mention him or what had happened between them to her parents. And besides, from what she had said about her mother, he suspected that her contacts with her home were not particularly frequent.

That was true. Audrey's rule was to dine at home once a week, but there were frequent lapses in its observance. This was the day she was due to dine there, but she couldn't stick it.

"Oh darn, darn, *darn!*" she murmured. "Haven't you any pride?"

At times, during the days that followed, it seemed to her that she didn't have. But of course it was strong in her. It was that which assured her, vehemently, that she would again turn her back on Richard even if he crawled at her feet.

May brought Jane back to New York again.

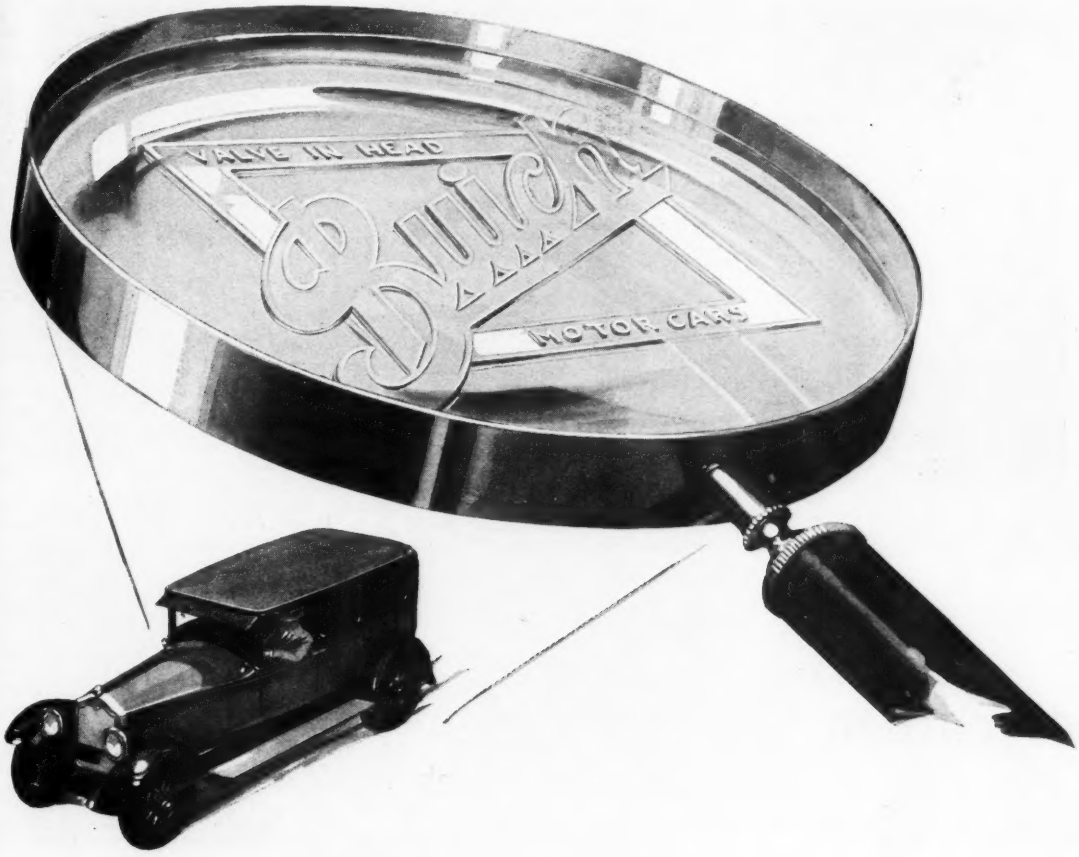
"Chicago seems to have agreed with you," commented Audrey, after they had kissed. And added, startled: "What on earth are you blushing so for?"

"I—I might as well tell you, I suppose," began Jane, "that——"

"You needn't," Audrey assured her. And added, "*Et tu, Brute!*"

"He doesn't mind my working a bit," Jane rushed on. "But his business is in Chicago. I told him about our contract, of course, but—but that was an awfully silly contract, don't you think?"

"Perfectly preposterous," agreed Audrey, who felt that way about everything these days.



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Progress matters greatly to Buick. So, a constant search for information, a diligent analysis of motor car design goes on, day and night.

A great fleet of Buick cars is dedicated to this purpose. Many of these test cars actually drive 900 miles and more within 24 hours—a month's mileage for the average owner.

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Cosmo 7-27

"Oh, Audrey!" gushed Jane, patently relieved. "I'm *so* happy. I——"

"I'll get the details later, Darling," Audrey broke in. "I'm due to take luncheon with Dad today and I must run."

This was pure pretext. She simply didn't feel up to hearing Jane rave just now, somehow. But once outside, she suddenly decided to take a taxi to her father's office and see if by any chance he was free to take luncheon with her. Today she wanted sympathy.

He was proud of Audrey—proud of her refusal to accept money from him, save as a loan, proud of her determination to go to Europe student steerage to save expense. She was, after all, very much his daughter; they had many traits in common.

Richard himself had marked this resemblance on that April afternoon when he had had his first contact with Audrey's father. A big man, Samuel Frost, physically as well as financially. Yet Audrey was definitely a smaller, feminine edition of him: the swift, instantly appraising glance of her eyes, her charming definiteness, her air of decision, were traits derived from him.

The moment he had entered Samuel Frost's office Richard had felt that he would get a great deal of this new client's confidence—or none at all. He got a great deal, as it happened. He was fortunate—much more than he himself ever realized—in being one of those young men who have the gift of securing the interest and confidence of much older men.

Richard's chief had been frankly pleased with his report of that first conference. Richard himself would have been pardonably exultant if—well, if Audrey had just been an impecunious young decorator on her own that he might have carried his news to and dined with to celebrate.

It had significance, he knew; might be accepted as a definite step toward what had been his goal, a junior partnership.

As it was, he had dined in solitary state. And by the time dinner was over it had seemed to him that life was rather a futile performance.

Yet in work now lay his sole hope of anodyne. And so:

"Fine!" Samuel Frost had applauded, with real enthusiasm, when he made his first report.

After that Richard had seen Audrey's father frequently. His appointments with him were usually sandwiched in between this or that and very often he was kept waiting. But so were many others. Even Audrey had discovered she must wait as philosophically as possible when informed that her father was busy. As she was told he was this May noon.

"But he will be free in just a moment," her father's secretary assured her. "He has a luncheon engagement at one."

"Oh, darn!" wailed Audrey. "I'd hoped——"

The sentence was left in mid-air and the secretary saw her widened eyes go past him. He turned and saw her father, one hand on Richard's shoulder, standing in the just opened door of his office.

"I'm mighty glad that point came up now instead of later," he was saying. "I—oh, hello, Audrey."

Audrey did not speak. Nor did Richard. They simply stood and stared.

"Why—do you young people know each other?" Samuel Frost asked, puzzled.

The question served to break the spell on Audrey, at least. "I think," she replied, clearly and very coldly, "that we have—met before. Mr. Tarrant, isn't it?"

Richard no more than inclined his head. He could not command his voice. He moved away but without conscious volition.

He walked the streets without direction to no destination. The wild impulse that had rioted within him at the unexpected glimpse of Audrey had been checked by her words, but it had left him torn and shaken. It was almost four when he reached his desk. On it he found a message for him taken during his absence. "Mr. Frost's secretary telephoned," this read, "to ask you to prepare a written report covering the point discussed today."

This he read through twice. To him it carried a secondary significance. Audrey had said nothing that could complicate his relations with her family.

The report was finished and put into the mail before he left the office that night. The following afternoon Samuel Frost's secretary got him on the phone.

"Mr. Frost would like to have you spend the week-end with him if you can arrange it," the latter informed him. "A club car is attached to the regular one-thirty train, leaving Friday afternoon. He hopes you can make the trip down with him."

Richard hesitated. Supposing Audrey——

"Are you there?" asked the secretary.

"I'll be glad to," Richard accepted quickly. Even if Audrey were there, he bitterly assured himself, she would probably ignore him utterly.

Luncheon was already being served in the club car when, on Friday, Richard boarded it and surrendered his bag to a beaming porter. Frost promptly introduced him to the others and a place was found for him and sandwiches set before him.

A smartly groomed limousine met them at their destination. Richard and his host were so carried on to where, after entering lodge-guarded gates, Richard caught his first glimpse of the house that would be Audrey's some day.

A pleasant vista, yet it chilled him. Reproducing an English house of presumably the Georgian period, its cost unquestionably ran into hundreds of thousands. As the car came to a stop a footman seized his bag and took him to the room that was to be his over the week-end. A valet awaited him there and Richard, self-conscious in spite of himself at these ministrations, turned to the window. This gave him a glimpse of the grounds, spaciously and charmingly arranged, with a swimming-pool in the middle distance. Around the pool cars were grouped and in it some of the younger set disported themselves effervescently.

"Would you care to take a dip, Sir?" suggested the valet, noting his interest.

So, presently, he approached the pool, with an assumption of more ease than he felt.

A girl glanced up at him. She had just removed her bathing cap and as she shook her brightly haloed head his heart stood still.

But it wasn't Audrey, only a fleeting suggestion of her.

"Seen a ghost?" she gibed, with absolute self-possession.

Richard warmed to her at once. A smile—almost a lost habit with him—relieved the grimness that the last month had etched around his mouth. "Out of my past," he replied, at a hazard.

"I am often taken for Audrey," she commented coolly. "Is she coming down for the week-end?"

Richard devoutly hoped not. He merely answered, however, that he did not know. As he spoke her eyes candidly appraised him.

"You're new here," she remarked. "Sit down and tell me who you are and where you come from. If you're very nice I may carry you off to a dinner dance at the club tonight."

He seated himself beside her, letting his feet hang into the pool too. "My name," he said, "is Richard Tarrant—which means nothing to you. There's no reason why it should——"

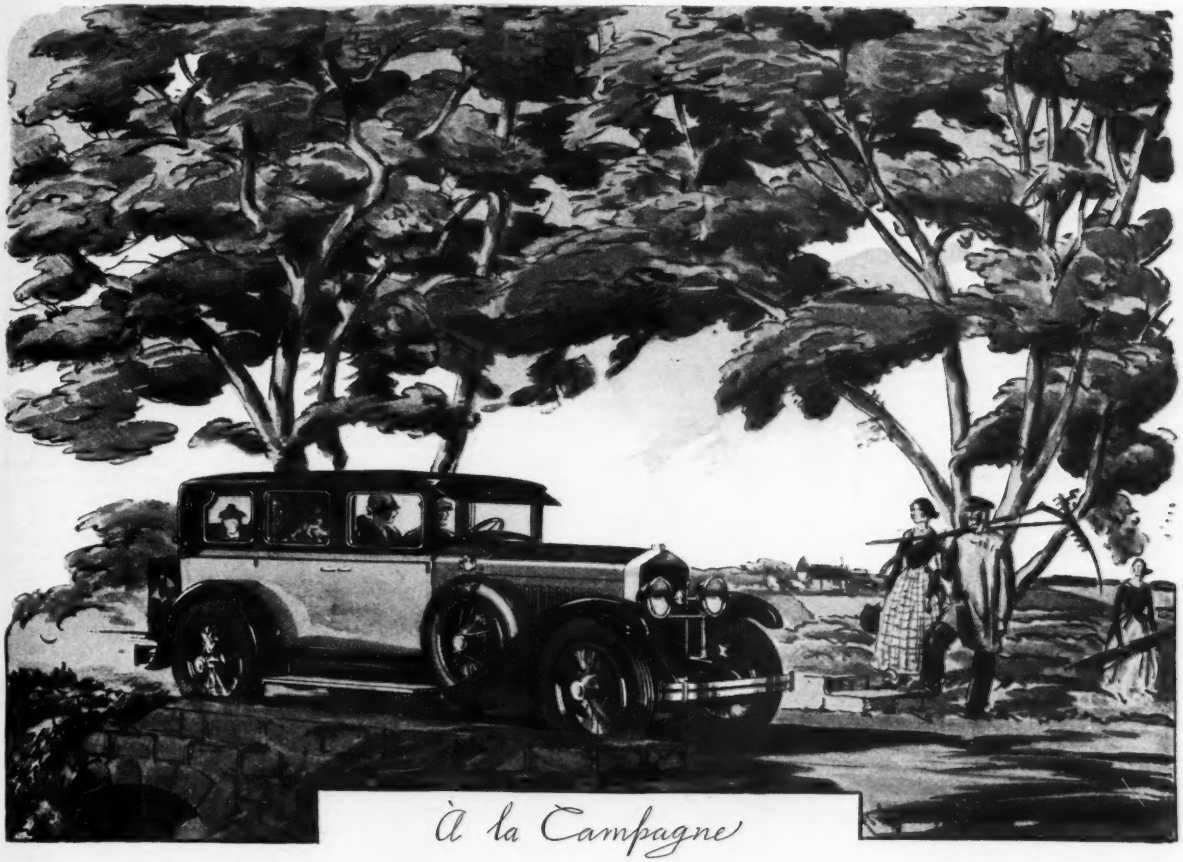
"Modest man!" she mocked, with a provocative twist of her lips. "Mine is Sally DeWitt and I hope it may mean something to you yet. Although"—she held her left hand so that he might see the gleaming solitaire on its third finger—"I warn you that it will probably prove a hopeless passion. I'm spoken for."

"I feared as much. But why, with one masculine scalp securely possessed——"

"Oh, scalps are like hats—a girl can never have too many of them! Are you staying with the Frosts?"

"Over the week-end—a mere transient——"

"Rome was not built in a day—but a lot can be achieved in a week-end," she cut in. "I'll break the news to Mrs. Sam that I'm



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kidnaping you. It's not considered good form to have anything to do with your host or hostess nowadays."

The surprising thing, as he discovered, was that this was apparently true. They dove and swam together and when they parted he had no idea she really intended to carry out her program. But dressed and presented to Audrey's mother—who would have been charming, he felt, were she not so grimly dedicated to precisely the ambition Audrey had outlined—he found himself informed that Sally DeWitt had confided her intention and had it approved.

"You dance very nicely," Sally told him, later that evening. "You can go sailing with me tomorrow morning. I'll pick you up at ten."

"My scalp feels much honored," he protested, "but——"

"If you are under the impression that Sam Frost craves your companionship tomorrow, you're quite wrong," she informed him. "He and my dad make two of a particularly virulent foursome every Saturday. You won't see much of *him* tomorrow, my dear."

Nor did he. Save at breakfast when he was asked if he could amuse himself for the day.

But ten o'clock failed to produce Sally. Richard was not surprised.

The morning—May at its best—wooed him out of doors. He walked around the estate. The land—acres of it—represented a fabulous investment. To that had been added the house, lavish landscaping and gardens, service buildings and garages. Yet even the interest on the initial cost, he realized, must be small compared to the staggering amounts required for its upkeep.

The most casual computation of that was enough to prove to him that he had been wise. He was making a bare ten thousand a year; here even fifty—the extreme of his expectations—would be nothing.

Enough to prove yet again that he had been wise—but not enough to still the acutest hunger he had ever fought to discipline.

At noon luncheon was served to him in a spacious dining-room where he had only the inscrutable-faced butler for companionship. The afternoon dragged interminably. The arrival of his host toward five was like a clean wind sweeping away a swamp fog.

"I'm sorry you were deserted this way," apologized Frost. "I just saw Sally at the country club and she informed me that I'd probably find you cursing her. She said to tell you she had a perfectly good excuse."

"Was the excuse with her?"

"He was," smiled Frost. And added abruptly, "Let's go into the library—there's a matter I want to talk over with you."

The library was a notable room. That much Richard gathered at first glance. He never gave it a second. For:

"Audrey is coming down on the six-ten," announced her father. "I left my runabout outside on the chance you'd like to run over to meet her."

"A-Audrey!" stuttered Richard. "You—you mean she's coming here?"

"She occasionally does. As"—dryly—"a great favor."

Richard was still too taken by surprise to speak. He was visioning Audrey as he had seen her last, scorning him as she answered her father's question. And her father was visioning her too. As he had seen her a few seconds after that encounter with Richard. Entering his office, she had stood, for a second, with her mouth working piteously. The next second she had been in his arms, sobbing against his shoulder. Audrey! Who scorned tears, who had seldom cried even as a child . . .

"Don't ever mention his name to me!" she had commanded passionately, when he tried to question her. "I—I hate him." Then, determinedly drying her eyes, she had added briefly, "Forget it."

But he had not been able to. And now: "Is there any reason why you'd prefer not to meet Audrey?" he asked bluntly.

Richard hesitated. Then, as bluntly, he told Samuel Frost that he was in love with his daughter but couldn't marry her. His idea was to get this over with and escape before Audrey appeared. But his inquisitor was not so easily satisfied. Before Richard finished he had heard something about price tags and a great deal about Guy Bushnell.

When this had all been brought out, the older man delayed comment while he produced pipe and pouch.

"At its best," he began slowly, picking his words, "marriage means compromise. A fifty-fifty compromise is the ideal—that is what your friend tried for. But of course what results is more often sixty-forty—or even seventy-thirty. Of course I too have seen a great many cases where money gives the woman the whip hand. Audrey has scorned mine of late, but she might use it just the same some day to achieve her ends."

He paused. But Richard, dry-lipped, had nothing to offer. He felt as Samson must have when he pulled the temple pillars down.

"And you are quite right about price tags," Audrey's father went on. "For Audrey you would have had to pay a high price. It would require what I call a million-dollar courage. The courage to face what people say, the courage to tackle an extremely difficult problem and to make a beginning without being sure just where you'd end up." He hesitated almost imperceptibly before adding, "The funny thing, though, is that from what I've seen of you I would have said you had it."

Richard flushed. "Courage!" he protested bitterly. "If it were only that——"

"*Only* that! Why, my dear chap, the longer I live the surer I am that courage is pretty much the whole story. You can't name an outstanding figure in history that didn't have it. It is the basis of all success. It even outranks genuine ability. The men who tell you, bitterly, of the other men who have made outstanding successes with less ability than they themselves possess are often quite right. They have the brains and the ability but they lack courage. The courage to strike out for themselves, take the chance of a bad fall. They——"

He stopped, startled by something in Richard's eyes as they met his.

"What time did you say Audrey got in?" Richard demanded.

"Six-ten. But"—hastily—"just a minute. I haven't been speaking either for or primarily about Audrey. She told me, very definitely, she never wanted to see you again——"

And that was precisely what Audrey herself tried to make clear to Richard as soon as she recovered from the sheer surprise of seeing him. He arrived at the station—leaving her father addressing the thin air—just as she swung a silk-sheathed extremity toward the platform.

"Let go!" she commanded indignantly as he reached for her suitcase.

But he didn't. Instead, he possessed himself of it and, with his fingers tucked under her arm, of herself as well. And before she quite knew what he was about he had her seated beside him in the roadster and had shifted into first gear ahead.

Then his eyes sought hers. They were so hungry, adoring and imploring that for a moment she almost relented. But instead:

"You might continue on into high," she suggested coolly. "This looks to me like father's pet roadster and——"

Richard obeyed, but automatically. "Aren't you ever going to forgive me?" he besought.

"For what?" she asked, as if puzzled. And added hastily, "Gracious—hadn't you better let me drive?"

Richard ignored that. "I'm going to marry you," he announced, definitely if defiantly, "if it's the last thing I do."

Audrey felt her fingers—and even her toes—tingle. But she was still just as definitely determined *not* to marry *him!* Never!

"Really?" she mocked. "I don't want to be a wet blanket, but may I suggest that if *you* have changed your mind about marriage, so have I?"

To Richard it abruptly seemed not only possible she had, but miraculous if she hadn't. He was overwhelmed, crushed to earth. She should have been satisfied. But:

"I don't see what changed your mind," she added, being feminine.

Richard's eyes no longer searched for hers. "Something your father said about courage," he replied drearily. "The way he put it stung me and——"

"I see," contributed Audrey helpfully. "He made you so mad that you were willing to do anything to prove him wrong. I suppose men are that way. Rather than forfeit his good opinion you'd—you'd even marry me——"

There she stopped. Not because traitorous tears were brimming her eyes but because even the most competent driver should at all times keep at least one eye on the road.

"Oh!" gasped Audrey as the car decided to leave the road and explore pastures new.

Of course Long Island, in that section, is not devoted to pastures. Land there, being worth very nearly its weight in gold, is used for other purposes and that these may be protected, enclosed usually by fences of iron or walls of stone. And, occasionally, a tall box hedge.

Fortunately it was a box hedge, instead of more solid materials, that the car stuck its nose through. And its occupants were merely shaken when Richard jammed on the brakes.

"Are you hurt?" he besought, turning to Audrey.

"No," she answered, straightening her hat—an adorable gesture somehow. "But that hedge *is!* And it was imported from England and is the particular pride of——"

She paused and caught her breath. His eyes had found hers again.

"If you think," he assured her violently, "that wanting to prove your father wrong had anything to do with it, you're way off. It's just that he made me realize that you can think too much about price tags and never have the courage to take a chance. It's"—he choked a little but rushed on—"it's just that I want you so darn bad that I don't care what happens. I'll pay the price. I know just how hard it will be for me to keep on with my work, to keep you and your money from completely wrecking me. But——"

"I wouldn't!" she broke in, as violently. "You—you have no right to say such things. Do you think if I'd been crazy about money or society I'd have gone to work for myself? I was simply sick of it and all the silly things it stands for. I didn't want anything but——"

She set her teeth into her quivering lip just in time to avoid self-betrayal. Or so she thought. But her eyes, meeting his now, discovered her mistake. "I mean," she lied desperately, "that I did then——"

But the damage had been done. And it was well that the car had left the road when it did.

For the moment, there was no room in Richard's eyes for anything more than his two arms held. The exquisite, surrendered pliancy of Audrey's slim shoulders, the fragrance of her hair against his cheek.

Her hat had slipped off entirely, lay somewhere down around their feet. A new hat—but she didn't care.

"To think," murmured Richard presently—and huskily—as he lifted his lips a fraction of an inch from hers, "how close I came to losing you!"

Audrey's lashes brushed his cheek, thrillingly, as she lifted them to glance up at him. She looked—and felt—steeped in content. Yet: "Fat chance!" she commented. "Between a match-making father and—and me——"

"You!" he scoffed. "If this blessed car hadn't left the road when it did——"

Something in her eyes gave him pause. Then, swiftly, her lashes dropped over them and she snuggled her cheek again.

"I—I want to be fifty-fifty always," she whispered. "And so I'll—admit I always intended to get you *somehow* anyway. Because if I didn't I'd—just have died."

To which his reply was impetuous but quite inaudible. Suffice it to say it did *not* land behind her ear.



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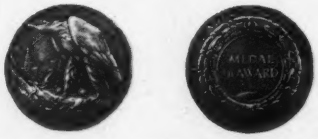
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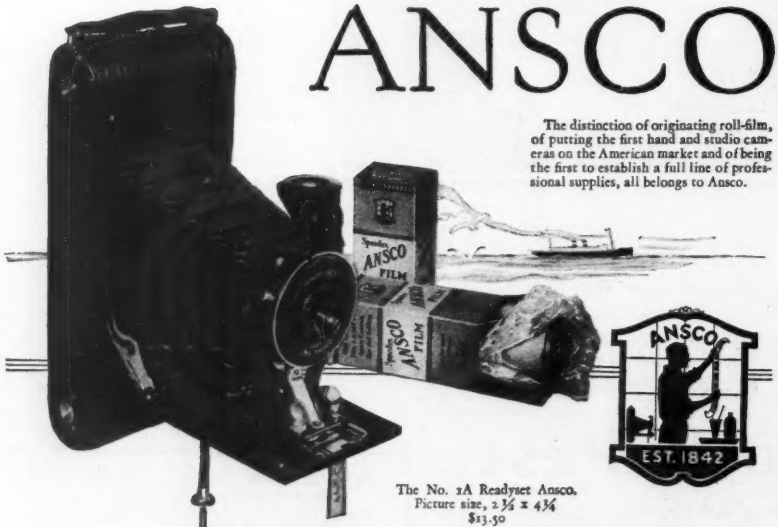
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Little Sweetheart

(*Continued from page 97*)

deadly stillness a quite new, strange sound. It was as though a boy was running along a path and drawing, as he ran, a stick across a paling of iron rails. It was the first time I had ever heard a machine gun.

"The next morning, immediately after breakfast, I ran down to the village. The whole of the village council was assembled in the Mayor's office, and the rest of the inhabitants were standing silent and crowded together outside watching through the windows the progress of the debate. A rumor had spread that we were surrounded by Uhlans. Everybody believed it. Uhlans! There were peasants who remembered 1870. The mere name carried with it panic and despair. So overwhelming was the dread that when a party of four men in uniform came out from a little wood at the end of the village, the women and even some of the men began to scream 'The Uhlans! The Uhlans!'

"The village council broke up in a hurry and rushed into the street. The old schoolmaster was the first to recall everybody to reason.

" 'Those are French uniforms,' he cried. 'They are Zouaves'; and we all began to pelt along the streets towards them, cheering at the tops of our voices in our relief. But the cheers dropped as we got nearer. For we saw that three of the Zouaves were supporting and almost carrying the fourth. He was a young lieutenant, almost a boy, and very handsome. He was as white as a sheet of paper, and there was a dreadful look of pain in his eyes, though his lips smiled at us. He seemed to me a young wounded god.

"I forced my way through the crowd and said: 'He must be taken to the château. There we will look after him.'

"But one of the soldiers shook his head, and smiled gratefully.

" 'No, Miss. We must leave him here at the first house. If the bleeding is stopped and he can lie quiet, he may recover. Many do. Besides, we have to find our own company.'

"The first house in the village was a small general store and sweet-shop kept by a Mademoiselle Cromecq, a withered old spinster and a sister of the Mayor.

" 'But he will spoil my furniture!' she cried, standing in her shop door and barring the way.

"A storm of protests rose from the throats of all the other villagers who didn't have to have their furniture spoilt. On all sides I heard:

" 'Did you ever hear anything like it?'

" 'There's a Frenchwoman for you!'

" 'A dirty vixen!'

"Fists were shaken, mouths spat. The only good-humored people were the soldiers.

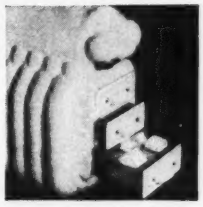
" 'Come, Mother,' said the one who had smiled at me. 'Imagine for a moment that this fine lad's your son.'

"They pushed her good-humoredly out of the way and carried the boy into a room at the side of the shop and laid him very gently on a couch. Then the leader of them—he wore a sergeant's stripes—came out again and walking straight up to me, saluted.

" 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'at your château you have bandages, and someone who can nurse. He is a good boy, our young officer. I leave him to you. For us, we have been separated from our battalion—a glass of wine in a hurry—what?—and we go back.'

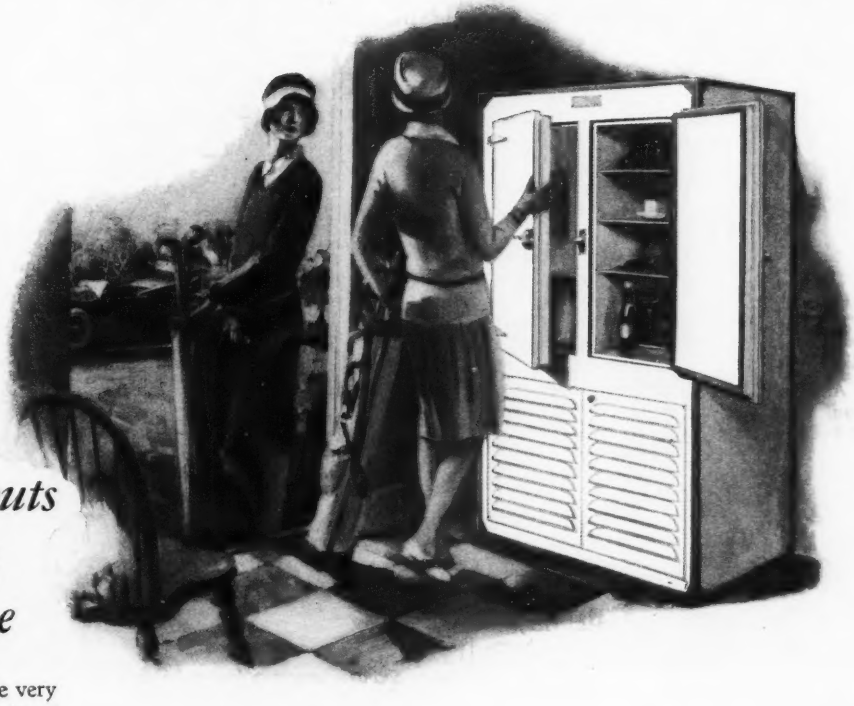
"Somehow in the presence of this cheerful—what shall I say?—adequate soldier who knew exactly what he wanted, we all felt emboldened. Polydore ran to his *estaminet* halfway down the small village street for a jug of wine and some glasses. Meanwhile I—you must remember that I was a child of nine—I ran home as fast as my legs would carry me, my heart swelling with pride. The smiling soldier had singled me out, had confided the young wounded god to my care.

"Fast as I ran, however, I had not reached



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the house before I heard a great sound of cheering, and looking down from the slope leading up to the château, I saw the three remaining soldiers waving their *kepis* as they hurried back into the wood. I burst into the house with my story, and in a minute my governess, with Honorine, one of the servants, and myself at her heels, all of us laden with lint and cotton-wool and bottles of disinfectant and a suit of pajamas, were racing back.

"The inhabitants were still massed outside the shop, still on fire with loyalty. We were welcomed with a torrent of cheers.

"My governess would not allow me to follow them into the house. So I remained outside hopping from one foot to the other in my anxiety, wondering what they were doing to my young wounded god, and praying with all my heart that they would not hurt him. Meanwhile the villagers drifted away. Not a sound came through the open window. I felt a dreadful fear lest he should have died.

"I remember shutting my eyes and clenching my fists in a refusal to believe it, when I heard Polydore Cromecq grumbling behind me.

" 'It is true, you know. The old one will have her furniture spoilt. All that blood! And who will pay for it?'

"It was the grocer who replied, a little ferrety man, 'Yes, they should have taken him to the château. What does it matter to the rich ones at the château if some of their fine sheets are ruined? They can afford it. He will die? But this is war and he is a soldier.'

" 'It is worse than war,' cried Polydore Cromecq with an oath. 'This is 1870 over again.'

"Suddenly they became silent and I had a conviction that one of them was nudging the other in the ribs and pointing towards me.

"The silence was broken by a newcomer to that group—my old friend, the schoolmaster.

" 'Monsieur le Maire,' he said, addressing Polydore Cromecq in the formal tones which he kept for authority, 'I think that if a wounded officer is brought into this village, the enemy must be very near. We hear no good accounts of them from the refugees. I put it to you that the women should be ordered to leave.'

"The old schoolmaster was the only man in the village with a cool head upon his shoulders. Polydore Cromecq and the little grocer Gavroche had been occupied by their own tiny grievances and meannesses. Even the Uhlans had been forgotten during the last hour.

"Polydore ran off to make out an order for the evacuation of the village, and at the same time my governess called to me from the window of the cottage:

" 'He wants to thank you.'

"I went into the room on tiptoe. The young Zouave was lying in a bed made up on a great couch. His wound had been stanched, he had been washed and dressed in the pajamas we had brought from the château.

" 'You must not speak, Monsieur Henri,' said my governess. He was already 'Monsieur Henri' to them—in his full title the Lieutenant Henri Flavelle of the Sixth Regiment of Zouaves. 'He has been shot through the lung but the wound is clean, and if he is sensible, he will get well.'

"The Zouave smiled at me. He was easier now. The look of pain had gone from his eyes. He beckoned me with a little movement of his fingers and I sat down—oh, so gently!—on the side of his bed so as not to shake him.

" 'You wanted to take me into your château,' he whispered. 'I thank you, little friend. No, you mustn't cry. You heard what Mademoiselle said. I am going to get well.' Then he laughed a little, in spite of a warning shake of the fingers from my governess. 'When I am well, and you are grown up, will you marry me, little friend?'

"I clasped my hands together with a gasp. Oh, wouldn't I just!

" 'Good! Then that's settled,' he said, his eyes twinkling with fun, and then he became serious. 'Now listen, all of you! You must leave this village tonight. You have bicycles? Good! Take what money you have and leave secretly after dark. Countries at war are not very safe for young women with no men to protect them. Travel by the byroads as fast as you can and not towards Paris. Go south.'

" 'But we can't leave you here like this!' I cried, and he shook his head reproachfully.

" 'What sort of dog's life shall we lead when we are married if you refuse my first prayer? Promise!'

"Before I could promise, a boy covered with dust and panting for breath burst into the room. 'I was sent here from the château. It is Mees Lovetear.'

"We were all accustomed to hearing Miss Lowther addressed in that way. My governess held out her hand, and the boy put his hand into his blouse and drew forth a letter. It was from Mummy.

" 'I have got to Barbizon, but cannot get nearer. Come at once on your bicycles. The boy will show you the way.'

" 'You see,' said the Zouave. 'Tonight you will go?'

"We promised. The boy had come on a bicycle from Barbizon and had been two days upon the journey. We sent him off to the château to get some food. My governess put a jug of water by the Zouave's bed, gave him some opium tablets, and paid some money to Mademoiselle Cromecq for his nourishment. Then we left him.

"It was a day of events. Opposite the little *mairie* I saw our old bearded forest guardian talking to Polydore Cromecq and Gavroche, and the tears were rolling down his face. He was blubbering like a child as he talked. It was horrible to see—and it frightened me. But the moment we got near, Polydore cried 'Chut! Chut!' in a savage undertone, and the old forester stopped at once. That frightened me still more. I had a feeling that something horrible was growing and growing in the village, some idea which was—monstrous. While we ate a meal and waited for darkness my uneasiness grew until I burst out sobbing as if my heart would break. My governess put my outburst down to terror at our position, to fear for myself. But I wasn't afraid for myself. I hadn't realized that we were in any danger.

" 'It's getting dark already, Cynthia,' she said to comfort me. 'We'll be off in a few minutes'; and she went up-stairs.

"I was left alone in the great dining-room. The shadows were deepening in every corner every second. I ran into the kitchen. All the servants had gone already. Only the boy who was to guide us was there finishing his meal.

" 'Antoine,' I asked, 'which way do we go?'

" 'Over the little bridge at the back of the village across the Marne, then by the cart-track through Jouy-le-Châtel, Mademoiselle.'

" 'Good! You must take my bicycle with you, Antoine. I will meet you and Mademoiselle at the gate where the cart-track begins. Tell Mademoiselle, and wait for me there.'

"I gave him no time to answer me. I left him gaping at me with his mouth open. I was terrified lest my governess should come down while I was still in the house. I ran out by the kitchen and down the avenue of trees. In the village there was only one light burning and that came through the open door of Cromecq's *estaminet*, and lay like a great blade across the street. I crept to the edge of it and then raced across. But no one had seen me.

"I ran on to the cottage at the end of the village. That was in darkness too. I stopped under the window where the Zouave lay and listened. I couldn't even hear him breathing. I raised my hand to tap upon the window-pane. But the window was open. I stood upon tiptoe with my fingers on the sill and could just look in. It was all black.

" 'Henri,' I whispered. 'Monsieur Henri!' But not even a sigh answered me.

"I felt sure that he was dead. I heard myself sobbing. But I had to make sure. I tried the door. It was locked. I knocked upon it gently at first, then in a fury. There wasn't a sound. The house was empty—empty of all perhaps but the young Zouave. I found a pail, by chance. I turned it upside down and standing

"You've ruined the evening"



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LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

on it climbed into the room through the open window. 'Monsieur Henri,' I whispered.

"There was no one on the couch at all. The very sheets had been taken. I was seized with panic as I stood in that dark room. I ran to the window and tumbled out of it—somehow. As I reached the ground I upset the pail. The clatter of it sounded to me like a peal of thunder. I turned to run, and someone grasped and held my arm. I gave a gasp and should have fainted, but a rough, friendly voice spoke to me, the voice of our old forester.

" 'You, Mademoiselle! What are you doing here? You should have gone with the rest. All the women have gone. There is an order. Don't you know that?' and he shook my arm chidingly. 'My word, you frightened me!'

" 'We are going tonight, Papa François,' I answered. 'We are going to Barbizon. But I wanted to say good-by to the Zouave and make sure that he was comfortable. And he has gone, Papa François.'

" 'But of course he has gone. Don't you know? Haven't you heard? They will occupy the village tomorrow morning.' I did not have to ask whom he meant by 'they.' 'They caught me in the forest and sent me back with a message for the Mayor. If a French soldier, a French weapon, even a French uniform is found in Neuilly-sur-Marne, they will burn every house to the ground. We could not leave an officer at the very first house they will come to, the house of Mademoiselle Cromecq too. You see that, little Miss?' Poor Papa François was torn between terror for his village and pity for the young officer. Remorsefully he pleaded his necessity. 'The house of the sister of the Mayor. No! Then, for sure, everything would be destroyed. So we moved him—but very tenderly. There is a stretcher, you know. We did not hurt him—oh, no.'

" 'And where is he now, Papa François?'

"The old man hesitated and blundered. Oh—it took ages to get the truth out of him, as he grumbled and quavered and whispered.

" 'It is the only place . . . He is safer there—the village too. And after all it is not so bad. Bah! He is a soldier. He has slept in many worse places this last month . . .'

" 'Where? Where?' I insisted.

" 'It is in the fire-shed. But it is only for an hour or two. Tonight Monsieur le Maire and Gavroche will carry him across the Marne and hide him safely in a farm——'

"But I did not wait to hear any more excuses. I tore my arm free from Papa François and darted across the street. Yes, we had a fire-shed at the back of the *estaminet*, on the river bank—a miserable little hut, filled up with our little hand-drawn fire-engine, and with a mud floor. Oh, I was not afraid any longer. I was mad with passion, the passion of a little girl nine years old for a young god, in a uniform too, dropped out of the clouds, wounded—a young god who had asked her to marry him. And they treated him like that!

"Skimming along in the darkness, with my heart all upside down, I nearly ran headlong into the vine-covered trellis-work which stretched out into the road on each side of the *estaminet*, and made a shelter for the little tables. I pulled up in time, however, and the next moment I was crouching against the vine-leaves, holding my breath, listening.

"For just on the other side of the trellis, seated at a little table in the corner where the light from the open door could not reach them, were Polydore and Gavroche, drinking. They must have heard me, I was convinced, but they had not, and immediately I learned why.

"The neck of a bottle rattled on the rim of a glass and Polydore in a thick wheedling voice said: 'Another glass, old comrade! I do not bring out such brandy as this for every client.'

" 'It is good,' answered Gavroche. 'We need such drink for our work. To save this little corner of France, eh, my friend?'

"They were both of them half drunk. I did not trouble my head about what they were saying. They talked of France, they thought of themselves. But they had not yet carried my wounded god across the river. I slipped down by the side of the house through the grass to the little fire-shed. It was very dark that night, but I had the eyes of a cat and I could see the triangle of the roof against the sky. The door was unlocked. I pulled it open.

" 'Monsieur Henri,' I said in a low voice, and he answered from my feet. There was just room for him to lie across the shed between the engine and the door, and they had laid his stretcher there on the mud floor.

" 'You, little angel!' he whispered in a startled tone. 'What are you doing here? You should have gone hours ago.'

"I dropped down on my knees beside him. He was shivering with cold.

" 'The brutes! The brutes!'

"He lifted a hand and laid it over my lips. 'Listen, little one! Before you go. You must never mention to anyone, not even to your mother, one word about what has happened tonight. Promise me! For the honor of France!'

" 'I don't understand,' I sobbed.

" 'But you will, Dear. Kiss me once! Thank you! Remember! For the honor of France! Now go!' and since I did not move, his voice strengthened suddenly. 'Then I shall sit up and that will kill me.'

" 'No, no!' I prayed, and I sprang to my feet—and through the open door we both heard the Mayor and Gavroche encouraging one another drunkenly as they stumbled through the grass.

" 'Look quickly! Do they carry a lantern?' Henri asked. He was frightened now—since the morning of that day I have never been able to mistake the sound of fear in a man's voice—but frightened for me.

" 'No, they have no lantern.'

"The Zouave drew a breath of relief. 'Then run! Run, little betrothed one, as fast as you can, as silently as you can. Oh, while there's time, my dear!' His head fell back upon his pillow. 'You see I can do nothing!'

"There was such an agony of appeal in his voice that I slipped round the side of the shed at once. I hid behind a bush on the river bank, and I heard Polydore utter a startled oath as his hand knocked against the open door of the shed.

" 'So you have had a visitor, my Lieutenant,' he said, and I never heard geniality ring with so false a note.

" 'I?' replied Henri and he spoke as loudly, as warningly, as he could. 'I was stifled in here. I pushed the door open with the one hand I could use.'

" 'Yes, it is bad,' Gavroche agreed. 'But all that are left in the village are asleep now. We can carry you, my Lieutenant, to a hidden place. Gently! Gently! So!'

"The two men moved away from the shed with the stretcher between them. Yes, but they didn't carry it westwards towards the bridge but eastwards where there was no bridge at all. They were drunk, that was what I thought—they had mistaken their way. I ran out from the hedge—I was on the point of calling to them—when I heard an oath and one of them stumbled—or seemed to stumble. I heard a loud splash, I saw in the darkness a sudden whirl of white as the river broke into foam, and above the sound of the flash a cry rose in a clear young vibrating voice:

" 'Run! Run!'

"A cry to me! But I was paralyzed by the horror of the accident. For a moment I couldn't run. Then I did—towards the spot where the accident had happened. I was close to them when a dreadful thing happened. The wounded Zouave's head rose above the water, his hands clutched at the bank, and I saw Polydore Cromecq raise a great stick and beat with all his strength upon the knuckles. A groan answered the blows, and the Zouave sank again beneath the water.

"The two men remained kneeling upon the bank, peering into the darkness, listening.

"Polydore said: 'It is over now.'

"And Gavroche replied: 'Yes, it is over. We had to think of our village, hadn't we? Yes, yes, we had to think of France.'

"Then they stood up and saw me just behind them. Now, indeed, I ran, with both of them at my heels, in and out among the bushes along the river bank, towards the bridge. I heard the two men crashing after me, panting, swearing, but I gained on them. Then Polydore raised his voice:

" 'Little Miss! Wait for me! Come back to the *estaminet* and wish us good-by! You shall see me drink a bock and the little bubbles wink on my big mustache. That will be amusing—what? For the last time, eh?'

"But I ran the faster. I knew what value to set on Polydore's geniality. I crossed the bridge. My governess and the boy were waiting with the bicycles at the gate.

" 'Quick, please, quick!' I cried. 'I will tell you afterwards.'

"My governess was a woman for an emergency. We were off down the cart-track on our bicycles when Polydore and Gavroche crossed the bridge.

" 'Little Miss! Little Miss!'

"The cry rang out, once, twice, and each time fainter. Then we heard it no more. I never did tell my governess afterwards of the crime which was committed that night—no, nor anyone, since my Zouave had forbidden me. But I have broken my promise to him tonight. The cruel thing is that 'they' never did enter the village. For they began their retreat the next morning."

Cynthia ended her story. For a minute the woman and the girl stared into the unlighted grate. Then Madame D'Estourie said slowly:

"For the honor of France, he said."

"Yes. I didn't understand what it meant. I do now, of course. It's better that nothing be said. War makes some men monsters."

Madame D'Estourie stood up. "And many women childless," she added.

Cynthia looked quickly at her. "But Madame D'Estourie——" she began, and her visitor interrupted her.

"I was Madame Flavelle before I was Madame D'Estourie. Your wounded Zouave was my boy. For ten years I have been searching why he died and meaning to exact justice to the utmost farthing. But—for the honor of France—he said"; and she let her arms drop against her sides in resignation. She turned her eyes to Cynthia. They were wells of pain. "I may kiss you?" she said. She held the girl tight to her breast. "Thank you! Thank you!" she whispered in a breaking voice. "Now we shall go down-stairs together."

But Cynthia drew back. Madame D'Estourie, however, would have none of it.

"No, no, that won't do," she cried. "That poor young man has been waiting in the hall more than his ten minutes. Let us go to him. And I think that old misery, now that you have told it to me, will not haunt you any more."

She put her arm tenderly about Cynthia's waist and they went down the stairs. But half-way down Madame D'Estourie ran forward with a little sob, as though her self-restraint at last was failing her. When Cynthia reached the floor, she only found Jim seated patiently on a hall chair.

It did not occur to Jim to complain, nor, on the other hand, did it occur to Cynthia to apologize. She said:

"Oh, Jim, I don't want to dance tonight. Be an angel, will you? Drive me down the Portsmouth road as far as Ripley and back."

Jim's face lighted up with a smile.

"Cynthia," he said, "there are bright moments in your young life which give me hopes for your future"; and he went outside and cranked up his car.

A lone hunter waiting under the moonlight in the jungle for a man-eating tiger—the beginning of A. E. W. Mason's *eerie mystery novel* in August

Beautiful but Cold *by Edith Barnard Delano* (*Continued from page 75*)

said lightly, "I thought I'd run over to Paris this summer, Martin."

He was smoking a cigar, but after a pause he got up, tossed it into the fireplace and drew an old pipe out of his jacket pocket. She watched him fumble with it.

"Why any man should smoke a pipe when he can get cigars like yours! Martin—did you hear what I said?"

He was still busy with the pipe. "Paris?"

"I want frocks and things. The Merediths are going." He nodded. "Oh, I've great things planned for next winter, my dear. I'm going to live up to our bargain."

"What bargain was that?" he asked.

"Don't be crude, Martin! It was implied, of course, but we both knew what we meant, didn't we? With your money and my friends—well, there it is! You've made more money than ever this year, haven't you?"

"It comes in," he said. "I guess it'll see us through."

"Well, I won't bankrupt you in Paris."

"I thought—I thought we might go somewhere together this summer. Off in the woods—or somewhere."

"Martin! Off in the woods? Why not a little cottage by the sea!"

He would not laugh with her. "Or just that. We don't see very much of each other, Lia."

Was he really opposing her? "My dear man," she said, rising, standing before him like a gaily colored lily, "I didn't marry you to get up and cook your early breakfast and pack your lunch in your dinner-pail, you know!"

He winced, and his face blanched. "I haven't forgotten that we're—different," he said.

It was their first quarrel; but the next day he brought her a sapphire bracelet . . .

He was standing on the pier when her ship docked, looking searchingly, hungrily along the line of people; as their car threaded its way through the traffic he leaned forward and peered into her face.

"Lia—Lia—aren't you glad to be home?"

"Oh, indeed I am!" she told him gaily. "But we had a wonderful crossing. The Blakes had the cabin next to mine—and they're coming to dinner tonight. Their house is not open."

He sat back. "Tonight?"

She patted his hand. "Oh, we'll have plenty of time for each other," she said.

Yet there was not so much time. The year before he had always been able to count upon the late hour of the afternoon. But this winter, more often than not, Tom Meredith was there when he came in.

"I'm sorry for poor old Tom," she said. "I suppose you know Lucy's divorcing him."

"Why?" he asked, and his voice was strange.

She shrugged. "Oh, she's just had enough of it, I suppose. She's been going around a good deal with a man named Freed."

"Enough of what?"

"Well, what would you think? Poverty, I suppose. Couldn't you give old Tom a job, Martin?"

There was a perceptible pause before he answered. "If you want me to," he said then.

It was on an evening of the late autumn of the year after that when he brought home a bunch of pansies, one of those tight little bunches that are sold from trays on the street. He had come home later than usual; Lelia was at her dressing-table, and he dropped the flowers into her lap, stooping to kiss her neck, her cheek. She drew away from him.

"Pansies?" she laughed. "Why on earth pansies?"

"They made me think of you," he said. "My mother used to grow them."

She was unexpectedly touched. She stood up, put her arms about his neck. "It was sweet of you to bring them to me," she said.

Not often had she yielded herself to his arms like that.

"Lia—Lia!" he said hoarsely. "I want to take you away."

She released herself, laughed. "Don't take me away right now, Dear, anyway! And do get dressed for dinner!"

He did; when she joined him she was wearing white orchids on the fur collar of her coat.

"I've forgotten my bag," she said at the door, and he went up-stairs to her room. He looked helplessly at the clutter of things on her table—gloves, jewels, powder-puff, a mirror face up, a crumpled green florist's paper. He lifted the paper, and a card fell out. It was Meredith's card. But the bag lay there, and the wilting pansies . . .

They were dining at a restaurant, and the newly married Freeds were of the party. Lucy's jewels exceeded Lelia's, and Lucy was radiant.

"So you've given old Tom a job, Marty," she said as soon as they were seated. "I suppose you're going to help him make his fortune, now that it's too late to do me any good!"

Her new husband grinned, and Lelia smiled a little at Martin's embarrassment. "A fortune is not made over night," Freed said, with a slight accent. "I have a good start over him."

"Better see that you keep ahead," Lucy told him with a nod. "Though I suppose he'd be no good to me, now that he's free! He was always in love with Lelia!"

"Don't be absurd, Lucy!" Lelia said; she had shot a quick look at Conover. His lids were over his eyes, his face had become inscrutable. Lelia was aware of an uneasy pang—pity, perhaps, for Martin, anger towards Lucy. But Lucy was enjoying herself.

"I'm not absurd! You were engaged once, weren't you? Poor old Tom! Two ladies forsook him for lack of funds! Oh, well—now Martin's backing him! I wish him luck!"

"And so do I!" Freed said, with a little bow towards his wife.

That year when she came back from Europe Conover was not at the dock. During the winter Lelia knew a restlessness that she had not experienced since her marriage. In the years when she worked towards a definite goal that persisted in remaining indefinite, she had known that her uneasiness was born of fear. Security had been long in coming; but now she had security. She had everything.

Yet on the days when she told herself that she was most sure of having everything, she would go forth on an orgy of buying, to sink, late in the afternoon, into the hands of one of those artful and costly attendants of beauty; and at night she would peer at her reflected image, examine her eyes, her throat.

"Is anything worrying you?" Meredith asked her one day.

She flashed around at him. "Of course not! Why do you ask that?"

"You're thinner," he said.

"One has to be thin! What is there to worry me? You have something in your mind. Why not tell me?"

"Oh, I'm sure he knows what he's about. But Conover's plunging, you know."

"Plunging! That means playing stocks, doesn't it? But isn't that his business?"

"My dear girl, you needn't bark at me! I said I was sure he knows what he's about."

Yet Meredith's words supplied a clue to her uneasiness. She was seeing very little of Martin; business was taking him here and there—to Chicago, to Mexico, and, as some of his trips were shorter, doubtless to places nearer home. Was it possible that she was missing him? Or was she sensing some uneasiness of his? When she could, she covertly watched him. It was true that there were lines in his face that had not been there before. There was a difference in his manner with her, too—no longer the old wistfulness, no longer the gestures and words of a suppliant. It was as though a door had been closed between them.

It was not so easy to broach it to him, yet when opportunity offered, she asked, as lightly as she could, "Martin, are you bothered about anything? Is your business all right?"

He laughed shortly. "Why shouldn't it be? Haven't you money enough?"

Her heart was beating painfully. This was something she had never met before. "Why do you speak to me like that, Martin?" she asked. "Don't I—please you any more?"

He looked at her for an appreciable moment; then he laughed shortly again. "I guess you won't have to worry," he said; she had never before heard that note in his voice.

She was frightened; her bewilderment was not lessened when, a week or so thereafter, his secretary brought her a package of papers and the message that Conover had been called out of town.

"Mr. Conover wanted me to give them to you personally, Mrs. Conover," the young man said. "He had me engage a safe-deposit box, and told me to advise you to deposit them tomorrow."

"I see," she said coldly, though her heart was choking her. "Thank you very much. When do you expect Mr. Conover back?"

The man hesitated for a moment. "I think he has only gone out of town for the night," he said, and gave her a brief speculative look which he instantly veiled under the secretary's discreetness.

Neither look escaped Lelia. She took the papers to her room, her hands cold as she opened them. There was a deed to the house, a fortune in securities, a bank book—all in her name . . . She canceled an engagement for the evening, sat for hours in her room scarcely moving.

She did not deposit the papers. Instead, she moved restlessly about the house until he came. She heard him mount the stairs; instead of coming into the room that always was used in the afternoons, he passed on to his own. When she opened his door he was standing at a window, his hands in his pockets, looking out upon the blank wall of early dusk; he turned, and stared at the bundle of papers in her hand.

"Why did you send me these, Martin?" she asked.

"You should have deposited them. I told Wilson to tell you that."

"He told me. Why are you giving me all this?"

He did not reply at once; he moistened his lips, breathed deeply, as though bracing himself. "They are good securities. I advise you to take care of them. You're quite independent of me, you see."

He calmly returned her look of amazement; then he moved again to the window.

When next she saw Meredith, she said, "You must know what's going on, Tom. You were trying to warn me of something."

Meredith laughed. "Surely you need not worry. You're safe, anyway, aren't you?"

"Why do you say that?"

He came and sat down beside her. "My dear girl, Conover had me see to those securities for you. It's not in my line, either. Doesn't that strike you as significant?"

"I don't understand."

"I think I do. He has made you quite independent of him."

"Well?"

"And he saw to it that I should know about it." She stared at him, her lips parted. He put a hand over hers. "Surely that's a pretty strong hint—to both of us. I've always been in love with you, Lelia."

She stood up. As in a vision she saw the two men. "You utter fool!" she said quietly.

Meredith flushed furiously. "Oh, all right! Not so much as you think, though! There's plenty of talk about Conover. What do you know about his trips away?"

She left him . . . But the thing came back and back to her, like a mirror held up to her, a mirror in which she saw herself, and something behind her shoulder.

In the spring Conover asked her casually, "When are you planning to sail?"

She felt suddenly chilled, began to tremble a little, hoped desperately that he did not see. "I am not going to Europe this summer. I

thought we'd take a place on Long Island."

For the first time in months he looked at her directly; finally he said, "Just as you like."

She took the house on Long Island, filled it with a noisy gaiety that left her weighted with fatigue when her guests were gone. Conover came and went; but wherever else he might be, he was incessantly in her thoughts. She avoided being alone with him, for his new manner was something she could not meet. He was not the man she had known, whose unfailing adoration she had slipped away from with a laugh or a light caress; he was a stern man now, a stranger who was so taken up with his own affairs that she might have been a wisp of smoke for all that he seemed aware of her. She tended her beauty, held her head high . . . There were head-lines in the papers that told her more than she would otherwise have known; he was called spectacular, a gambler.

Lucy Freed stayed after bridge one afternoon when the other women had gone. "What's it all about, Lia?" she asked.

Lelia's chin went up; this woman, too, had become a stranger. But Lucy laughed.

"Don't play the grand manner with me, old dear," she said. "I only hope you've feathered your nest. Because there's going to be a big smash. Everybody says Marty can't keep it up."

"Doubtless everybody knows," said Lelia.

"Oh—all right! The wife is always the last to find out. Whatever it is."

Lelia's heart leaped; her lips felt cold. "Well, what is it?" she asked. "What is it you're trying to help me to—find out?"

"She's pretty, in a cheap way," Lucy grinned. "And you've been falling off. Old Marty always had an eye for beauty."

"What you are insinuating, Lucy," Lelia said calmly, "is simply not true."

"Nonsense! Of course it's true! Everybody's seen him going there. I've seen him myself. He never lacked nerve—old Marty! It's that little red house just beyond the four corners, if you want to investigate."

"That is not true," Lelia said again, trembling; but something within herself was saying, "It might be that! It might be that!"

"Oh well, I'm only trying to be your friend," Lucy was saying. "And what do you care, anyway? The man's going to smash, I tell you—and Tom has been doing very well, I hear." She went down to her car; she got in, then leaned out. "Tom Meredith has always been in love with you! You might do worse!"

Lelia stood there until the car had spun out of sight; it was not true, it was not true—and it might be. If it were, so much was explained. What did one do when things like that were true? Other Carrington women had had to meet such things; she knew that. But they had met them quiescently, in the manner of their times. Or had they? Perhaps they had weighed things, weighed their lives, decided on what mattered most—and fought hard for that, even though their fighting seemed only a passive holding on. In the only way open to women, in their day, they had protected what they held highest. That is what one did—protected what one held highest. Those earlier Carrington women—what had they held—highest? What was it that she—held—highest?

That money that Martin had put in her name—no one could take that from her. She would never have to give up any of the luxury she had schemed for during all those years before she married him. What, then, did she want? And how did one fight nowadays? Why, nowadays one—ah . . . Her hand went to her throat. Had Meredith been right? Was that—that—what Martin wanted? Was he trying to force her to—that? Beauty—he loved beauty. His frequent absences. The curious look his secretary, Wilson, had given her. "She's pretty, in a cheap way" . . . Ah!

She excused herself from dinner on the score of a headache. What could she do?

Chance answered her question in one of those ways that happen only in real life. She came down-stairs late the next day; her luncheon was laid in a corner of a veranda where she liked to have it. But the luncheon was neglected; the head-lines of the papers were bewildering, alarming. Stocks had crashed the day before, and risen strangely to fall again. Conover's name was there, again and again. Then, while she was reading, his man came around the corner. She looked up.

"Mr. Conover left word that he was going to Chicago, Madam. To be gone four or five days or a week."

"Very well," she said, her heart cold; but the man lingered.

"I wondered, Ma'am . . . My wife's sick. If I could have the night off——"

"Of course," Lelia told him. "I'm sorry about your wife."

"Thank you, Madam. And there's this. Mr. Conover left it on the table beside his bed. His wallet, Ma'am. I don't like to leave it."

"No, of course not. It's very thoughtful of you, Holmes. Put it on the table there."

For all her scanning of the papers, they made clear to her but one thing: Conover was the storm center of the financial world, the daring opposer of great interests. One paper said one thing, another said something quite different; but Conover's name was head-lined in all of them. At last she laid them aside; when she got up from the table they fell to the floor, and the wallet with them. She stooped for the wallet, and the letter, the little folded piece of note-paper, lay open, face up.

Dear darling Martin,

Please come again soon. When you were here last night I was too happy to say half I wanted to. I love you and love you.

Betty.

That . . . There to be read, the thing she had denied, the thing she thought she had not believed. What did one do? Moments and phrases came to her mind. "The wife is always the last to find out." That speculative look on young Wilson's face . . . Ah—those other Carrington women, who had met things in the way of their times . . .

For a day she was like a creature walking through fog, or one suddenly blind. Groping and blind, afraid to step lest there be a chasm, or something that would hurt even more.

For a day she was angry, bitter, cold with anger. This thing to have happened to her! It was like a stain on her flesh that she could not wash off. She would retaliate—oh, she would, she would! Hurt as she had been hurt. Somehow make him suffer as she was suffering. Those other Carrington women—and she was one of them—they had gone on in the only way open to them, the way of their times.

But the way of their times was not the way of her time. Their courage was hers, and their pride, but she could do more than was open to them. They had fought in the only way they could for what they held dearest . . . For what they—held—dearest.

Her mind cleared. For what—they held—dearest. To have pride. To have courage. To fight—for what one held dearest. Ah, she, too, was one of them. She, too, would fight.

"I want the small car," she said on the fourth day. "I will drive myself."

The four corners. The little red house. The door that opened to her knock. And the girl was pretty—oh, she was! Young—fresh—flushing when she saw Lelia—not so cheap, in her little sports dress under a housekeeper's apron. Her eyes—she had been weeping.

"Oh!" the girl cried, startled. "Oh—you're—you're Mrs. Conover! You're—his Lia! You've come—because you've heard——"

Lelia's lips were cold, but they smiled. "The wife is always the last to hear. But——"

The girl grasped her arms. "I knew you cared! Harry said you didn't. He said you were hard. And cold. But you're not! I can see that! You would not do what Estelle did!"

The fog was creeping back, dense, smothering. "Estelle?" Lelia heard herself saying.

The girl was almost sobbing as the words poured out. "Oh, she was bad! I have to say it, even if she was my own sister! She was bad, and so cruel to him! That other time he failed she went away and left him—left me, too, and I was only a tiny thing, and he's always been just like my own dear brother to me, even after the way she treated him! There's nobody in the world as kind as he is—dear darling Martin! There's nothing he hasn't done for me. He made Harry his secretary—Harry's my husband—but you know Harry! But he doesn't know you! No! He—misjudged you."

Was the world really going round and round her, swirling, swaying? "May I—sit down?"

"Oh, how awful of me! I never thought! Come in—come right in—do, please!"

Going in from the sunlight the room seemed dark. Everything was dark, and spinning.

"Ah—don't be so frightened," the girl said softly. "I was frightened, too. But he'll come out all right. Harry says he will."

"Come out?"

"Of course he will! You mustn't believe all the papers say. But I'm glad you read them—I've wanted so much, so very much, to know you. And I did want you to see my house. Martin gave it to me only a little while ago, and I've never seen him since to half thank him."

The girl was kneeling at her feet. Things in the room were coming clearer.

"You're so beautiful, so very beautiful," the girl was saying, in a hushed tone. "You must be beautiful all through. That's why he loves you so. Harry said—that you only—wanted his money. He said you'd—go off, like Estelle. But you didn't. You came—right to us. Oh—you're beautiful—beautiful—all through . . ."

She was standing in a room strangely dismantled, for all its rich furnishings no more than a shell and travesty of elegance now that her personal things were gone. She was alone in the house except for the butler.

"All the up-stairs windows are fastened, Madam," the man said from the doorway.

"Good! We'll go out the front door"—she laughed—"as we came in."

The man took courage from her laugh. "I wish to say, Madam, that I am very sorry all this has happened."

"Are you, John? Thank you. I'm sorry, too, that it had to be so sudden for you people. Three days—you've done well."

The man bowed and went out. Alone again, Lelia looked about her. Was there anything she had left—scarf, gloves, bag? She crossed the room to where a great mirror hung above a console. For the first time in many months she faced her image without an unspoken question; she even laughed again, a little. It was quite true that her beauty was fading . . . Then she heard the sound of a motor outside and, in a moment, Conover's step. She turned to the man. He was haggard, worn, frowning.

"Lelia," he said, "why have you done this?"

"Have you been to the office?" she asked.

His head moved impatiently. "I've just come from there. Wilson told me what you've done. He ought to have known better than to let you do it. Your securities, the house, everything—why did you do it?"

"Didn't they help?"

His shoulders were drooping; fatigue hung over him like a heavy garment. "They saved me from bankruptcy. But you——"

"Oh, I am safe, too," she said quietly.

He winced. "You have—made your—plans?"

"Oh, yes, I've made my plans."

"Well. That's all right. I wanted you to be—free."

"Was that why you did this thing, Martin?"

"I can always begin again."

"I thought you wanted me to be happy."

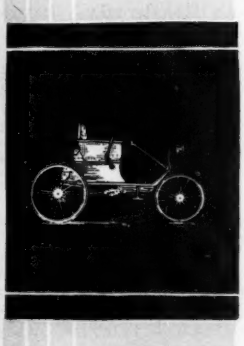
He nodded. "Yes—happy."

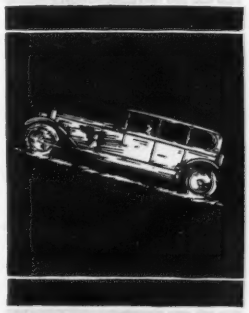
"I have never been so free and so happy in my life," she said, her voice breaking. "There's a little house next to Betty's and Harry's. I bought that—with some of my jewels. We'll be—so—happy there, Martin!"

His face was gray. "I don't—I don't——"

She went close to him, put her arms about his neck, touched his forehead, his cheek. "Yes, you do, yes, you do understand," she crooned. "Oh—hold me—love me—take care of me . . ."

Automobiles have improved *but— what about gasoline?*





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The Bacchante *by Robert Hichens*

(*Continued from page* 105)

almost brought fear to him at that moment.

"Different! What is the matter, Valentine? You came to tell me something?" She nodded. "Come in and tell me. You wouldn't have come if it wasn't something you felt I ought to hear."

But she didn't move to go in, and still those strange eyes were on him.

"Was it something you wanted me to help you about?" he said.

"Yes, I think it was."

"Then you must tell me."

Now her eyes really frightened him. It seemed to him, in the dimness of the night, that their look at him had become a piercing stare. And this piercing stare, he felt, enveloped him cruelly.

"What *is* the matter, Valentine?" he said, with sudden desperation. "I must know. Come in. You must tell me. I can't let you go from here till you have told me."

"No. Not now. It's too late. I waited. But you came back too late. I can't tell you now."

"But I didn't know you were coming——"

"No, no—of course not! Martin—I'm not blaming you. But it's too late now. I can't come in now." She stepped out of the doorway, crossed the pavement. "Please drive to Tatford's Hotel, Gower Street," she said to the cabman.

She got into the cab and shut the door. The cabman drove off. Dale saw her eyes staring at him. The cab turned a corner.

He shivered.

Those staring—staring eyes!

Dale lunched at the Garrick Club on the following day. He had passed a miserable and disturbed night. After Valentine's abrupt departure from his house he had sat up in his library until very late, oppressed by a conviction that something disastrous had sent her to him, and that her refusal to tell him what it was had been caused by some brusk change of mind, or perhaps even of heart, that had taken place in her while she had been waiting for him. She had looked at him so strangely, with such a terrible staring strangeness. Never before had any woman looked at him like that. He had felt stripped naked by those eyes and refused. Yes, those eyes had surely refused him something.

But what? He would probably never know that. He had a feeling that the woman behind the eyes had become, perhaps suddenly, inexorable. He was afraid of that inexorable woman.

In the morning he tried in vain to settle down to something. Finally he went to the club, where he lunched with some men whom he knew and tried to forget those eyes.

He was sitting with a friend smoking about a quarter to three, when a servant came in with a note for him.

> I must see you at once. The matter is urgent. I telephoned to your house but you were out. They said you might be at the Garrick. If this finds you please come round to the theater at once. If this is *absolutely* impossible will you give messenger a line making an appointment for today at the earliest possible moment.
>
> P. J. Campion

Dale closed his hand on this communication and turned round to the man he had been sitting with. "I'm extremely sorry but I must be off. A summons from the theater. Let us finish our talk another time."

He got into a cab and drove to the theater.

Meyer was looking, he thought, unusually furtive and servile.

"Oh, good day, Mr. Dale. Yes, Mr. Campion is here. He'll be very glad to see you."

And Meyer fled on in the gloom, and presently tapped at a door in a corner.

"Come in!" roared Campion's voice.

Meyer fluttered the door open.

Dale was confronted by Campion. He was standing up in a small room that Dale had never seen before. On the desk just by his right hand Dale saw a sheet of letter-paper lying. Campion's face looked unusually puffy and there was a savage expression upon it.

He said, without any greeting: "Well, Dale, this is a nice bit of business! In all my experience I've never—but of course I'm not going to sit down under it. So don't either of you think it. I'm not a Mark Trever nor a Carrie Geean either. I'm——" He stopped. It was obvious to Dale that he was struggling against the onset of a fit of fury.

"I don't understand what you're talking about," Dale said, in an absolutely unemotional voice.

"Mean to say you—haven't you seen Miss Morris?"

"Since when?"

"Since last night."

"I saw her for a moment last night."

"Ah! Of course you did! Of course she ran straight to you from my house!"

"Your house! Was she with you last night?"

"Of course she was with me, dining with me. Mean to pretend you don't know it?"

"Look here, Campion, don't speak to me like that, please. I won't allow you, or anyone else, to talk to me in that way. I'm not here to pretend anything. I don't know what has happened, or what you want me for. And if you can't tell me in a decent way I shall go."

Campion stared for a moment fixedly at Dale. Then he said, in a voice that sounded more under control, "What time did you see her last night?"

"Somewhere about midnight."

"Midnight! Where d'you see her?"

"I don't see that that matters. I only spoke to her for a moment."

"What she tell you?"

"She didn't tell me anything."

"That's pretty thin! You're engaged to marry a woman. She comes to you at midnight. Or you go to her. And then apparently you don't so much as speak to one another. Tell that somewhere else!"

"I engaged to marry Miss Morris!"

"Mean to deny it?"

"Of course I deny it. It isn't true."

"That's another good 'un! She told me herself last night she was going to marry you."

"She told you——"

"Val Morris told me last night when she was dining with me in Park Lane that she was going to marry *you!*" said Campion, violently raising his voice.

Dale said nothing.

"Mean to say you didn't know it? Mean to tell me you haven't asked her?"

Dale still kept silent.

"If that's so, then perhaps you'll tell me as well that you don't know what this bit of cheek means!" He swung round to the roll-top desk, caught up the piece of note-paper lying there and gave it to Dale. "Here—look at that!"

Dale took it and read:

> I'm sorry but I can't carry out my engagement with you. I can't carry out that contract. I never will. No. I can't. This is final. I'm leaving the stage. I've had enough of it. I'm giving it up. Don't think I shall ever go to another theater, another management. I've done with the theater forever. I'm leaving London. Thank God I've been able to pay my debt to you. So I can go.
>
> V. M.

"Mean to say you're surprised? Mean to tell me you didn't know?"

"I didn't know."

"You're marrying a woman and you know nothing about a thing like that?"

"I tell you, and I expect you to believe me, I didn't know."

"If that's so"—again he stared at Dale—"if that's so, she's figuring it up that when she marries you you're rich enough to keep her without her doing a stroke of work. Well? Are you going to stand for that?"

"Campion, it isn't that."

"Then what is it? What's it all mean?"

"What happened last night?"

"That's what I'm asking you."

"But I don't know. I saw Miss Morris for a minute, but she told me nothing. When I came back to my house she was coming out of it."

"Coming out of your house at midnight?"

"Yes. She was coming out."

"And what she say?"

"I asked her what it was—why she had come. She wouldn't tell me. I suppose she had come to tell me something. I don't know exactly—I mean—well, she had evidently come to tell me something. But she didn't tell me. She got into the cab I had come in and drove away."

By the expression in Campion's eyes Dale knew that Campion believed him.

"Just like a woman!" Campion muttered. "They're all alike! Not one of 'em's got an ounce of horse sense—not one! Come to tell you a thing and then go off without telling it! Curse the lot of 'em! Sit down, Dale."

Dale took a chair. Campion sat down by the roll-top desk.

"Anyhow, what's this letter mean? Has she ever said to you she'd give up the stage?"

"Never."

"If she's going to marry you—but you didn't know that, eh? Well, anyhow, she said to me only last night, 'I *shall* marry Martin Dale.' So there now!" His eyes were always on Dale, searching him. "And she expects you to keep her and pay me heavy damages for breach of contract into the bargain, I s'pose. You ready to do it?"

Dale hesitated for a moment. Then he seemed to come to some resolve, for a steady, very serious, but almost calm expression showed in his face, and he said: "I've told you I don't understand this, what caused Miss Morris to write this to you. I suppose she came to my house last night to tell me. At any rate she had something important to tell me. She must have come straight to my house from yours, probably."

"Likely!"

"Well, then——" He stopped. "You don't care to throw any light on her reason for coming?"

"How d'you know I could?"

"I don't know. Then you can't?"

"Well, I'll acknowledge there was a bit of an upset between us, Val and me, last night." Dale frowned. "You know what she is, as difficult as the devil. It began with—she was expecting my wife to be there."

"Wasn't she there?"

"No. She'd gone to Cookham. That put Val Morris out. I'd said my wife would be there."

"Oh."

"How was I to prevent my wife from going to Cookham?"

"I don't know."

Campion lowered his eyes. "Well, anyhow, that put her out—Val Morris out. And then after dinner there was a bit of a fuss about a check. Seems"—he glanced up, and again his eyes looked angry, savage almost—"seems you've bought all her belongings. She told me what you'd been up to and wanted to pay me off with your money."

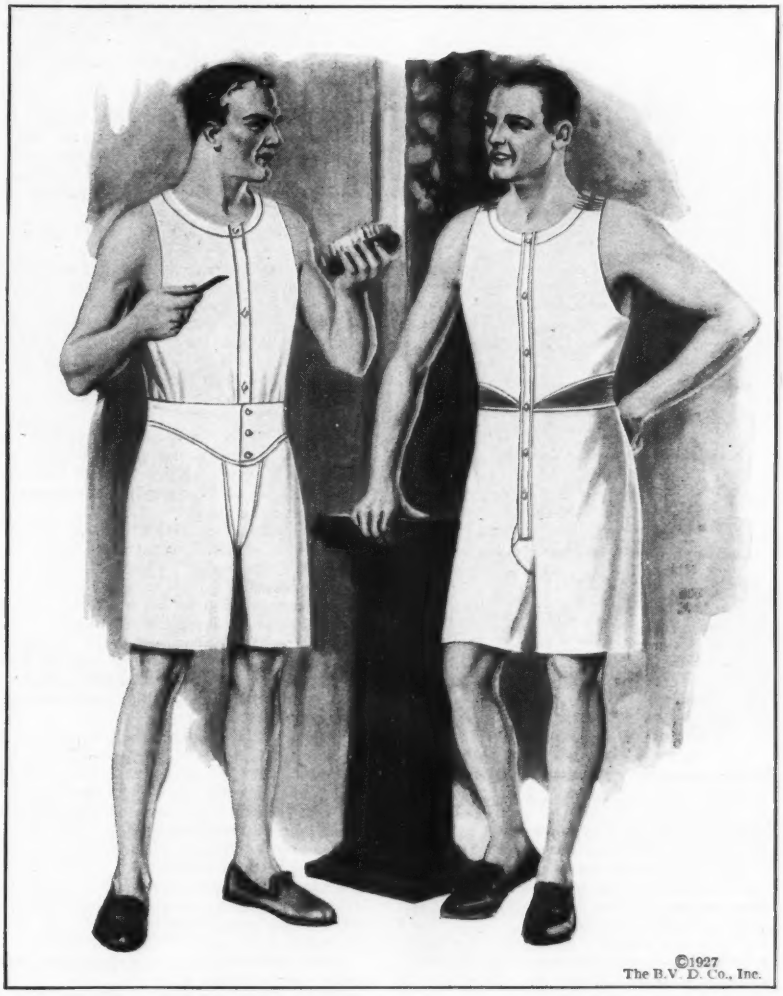
"You mean pay her debt to you with the money that was hers."

"No, I don't! I mean just what I say—pay me off with your money. Well, I wasn't standing for that. And there was a dust up between us over it. And in the middle my wife comes in with two friends, Jervoise and his wife from Cookham. They'd come up to go and dance at some confounded place or other."

"Oh!" Dale said, as Campion paused again.

"Yes. And my wife saw Morris's check to me; I had it in my hand. When she'd got rid

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'Twas a Frenchman who said—

"A woman powders her nose, not to please the man who loves her—for *he* is blind. But to intrigue those who may love her—and there are *so many* men."



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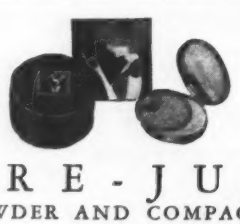


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of the Jervoises—they went—she turned rather nasty about this cursed check, wanted to know more about it. I told her it was none of her business. She said it was and used a rather nasty expression."

"Oh!"

"Yes; talked about my scattering thousands of pounds broadcast among ladies who, however charming, had really no call upon my banking account."

"But Miss Morris was paying money to you," Dale said frigidly.

"Yes, paying *back*. My wife didn't like it."

"Oh!"

"Then I got angry—and—and then Miss Morris said she'd rather go. And she went."

"I see."

"And—and then on top of it all I get this infernal note. Where the devil has she gone?" Dale was silent. "Of course I telephoned her hotel. They told me she left this morning, without leaving any address. Think she's gone to Birchington?"

But Dale didn't answer. He sat looking at Campion in silence. Campion thought that the expression in his eyes had become terrible, terrible because it was surely an expression totally denuded of hope.

"What's the matter, Dale?" he said at last, as Dale didn't speak. "What is it—boy?"

"I know," Dale said. "I know."

"Know what?"

"Why couldn't you let her alone?"

"Let her alone! What d'you mean?"

"Why couldn't you——" He stopped. "Why couldn't *I*——" He stopped again, was silent for a moment. Then he said, "D'you remember that man I was with at Lucerne when you came to see me there?"

"The priest? To be sure I do."

"Father Bexland."

"Bexland, yes. I dined with him. He'd been a soldier, I remember, been in the Guards."

"Yes. That man had released himself from women. From clawing women."

"Mean by becoming a priest?"

"Yes, by becoming a priest."

"What's that got to do——"

"*She's* gone away to release herself from men, clawing men, from you, Campion, and from me."

"Mean she's—mean she's gone to that priest? But what can he——"

"We shan't see much more of her. Don't you think it, Campion! We are mixed up with the stage, you and I. We met her because of that. I found her—clawed at her—because of my play. I took her to you. And now you've been clawing at her for your own purposes."

"My own purposes! What the devil d'you mean, Dale? I wanted a fine leading actress. I wanted——"

"You wanted her for your own purposes. We both put out our claws and tried to dig them into her. But she's escaped from us. We drove her too far. We dug our claws into her too deep. And she couldn't bear it any more. I know. I understand it all."

"But what the devil's she going to do? She told me last night she was going to marry you."

"She won't. I understand it all now. I understand why she came to my house, why she waited for me to come home, why she looked at me as she did when—I understand."

"Well, I *don't!* She's bound to me for five years——"

"You can't bind her. That's just where you're wrong—in thinking you can bind a woman like that. Neither you nor I can break Valentine's will once she's made up her mind, Campion. You've told me what happened in your house last night. But I'm quite sure you haven't told me all that happened. You either said the one word too much, or you did the one thing too much. And now—well, she'll never come back to you—never."

"What'll she do, then?"

"What she's written in that letter to you—leave the stage."

"Leave the stage! And if she leaves the stage how is she going to live? She hasn't got a bean."

"That's not true. Even now that she's paid you she'll have enough left over probably to settle up her other debts."

"And after that? If she don't marry you? Is she going to walk the streets?"

"Campion, there are ways of living that don't cost much money."

"For a woman like that! If she don't get a man to look after her——"

"Drop that beastliness!"

"Beastliness! Mean to tell me men haven't looked after her? What about that kid of hers?"

"It was she who supported her child without any man's help. Drop that!"

"Mean to put it up to me Trever never had anything to do with her? Go on!"

"She never had a penny from Trever!" said Dale fiercely.

"You know a lot, don't——" began Campion. He stopped abruptly and stared. "Perhaps you know who was the kid's father. I'll bet you do. It wasn't—don't mean to tell me it was Trever?"

"Miss Morris has a right to keep her secrets. She hasn't asked me to tell her yours."

Campion stood for a moment as if in deep thought. The savagery had been replaced by a somber, almost deadly gravity.

"Dale," he said at last, "tell me! What d'you think she's going to do?"

"She's deeply religious."

"Religious! In London they all called her the dancing Valentine!"

"How much does all London know about what we really are, down in the depths of us? I think—I have the feeling that what's called the world will see no more of Valentine. The world and its claws—I don't think they'll be able to keep hold of Valentine much longer. Oh, what selfish beasts we are even in our poor attempts to be unselfish!"

Something in Dale—perhaps it was his unself-consciousness and even terrible sincerity at that moment—seemed to impress, almost to overwhelm, Campion. For he stood as one cowed, looking down on the short-legged man at whom he had sneered in that last scene with Valentine.

"I think," Dale added, "she's gone to enter a life where our claws can't reach her. I may be wrong, but I think Valentine's probably made up her mind to enter the religious life."

Campion opened his mouth, but no words came from him. Dale stood for a moment. Then he took his hat and went out.

Ten days later Dale, now just established in the house in Wilton Crescent, received by the late evening post one letter.

He was alone in the large ground-floor room which had been the scene of Valentine's housewarming party. And now he was the owner of it and he was going to read a letter from Valentine in it. Dale felt very much alone in the world, very lonely with the letter from Valentine.

He sat down near the open window with his back to the lamp and tore the envelop after breaking the big seal. As he put the envelop down he saw on it the postmark of Birmingham, and Father Bexland came up before him. He unfolded the letter.

"Martin dear,

"I want to make you understand. It doesn't matter much what *people* think. But you are different, Martin. There is beauty in your mind. I believe you often think beautifully, and that's rare either in man or woman. And you've been beautifully friendly to me. Yes, you wanted more of me than friendship, I know. But in spite of that, Martin, you have given me very beautiful friendship. And you have understood me in a way that has often touched me very much. It is so unusual, I think, for anyone to be kindly understood. Do you know what I mean? Kindly! One is very often cruelly understood. But kindly!

"I have an ugly side. But you have looked so often at my other side, the side where the sun was, and you have looked with understanding. You were always appreciating the little



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McK & R PERFECTED COLD CREAM—A cream of delightful consistency perfumed with Jacqueminot rose.

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ANALAX—Ideal mild fruity laxative for women and children. Tastes like candied raspberries.

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MOSQUITONE—Keeps insects away and heals bites. In stick form—nothing to spill.

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bits of good in me, the better things, dear Martin. And in one thing I sometimes felt you were great. That was in forgiving me for not loving you.

"And now I'm not going to ask you to forgive me for the last time. For this is the last time, Martin. I'm not going to ask you because I know beforehand you will do it. So well I know you, and so much I believe in you.

"I am going to enter the religious life, Martin. I shall become a nun. I shall soon, very soon, have given up the world. That is the accepted description of what I am going to do. So I use it. But what is 'the world'? Is it only night clubs, the stage, the sensualities of love? Are we to limit it, Martin? I don't feel that I am giving up the world.

"And yet it would not be true to say that I am doing this that I am going to do without any regrets, or any sorrow, or any doubt. There is work I should have liked to do upon the stage. There are things I should like to have tried to show. There are things, not ordinary things, that I feel I could have shown. You may feel beauty but you may not be able, not have the power, to reveal beauty. I think perhaps I have some power to reveal. And I know I feel beauty.

"But I have what I sometimes think of as a canceling quality in me, Martin. I have an excess of animality. The animal in me is very strong, very much developed. And it is really that—perhaps—which has caused all my troubles, and which is causing me to give up my stage career just when I am really beginning it.

"A famous actress—not English—gave a lecture once. And in it she said that no actress could be great without being promiscuously sensual. She didn't put it quite like that, but that was really the meaning of what she said. It is not true, Martin. That woman had a vulgar mind, a soul that was very common. I call it a pavement soul. In order to see beauty clearly and to be able to reveal it to others it is not necessary to go down on all fours. It is possible—it has been proved possible—to grovel at moments and to be a priestess of beauty at moments. But to say that one must grovel before one can see and understand and reveal beauty is to say a lie.

"I have groveled. But there has mysteriously come to me an intense desire never to grovel again. I still have ugly desires.

"And now I am going to shock you probably, Martin, and make you very sad. But I feel I must do it. I feel such a desire to be sincere with you. What you most wanted of me I couldn't give you. But I give you what I shall never give to any other exactly as I give it to you, my sincerity.

"Martin, you took me to Campion. You found me in failure. You believed in me. And you brought me to Campion. You know how he treated me. You know more—you know how I treated him. He bullied and browbeat me. I stood up to him and defied him. I dominated him now and then, even before I was known or had any success.

"You looked on. You shuddered. You took my part. You grew hot in defense of me. Did you ever suspect, Martin, that through all this, and in spite of all this—for I felt towards Campion, and I thought of Campion, what I told you I felt and thought—did you ever suspect that Campion attracted me, Martin? I don't believe you did. I don't believe anyone did. But so it was, and I always knew it.

"A secret thing in me, an ugly thing in me was always attracted by him. It was my sensuality, Martin. It was my animal part. The part of me which I am sure you cannot understand. You may forgive it, perhaps. But you cannot understand it. I don't understand it myself. And the reason why I don't seems to me to be this: that my body desires what my brain, and my taste, and my sense of beauty, and even what I call my soul, criticize and reject and revolt from.

"How can that be? But it is. What draws my brain, what draws my artistic part, the part of me that seeks a worthy ideal, the part of me that must try to rise, ever to rise, that doesn't draw my body at all. And so I am full of disharmonies.

"I'm sure Campion didn't suspect this that I have told you at first. But he is a man who has had great experience of women in sensuality. He is not like you, Martin. Your brain may detect. But his animal *knows*. There's the difference. Although I knew from the very first that Campion was of the type which inevitably gained a response from my body, I really detested him. I detested him until that day in the managers' room when he told me before you all that I had beaten him, had beaten his—what shall I call it?—his managerial antagonism to me by my art. You remember—when he left the room I cried? From that moment I didn't detest Campion. I had found something in him which *knew*, something which wasn't physical. He had two strings then to pull at me with.

"But I trampled on him. You know how, when I had the chance, I trampled on him. I am sure you thought me very vulgar and horrid in the hour of my triumph, Martin. I think I should have been different to Campion in that hour if he hadn't attracted my body. I did all I could to make him hate me. But I knew that Campion in his hatred had a very strong feeling of desire for me. I told you he was the wolf man. Something in each of us understood something in the other, through all the misunderstanding, and the hostility. Our two uglinesses understood each other mysteriously.

"Why did I leave him? Why did I leave the theater? That was because of Mark Trever's renewal of power over me. I had belonged to Mark Trever, and I had never been able entirely to release myself from him. You know what I mean by that. For years I had had nothing to do with him. But when I was thrown with him again it all came back upon me—that old obsession.

"Martin, I must tell you now that at certain times in my life, even before all this, I have been gnawed at by a queer desire—in a woman such as I am such a desire must seem queer, I think—for purity, for aloofness, for silence, for what I once called to you *awayness*. It has come and it has gone. But always it has come again. Sometimes it has come like a voice from a distance summoning me to a life which I had never yet known, but which something in the depths of me persistently desired, calling me from afar to a great experience, which only the few could undergo, but which I was fitted for in spite of the life I had led.

"It is very strange, but I think it is the fact that the sense of the spiritual is often very much alive in just those people in whom the animal propensities are exceptionally strong, while those who are almost free from sensuality are often free, too, from any intensity of spiritual desire and aspiration. I can't go into details, Martin, even to you, to whom I am writing as sincerely as I can, but often after what I call groveling, immediately after, I have heard most distinctly the sound of the distant voice. And it seemed to be telling me that my happiness was not, and never could be, where I had been seeking it, that I was the victim of a profound illusion in supposing that the satisfaction of my physical part could ever content me, that, for me, ultimate happiness lay in complete release from physical pleasures.

"Have you ever been violently pulled up in the course of your life, Martin? There seems brutality in it. It is as if a tremendous hand descended upon you, seized you, held you, stopped you, made you stand rigidly still and stare into the darkness. I felt the tremendous hand when Brian died.

"You were away. Perhaps if you hadn't been away I could have told you how it was with me then. I can't now. I didn't suffer as the ordinary, good, loving, self-sacrificing mother suffers when her only child dies. I suffered in quite a different way, as a bad mother, who nevertheless has loved, suffers when she loses her only child. I felt contrition, remorse. I feel them still. And I felt more strongly than ever before the contamination of my life, the desire not to grovel again, never to grovel any more.

"I wrote to tell Carrie Geean and Mark that I must be away from the theater for a time. But then I couldn't bear the nothingness—agonizing in nothingness with Brian there in the house no longer Brian. And I felt I must work or lose all self-control. So I went to the theater. There I had the complete revelation of what I had subdued myself to, of how low I had groveled. There I saw my monster in blinding light. And I was part of it. Oh Martin, that was most terrible! Have you ever thought what it would be to see your double? I had the sensation that I saw my double naked and covered with leprosy. And Mark was in it with me. And Brian seemed to be in it too.

"When I came away from the theater that evening I had an almost irresistible longing to give up the stage, to leave it for another, totally different life, which I had often thought about, spoken about with my friend Father Bexland, and even prayed and meditated about. (I use the word meditation as a priest would use it.) But I had debts. It seemed that I must go on, for a time at any rate, in the theatrical life which was becoming hateful to me.

"And so, after mental struggles and communings which I won't describe to you, I did what you know.

"Campion stepped in. He had been waiting all this time, and probably with the certainty that in the end I should go back to him. I tied myself to Campion. I didn't do it without hesitation, fear, a sense of inward rebellion, Martin. I have had nights in the dark by the sea all alone——

"Under my wilfulness and determination and authority—for I know I have a native authority which is part of me—I have something weak in me that in certain moments betrays me. Many women have a similar weakness, I think. It is, perhaps, a curious sort of slave instinct connected with the body. And it manifests itself only in connection with a certain type of man. Mark Trever belongs to that type. And Campion belongs to that type, too. And you don't, dear Martin. It is slave instinct, I believe, connected with sensuality, a betraying slave instinct, a curious morbid desire for physical subservience.

"Can you understand such a thing, Martin? I often felt it with Mark Trever. I have felt it with Campion. I have never felt it with you. And yet I put you far above those two. You are fine and delicate and sensitive, quivering with sensitiveness. And they are—well, you know what they are! But there is a conquering principle in them for women like me that you haven't got. I think you are too unselfish ever to conquer. You think of the other. Those men always think of themselves. Their savage egotism makes a great impression on women of a certain type, Martin.

"But I was afraid and wretched when I signed with Campion. And directly I had signed I felt myself a prisoner. It was as if I heard an iron door shut on me and knew that my sentence was for five years.

"That dreadful dinner, after you came back, Martin! You will never know what I felt on that evening when we dined with the Campions. I can tell you—and yet I can't! You remember how exultant he was, full of plans for the future. I sat there and heard them. And they were plans for me. And all the time my real self, my deep-down self, the self far down under the actress and all her desires in art, and all her ambitions in art, said to me, 'You cannot be connected with this man who is shouting about what he is going to do for you, and do with you, and what he is going to make of you. You cannot stay with him for five years. No, nor for four, nor three, nor two, nor even for one year. Such a thing isn't possible and you know it isn't possible.'

"Just when I was going Campion said—do you remember?—'No more dancing till three and four o'clock in the morning! We've got



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Sal Hepatica

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to be careful of you now. Looks mean a lot in the theater. We'll take care of yours. From now on you belong to——' There he stopped. Perhaps my eyes made him stop. He had meant to say—'From now on you belong to me.' He didn't say it. But I knew.

"Then you took me to the hotel and you asked me to marry you. And I told you something of what I am. I hurt you terribly, Martin. The wound went to the bone. Still I was truthful. I had to be truthful to *you*. And you spoke of Father Bexland. When you did that I felt as if my soul got up to defend him. And yet you hadn't really attacked him—but my soul got up just the same.

"I'm not sure, but I almost think it was at that moment that I knew I was meant for religion, that moment in which I divided the priest man from all the men not priests. And you trembled with bitter emotion, Martin. I can see you trembling now. And you went. But you held me for a moment first. And I knew how you loved me. And I had been so cruel to you. And in return you loved me, you went on loving me. There is something very fine in you, Martin, finer than anything in me. There's a selflessness that I haven't got.

"I sent my check in payment of my debt to Campion. This is what happened, briefly. He begged me over the telephone to come and dine again. He gave me the invitation as if it was his wife's wish and her idea. I hesitated to go. I remembered the dreadful evening just over. He spoke about my check. He said he didn't want it. He said he wouldn't pay it into his bank till he saw me. I felt that he wouldn't. Perhaps it was best to go.

"I went. His wife wasn't there. He had lied. But I stayed—not to make a scene. It was useless for a woman such as I am to play the virgin or the prude. Even my sense of the ridiculous told me that.

"After dinner Campion tried to force me to take my check back. I refused, naturally. He found out the money I had came from you, that I preferred to be helped by you, Martin, instead of by him. He was passionately angry. He attacked me. He told me—it doesn't matter what he told me, but some of it was true.

"I said you had my things. But then, Martin, he lashed my humbug. For wasn't it humbug? Certainly you had all my things, but all the same that money—wasn't it in truth a gift from you to me, dear Martin, dear friend? He showed me up, Martin, to myself. He made me feel very small.

"And then, leaving the money, he told me some terrible, brutal truths about my sensual self. He told me what my animal was, what it followed after, what it was lured by. He insulted me—with the truth!

"It is terrible to be insulted with the truth. It is the last insult, Martin.

"While Campion was pouring forth upon me this scalding stream of truth I sat quite still and listened, and everything that he said which was true, however loathsome, my mind accepted and my heart seemed in some strange, mysterious way to bear witness to. And in me a voice was assenting. And I knew that I was kindred to this man as, say, Jew is kindred to Jew, through all differences of character and station and education and mental powers and rejections. I knew that this man and I had in the past often walked on the same plane.

"But, Martin, I resolved that never again would I walk on that plane. I formed this resolve while I listened to him, and when he finished I thought it was of iron. And then, Martin, he changed. His mind had been violently at work. But then suddenly his body took charge. He sat down beside me. He touched me. He put his arm round me. He began to tempt me. And, Martin, I *was* tempted. Yes, in spite of all, in spite of my mental abhorrence, and my soul-disgust, and my longing for purity and awayness.

"Other things happened. They are really of no importance. Campion made a false step which stirred up antagonism in me. That was a terrible mistake from his point of view. And then Mrs. Campion came in with some friends unexpectedly. There was a horrible scene, a sordid scene after the friends had gone. It was about money. And I saw that married life bare to its bones. And it seemed to me that I suffered the last degradation.

"I went away. I escaped from that hideous marriage. And as I escaped I knew that if I had signed a hundred contracts with Campion I should break them all. I went to you. I can't tell you why, Martin. I can never tell you why. I waited in your house alone. And it was night. And the mind works at night in a special way, as it doesn't work in daylight. While I waited my mind was working, taking me away from where I had been, driving me far away from a path I had thought, perhaps, to tread.

"When you came at last and I saw you, dear Martin, I *had* to say good-by to you. I *had* to do that, because I had somehow at last got down to absolute sincerity.

"Never ask me to explain, Martin. Never ask me to tell you any more about that.

"What I am going to do will astonish many people, will amaze the crowd. Perhaps it will amaze even you. But the voice is very clear to me now. I have no hesitation in following it. I am a Catholic. I have always been a Catholic. And faith is in me, ingrained in me, part of me. I couldn't not believe—just as you couldn't believe. As instinctively as I suppose you reject—I accept. And there can be no half measures for a woman like me once she has been shown herself exactly as she is.

"People will say, 'Why did she do it? How could she do it? She must be mad. She will never endure that life. She's hysterical. Some hypnotic priest has *got hold of her*.' Oh, I can hear them, Martin! But, searching very sincerely for the exact truth of this matter, very vital to me, of supreme importance to me, I find it in this that I am going to tell you now.

"I am giving up the world, so-called, because I know I cannot go on living in it without degrading myself, without wallowing. Campion has succeeded in proving that to me, as even Mark Trever couldn't prove it. It is my terrible weakness which is driving me to do what perhaps you, and others, will think is a strong thing. In the world, out in the ordinary life, my body is uncontrollable. I am going to put it where it will be controlled, where, in the end—I am sure of this, Martin—it will be educated into complete accordance with my other part, with my soul.

"When that happens I shall know what true happiness is; never till then.

"Good-by, dear Martin. You have loved a woman who has something in her worth loving, and who wishes to destroy all the rest that is not worth loving, and that a man such as you are cannot love.

Valentine"

When he had finished reading Valentine's letter Dale turned out the lamp and sat alone in the gradually increasing darkness of the soft summer night. The mystery of life was upon him, wrapping him round. He was confronted by the inexorable like a man face to face with death. But was the mystery of death any greater than the mystery of life? Valentine and her faith—himself and his unfaith! She had been very sincere to him. But she had not told him all. He saw her eyes in the night, as they had looked at him when she left him on the step of his house in Tedworth Square. In those eyes had been her real good-by to him.

He was bowed down with grief and regret. He felt stricken and could not see that there was any future for him. His life seemed to have stopped, to stand rigidly still in the darkness. Yet he forgave her absolutely, for not loving him and for going away where he would never see more of her. She attributed his power of forgiveness to some greatness in him. But it wasn't something in him which forced him to forgive. No, it was something in her.

He forgave her because she was Valentine.

THE END

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Eleanor Taylor.

These two interesting letters were selected from the 475,000 received during the past year by the makers of Lux

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A Paradise Lost (*Continued from page 91*)

and pensioned, and he had made up his mind, after a formal visit to the United States, to return to Aranua, engage in some business or other—pearl-buying, perhaps—and live out his remaining years.

"Here," he said, "I'll be quite rich. It costs nothing to live; I can have a good enough house, with plenty of lazy, good-natured servants, good things to eat and drink, books, a pretty girl. I've only one life to live. Why not live it pleasantly? Nobody back home knows if I am alive or dead, or cares. I say this without bitterness; but it is a fact."

"My family," said Mr. Jocelyn, "know that I'm alive, of course. But sometimes I feel that they resent it. As a matter of fact they would have very little more money if I were not, but they think that they would have a lot. They are very modern, and I'm not. You've been so frank and kind, I feel that I can tell you what's in my mind without being misunderstood.

"If I go home I'll settle down to the same old round of banalities, dinners, golf, gossip and loneliness, and grow old and crippled and die. It isn't fair. My heart's only about twenty-five years old. The life I've lived has been a failure. I have nothing to show for it. I would like to cut loose and begin all over again. Your beautiful island tempts me. The Aorangi sails tomorrow at five o'clock. If I am on board—why, I'm done for—finished."

The Consul smiled at him across the dinner-table, and filled his glass with champagne.

"Don't be on board," he said. "Stay here and be happy. Stay with me until we have found you a house and a housekeeper. After a little while all your inheritance of nervous energy and restlessness will leave you. You will feel as if your soul had been washed entirely clean and ironed out smooth."

"I shouldn't want to live alone," said Mr. Jocelyn. "You say my soul would feel clean and smooth. But would it? I have been a faithful husband, and it seems to me that if I take a pretty island girl to live with me, I might be troubled by compunctions."

"You wouldn't be troubled," said the Consul. "You would be a great feather in her cap. She could have a fine house, and possessions and a white man. All her companions would envy her, if they were capable of envy or any other invidious passion. She would be your wife and your child. She would never scold you or find fault with you. You would find her sweetness contagious; you would go through the rest of your life beatifically."

On his return to the Aorangi that night, pleasantly exhilarated with champagne, moonlight and romantic thoughts, Mr. Jocelyn sought and found in the tray of his steamer-trunk the only letter which he had received from his wife during his entire absence. There had been no letter from either of his daughters.

Dear Ernest:

We are all well and hope that you are the same. I suppose the girls have written and given you the news. They have set their hearts on spending Christmas and New Year with the Robinsons in the Yosemite Valley. As I have had no definite word from you as to the date of your return I have told them that they may go. The party will be all people of their own age, and they will have a beautiful time. Of course if I *knew* that you would be at home for Xmas I would suggest to them that they back out, because I know how old-fashioned you are about families being together at Xmas time . . .

There followed enough more along the same lines to fill, and no more than fill, an entire sheet of note-paper, and there was not one word of affection which might have served to warm the cockles of a man's heart.

He tore the letter into small pieces, thrust them out at the port-hole, and went to bed. But he could not sleep. Too many thoughts flashed into his mind demanding attention.

In New Zealand someone had asked him, "Why do you go home now when it's so attractive here?" And he had answered without thinking at all, "Oh, I *have* to." But now he was thinking and he knew that he did not *have* to. No good reason called him home. But the reasons for ducking out of all that was humdrum, commonplace, dull and without reciprocated affection, and staying on the island seemed good to him and reasonable.

"I could do something useful for science," he thought. "I could discover all the life and beauty that exist in an island lagoon. I could fish and drift and swim, and the sweetness and good nature and affection of the people would keep me young. Without hurting my daughters I would have enough money to do a lot of good here. If I spend half what it costs me to keep on at home—only half—I could be a great figure on the island—somebody who meant something to a lot of other people."

But it was not really the thought that he could be useful to science or to a whole little race of people which was tempting him to remain on the island; it was the memory of the girl whom he had seen bathing in the pool. He confirmed this to himself presently, and blushed in the dark; and then suddenly he muttered: "And why not? I'm sound as a dollar. I'm as young as I feel. And what if the people at home do hear about it, and laugh their heads off?"

And so to sleep.

The next morning a spirit in his feet drew him back to the pool under the waterfall. She had finished her bath and wrapped herself in a piece of light cotton print. He was lucky to have come when he did, for she was just on the point of going away from that place.

She was on her way to a feast, she told him. It would last several days. There was to be a roast pig. He could come with her if he liked.

"I'd love to come, but I'm not ready. I'd have to get my things from the ship."

"I wait, then," said the girl. "Feast last two, three, four day. No hurry. Eat, sing, sleep, bathe—eat, sing, sleep, bathe. No hurry."

"What's your name?"

"Uama."

"You're beautiful."

"Me?" She laughed and dimpled, and came down and leaned against him and looked up into his face. His left arm shook, and then folded about her waist.

"If I came to live on the island, and bought a house, Uama, would you keep house for me?"

"I be ver' please'," she said.

He hesitated a little, and then gathered her very close in both his arms and kissed her.

"You buy house?" she asked.

"I don't know. I think so. I——"

"I be ver' please'."

"Listen, then. Don't go to this feast. There'll be others. Meet me at the Consul's at five o'clock. I'll get my things ashore."

"I keep house for you?"

"Yes, my dear. That's the big idea. Are you game?"

"I be ver' please'. You ver' fine good man."

The damp heat meant nothing to Mr. Jocelyn. He walked back to the town at the rate of four miles an hour, his head very high. But when he reached the Consul's house he was thirsty. The Consul was out, and Mr. Jocelyn asked a servant for whisky and water.

While he was waiting for this, he spied a dish containing a number of plum-shaped fruit of a beautiful orange color. He tasted one. It was so tart and refreshing that he bit into it recklessly. It contained seeds, hard as flint. Mr. Jocelyn came down hard on one of these seeds, heard a sharp cracking sound, and realized that the beautiful gold inlay Doctor Brownell had put in for him had come loose.

He salvaged it, looked at it ruefully, wrapped it in a cigaret-paper and put it in his waistcoat pocket. At the same moment he realized that the carefully tooled plateau upon which the

inlay had been cemented was sensitive to the acidulous fruit pulp which was still in his mouth. He explored it with the tip of his tongue and it was sensitive to that.

There was no more romance in him. He felt old.

He went into the Consul's office, seated himself at the Consul's desk and made free with an envelop and a cable blank. He had just put a hundred dollars of New Zealand money in the envelop, sealed it and addressed it rather vaguely "Uama," when the Consul came in.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Jocelyn, "you find me infringing on your kindness. But I want you to send a cable for me, and to deliver this. I'll write the cable." He wrote the cable, and handed the envelop to the Consul.

"There's a hundred dollars in this," he said. "It's for a girl named Uama. I made her think that I was going to live here, and that she was going to keep house for me. She's coming here at five to meet me. But I won't be here. There's no harm done; but I think she'll be disappointed."

"But why," said the Consul, "have you changed your mind? I'm disappointed too. I know Uama. She's a little beauty—the daughter of a big chief. She's rather an exceptional girl. She's never had an affair."

"I've changed my mind," said Mr. Jocelyn, "because although I know that I look young enough, I know that I'm not. It wouldn't be fair to the girl. Why lie to myself? As a matter of fact I know I have begun to break up."

"I'm profoundly sorry," said the Consul. "We could have ruled this island between us. We could have done a lot of good." He sighed. "You want me to send this cable."

"Please."

The cable read:

Jocelyn, Pebblebeach, California.
Be home for Xmas. Please make appointment with Doctor Brownell.
JOCELYN.

As Brands from the Burning

(Continued from page 35)

at the feet of the thrilled revivalist a thank-offering of money larger by a hundred dollars than any yet contributed.

Next morning an entire community vibrated to the news that Shep Withers, that most hard-bitten veteran of all resident steamboaters, had got religion. He got it as he had got all other convictions, all previous prejudices, in his tumultuous bargain-driving career—thoroughly, sincerely, whole-heartedly, and all the way through him and back again.

Afire with his young zeal, he came aboard carrying a Bible, which was absolutely the last object on earth the Emma Katie's astounded crew had ever expected to see their imperious overseer carrying. And the very first thing he did was to summon about him all hands of all colors, white, black, brown and yellow—the unloading had to wait until he was through—and expound for their future conduct, official and private, a set of rules and regulations which were against all river precedent and terribly against all river tradition. And the next thing he did was even more revolutionary, for that was to give orders for dismantling the bar.

At the start it was hard to believe. All proper packets had bars on them and always had had; the Colonel himself had begun as a barkeep on the old side-wheeler Indian Queen. Bars paid heavy dividends of profit. How could anybody run a steamboat without a bar?

But they had to believe, although it strained them, when he paid off the two barkeepers and sent them ashore, and with his own hands, while many wistful eyes grew mournful and many mouths watered, broached kegs and opened bottles and cracked jugs and poured over the sides into the unappreciative waters of the flooding stream whiskies, both Bourbon



"—they increase your smoke enjoyment"

A Trick Worth Knowing

Even his stenographer noticed it and commented about it.

"Since you began eating Life Savers between smokes," she ventured slyly, "I notice you don't have the frazzled nerves you used to have after a day of hard smoking."

"They certainly are great between smokes," he grinned. "I wouldn't be without them. Have some?"

* ○ *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six flavors are displayed at all good stores: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package.

Eat a few Life Savers



between smokes

P. S. Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

Better

FOR YOUR CAR ON TOUR

Your enjoyment on tour this summer will be made more certain if you install a set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs before you start. Your car will perform better under all driving conditions, because every dependable Champion Spark Plug is of two-piece gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes. That is why two out of three motorists the world over buy Champions regularly.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles to insure better and more economical car operation. This is true, even of Champions, in spite of their world-wide reputation for remarkable long life.

Champion—for trucks, tractors and cars other than Fords—and for all stationary engines—packed in the Blue Box 75¢



Champion X—Exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and tractors—packed in the Red Box 60¢

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

and rye, and beers and wines and gin—a heavy, foamy, delectable, fragrant torrent of wasted joy-stuffs. About once in a coon's age some straying Yankee, with the curious appetites of his kind, did crave a cordial. So one bottle of cordial went to waste too.

This had been only by way of an inaugural, as witness the present decorations in the redeemed cabin of this boat, which was the flagship of the Withers fleet. The Fleetwing was on the ways at Mound City undergoing repairs for fractured timbers where a sunken sawlog had rasped her bottom open earlier in the winter. The owner sent two journeymen painters down to her, with copy in their hands and marvelings in their brains.

The Linda Smythe, a twin to the Fleetwing, had been intercepted by other draftsmen up the river, but for the work on the largest boat of his line, the Colonel had chosen to ship a squad for the round trip, they to ply their calling under his personal direction while the packet operated.

So now, as the dusk of a drizzly early February evening thickened on the river and black duck and mallard flew up from in front of the plodding steamer and wheeled back to settle again in her wake, the Colonel sat on his high stool of command and contemplated the accomplished job and was a satisfied man. By the grace of the Almighty he had been converted. By that same grace, he being its chosen instrument, this beloved possession of his was a convert, too, and for all time hereafter would publicly advertise herself as such. He was glad all over except in one odd corner of his being. There he was sorry.

He was sorry about losing Tip January as first mate—a competent man and a painstaking one. But Tip had quit in mid-journey, giving his reasons therefor. He had spoken frankly. He couldn't stand it to run any longer on such a boat as the Emma Katie Lucas had become. After twelve years of service on her he must get off her and stay off. And Colonel Withers, while regretting the loss of such a capable employee, was equally frank to say he couldn't have such a man as Tip on his pay-roll any longer, either. Still, while accepting its inevitability he secretly couldn't help regretting the severance. Tip had been so knowledgeable about getting the last ounce of man-power out of a bunch of lazy rousters.

It was getting on to be bedtime for God-fearing people. It was nearly half past ten. Indeed it already was past bedtime for some. From the crew's quarters in the texas issued a rumble of sincere snoring. The kitchen corps had finished with drying the last of the supper pottery, mostly small receptacles curiously like canary birds' bathtubs done in thick chinaware. The cabin—ladies' end and men's end—wore a deserted air.

This boat was making good time, all things considered. She was deeply laden, but on the other hand, the tail-end swells of the escaping overflows helped her along here through the lengthened reaches of the lower river where it somewhat straightened and notably widened for its union with the Ohio.

Alongside her now, the big black lozenge of Twenty-seven Mile Island massed through the intermittent spats of rain. On past its foot a sparse row of lights, hanging low on the inky sky-line like unsupported stars, showed where the railroad bridge crossed. Let her keep up this clip and if so minded she'd make port in the middle of the night. There was no wisdom in that, though. Daylight landings were best.

Colonel Withers, taking a turn outside for air, decided to let her lie by somewhere and send her on down after sunup. It was etiquette, it was also river law that the master and not the proprietor should transmit such an order to the pilot. Seeking Captain Lockwood, he made for the office. He wormed his way through narrow lanes of freight; the boiler deck almost was blocked off with it. On the lower deck, as he knew, the rousters had to climb over small mountain ranges of it and the shallow hold was two-thirds full of mill stuff. There were twelve first-cabin passengers aboard, too; a fair enough number for this season when travel was light. Colonel Withers warmed with content.

The skipper was not at the office. There being no hurry about transmitting his wishes, the magnate sat down for a brief space by the glowing stove and lighted one of the long black stogies he favored and had talk with Tim Loftus, the watchman, who for the moment chanced to be the only other occupant there. The last yawning passenger had retired. Loftus, with his lighted lantern between his stretched legs, stoked a corncob pipe.

"I trust, Timothy, you are reasonably content with your lot?" said Colonel Withers, exercising his newly acquired vocabulary. "And your health—it is good, I hope?"

The watchman was properly flattered. By current marine standards his estate was a humble one. He was not accustomed to inquiries from this source touching on his general well-being. He enjoyed being so benevolently, so paternally questioned.

"Well, thank you, Colonel, thank you for askin'," he answered gratefully. "I ain't got no real complaint. I got my appetite, anyway."

"A good appetite is a blessing indeed," stated his patron. "It is a beautiful world we live in, Timothy."

"Yes, Suh, that's practic'ly whut I was sayin' to a feller just here the other day," romanced Mr. Loftus eagerly. He was no more a hypocrite than the run of us are, but it was good diplomacy to match his manner with the big boss's mood. His voice took on the reverent lowered tone which ordinarily he used only at funerals: "We oughter all give the Lawd more credit fur whut He's done fur us—that's whut I claim."

"You are right there, Timothy, exactly right," agreed Colonel Withers. Somehow he managed to be both prim and hearty in the same breath. "I did not heretofore suspect that you harbored such fine and worthy sentiments."

He pulled at his cigar. His foot tapped on the floor boards to the tremor in them; and the measured drone of the machinery came up through them. Your light-draft Western steamboat was a sounding-board, a timber-built kettle-drum; she was a succession of sensitive wooden tympana set one plane on another. This rhythmic purring and quivering pleased and exalted the Colonel. It told his trained ear that all below functioned sweetly. She blew for the passage under the bridge just then and the roar of her whistling momentarily deafened them.

"Timothy," he continued, as the prolonged final blast died away, "the Lord has indeed prospered me here of late, thanks be to Him!" He rubbed his hands together—hands that loved the touch of silver honestly earned. "It's the best trip this boat has had recently. It all goes to show, Timothy, it all goes to show. It shows He is quick to recognize and appreciate the work of His servant's hands. It shows that already He's rewarding my effort to make these boats the only boats on the whole river where a real Christian can feel at home. I have a profound conviction that business is going to get better and better for this line from now on."

The immediate background provided a touch of unintended irony for the zealot's words. Half-hidden by his sparse frame was a muraled scroll which read: "Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." That same line was to become immediately as the caption for a tragic, graphic picture—the text to a terrifying illustration.

For on the instant, all timed and aptly, like a cue in a play, there occurred the beginnings of a chancy and phenomenal multiplication of piled-on disasters.

Not to be too technical about it, this was what started it, to the sudden tune from the engine-room of a rending, screeching, demoniac clatter which jerked open the eyes of every sleeper aboard her! A worn jib-pin snapped,

a cylinder-head cracked, a maltreated piston jammed, practically all together or at least in the same calamitous flash of time, and a pitman, wresting itself free on its forward thrust against steam, became a threshing, smashing timber missile, a dangerous monster instead of an ordered driver, a jockeyless unbridled wild horse bucking and kicking and plunging in clouds of hot freed vapor.

This was a mishap crippling and costly enough, but not uncommon and not in itself especially serious. It was what almost instantly succeeded that contrived for the Emma Katie Lucas her total undoing. For her fate had decreed it that the dire thing must befall just as her bow passed under the middle arch of the bridge.

Momentarily out of control, she swung away, angling with the strong eddy, to crash broadside on and with terrific impetus against one of the piers. She was never meant for such a buffet; none of her sort ever is. The clouting deeply dented her frame amidships, but that wasn't the worst of it. Under water a flanged buttress of masonry cut into her bottom like a hoe-blade cutting into a brittle calabash. She began sinking but it promised to be a process retarded, since her hold-load of rough-sawed lumber acted as a stay and a buoy.

Taking advantage of a favoring side-twist of current diverted eastward by the bridge structure, her pilot could have guided her before she settled to the comparative safety of shallow waters two hundred yards distant on the left bank. He had her headed so and kept her headed so, scuttled and water-logged though she was, but now, not two minutes after the first disturbance, nor ten seconds after the smack of the collision, a great flare of crimson shot with yellow jets lighted up her forward cabin windows. She was afire. She was burning up like a celluloid hair-comb. It was a question whether she would burn up before she sank or sink before she burned up.

The crowning catastrophe had come about through this fashion. At the first deranged hubbub and clatter from aft and from beneath them, the owner and the watchman were on their feet, startled and alert. Before either could reach the nearest egress there ensued the smash against the stonework. The lurching impact threw them flat.

It threw something else flat. There was an iron brace like an inverted long stirrup which anchored the stove fast to the floor. One of the bolts pulled out of its anchorage. The stove went over on its pot-belly and broke apart and a couple of bushels, more or less, of live coals spilled out; and at that the panic-stricken Loftus scrambled up from his all-fours and snatched for a half-filled tin pail which was standing six feet away against the open-faced cubicle where the late bar had been, and never noticing that a collection of paint-brushes was in it also—that in a calmer moment might have told him something—he dashed the contents on the crackling coal.

He and the Colonel leaped back from a mounting inferno of flame and fled, with scorched faces and singed hair, through the nearest door and left it open behind them. So now there was a draft to blow the blaze higher.

So far as subsequent inquiry revealed, very few individuals actually lost their heads. The passengers behaved well enough; the whites among the crew, almost without exception, behaved admirably, most of the blacks also. The fat black pastry-cook soothed a family of screaming children and their mother. The texas-tender and the cub-pilot dug life-preservers out from under bunks. Furthermore they had the forethought to lift a dozen or more stateroom doors off their hinges, these doors being especially contrived for such swift unshipping, and cast them over the guards on the chance someone might need an auxiliary life-raft. Other volunteers swung a life-boat off the canted hurricane-deck and lowered it—a useless gesture as it turned out.

Of course there was a certain amount of aimless running to and fro, a chorus of alarmed



"Boy, it certainly is hot! I hope your tires will stand it; I'm not hankering to do any changing in this sun."

"You won't have to—these are Kelly-Springfields."

shrieking, a muddle here and there of vain confusions. Even so there was to be a remarkably light loss of life and an even shorter casualty list. Captain Lockwood broke an ankle when all his weight came upon it as he tumbled into an open hatchway; and the second mate was knocked senseless by a fall down the texas gangway when somebody caromed against him.

Later on, when they were quieter, divers of the travelers remembered how a half-dressed, raw-boned, furious man had with frightful cursing and formidable fists checked a rush of temporarily frenzied deck-passengers across the forecastle and how, a minute or two after this when the burning packet swung in among the half-submerged willows off the bank and for a little space grounded herself there, this same person passed two shivering women and five squealing young ones over the bow to other rescuers standing shoulder-deep in water to receive these living burdens and wade ashore with them through the threshing hedge of slender tree trunks.

It was Cap'n Tip January who single-handed had stopped the crazed rush on the lower deck, who then had taken over the disabled skipper's duties, and who now, being himself on the point of quitting the wreck, all at once thrust out a detaining hand and clutched the last human save himself remaining aboard—a little deformed roustabout. He jerked the wriggling negro back.

"There was a sick nigger on a pallet back behind the engine-room," he cried out. "You come on with me and help tote him out—if he's still there!"

The commandeered helper desired with all his soul to quit this foundering blazing craft. He feared a hideous death, but there was a thing he feared still more—this man-killer who had four imaginary but justified notches for lethal remembrance on his gun butt. So he compelled his palsied legs to follow his dreadful leader aft, they both clambering over the freight heaps. But the man they sought for was gone; either he had escaped unaided or had been borne to safety. So they came scrambling back to the fore-part.

Quick as they had been, the boat's hull had unbeached itself. Slipping off the salvation of the shelving bar which temporarily had detained her, the Emma Katie Lucas was far out again from the shore-line and blundering down-current, twisting and turning blindly. By now her boiler deck was a furnace, her texas an oblong torch, her pilot-house the squared peak of a spouting volcano. There was a vast glowing, a bloody smearing like an infernal false dawn, against the sky overhead. The rolling black smoke and the thousands of big live sparks and crackling firebrands which mounted upward were lost in that great glare and the rain, coming down through it, looked like drops of red molten iron. And these two were alone, bound for mid-stream.

"Nigger," said Cap'n January, "we've got to swim fur it if we don't want to fry alive. Come on—she won't stay up much longer and it's deep out here." He was in water over his shoe-tops now, the deck beneath him being awash; but the heat on his face was terrific.

"Oh, Gawd, Boss, please, Suh, save me!" screeched the darky. "Oh, Gawd, Boss, I can't swim a lick!"

"That so?" Cap'n Tip January's manner was almost casual, his voice calculating, his eye measuring the prospects for escape. "Well, I can't have you clawin' me round the neck and pullin' me under."

"Oh, Gawd Ermighty, Boss, don't leave me here fur to perish. You made me stay behind wid you. Don't lemme perish, fur Gawd's sake!"

"Come here to me!" bade Cap'n Tip.

Babbling, beseeching, groping, a figure of raving terror, the hunchback stumbled toward him; and when he was close enough the white man expertly smote him squarely on the jaw and felled him like a steer in a slaughter-pen. January stooped, hooked the fingers of his left hand in the back of his man's woolen neckband and slid off the gunwale, the inert form of his companion splashing in behind him.

The almost ice-cold stream closed over them. Immediately they were up, their heads making two black dots on that blood-colored expanse. But it was hard for Cap'n Tip to stay up, with that dead weight encumbering him, and harder still to keep the stunned black man's face above the slapping little waves.

He was a strong sinewy man, though, and a strong swimmer. Half-towing, half-pushing his burden, he swam a quartering course. He was aiming for an outjutting point some quarter-mile or thereabouts below where the rest of the survivors had refugeed. He almost made it, too, but he got into a tangle of undergrowth, and what to him, numbed and almost exhausted as he was, became an even more serious matter, he got into a riffle of corn-stalks and bark and lost cross-ties and fence-rails—flotsam which the river had brought down from above and had left here among the projecting brush in a woven-together network. It was like being in a trap. He couldn't touch bottom, either. He must swim out again and try for it farther down where the drift was not so thick. Unencumbered, he might make it.

Even in that dire extremity though it did not occur to him that he should let go of his victim. Whatever Cap'n Tip January ever had started in his life he had finished—from swimming lessons to homicides.

He turned from the shore edge and struck out. The current pulled at his legs like an undertow. The strokes of his one free arm became slower, more feeble. An obstacle overtook him—a great sycamore tree undermined and uptorn by the January freshets somewhere in the upper valley, riding high as it went past trunk first, its roots asprawl like the fingers of a drowning giant reaching for proverbial straws. He clutched for it but the slimy smooth bole offered him no hand grips. It slid away from him and its limbs caught him and enmeshed him and pushed him under. There was a noise as of many waters in his ears and when next he came up and brought the negro up with him he was past swimming, almost past any further effort.

His head sank and in his agony he gasped out words strange for him to be uttering:

"God save me! Oh, God, give me a sign! Oh, God, show me mercy now and I swear—to—You—God—I'll——" The waters washed the words out of his mouth. His lips below the surface made bubbling sounds. The bobbing head sank until only the top of the scalp showed.

Something bumped him—something hard and sharp, like a corner of something, striking against his ear. He threw his right arm out and it fell across a flat smooth surface, a sustaining surface, for it bore his weight and amply supported him. He managed somehow to wriggle his trunk across it. And after a while it took him ashore, he steering with his tired legs and with leaden twists of his body.

Presently, when he could think and see and lift his head, he did lift it a matter of inches. The negro he had saved was beside him, half in and half out of water, face upward though and breathing. The hulk was abreast of him but far out from land. The radiance from it made rosy stripings and stipplings on the ripples about him. The light above was like the fiery light of the Judgment Morn, but the collapsing framework of the wreck, drifting farther and farther away but with its bow to him, was like a flaming, receding gateway to Perdition.

He raised himself higher, getting purchase with his hands and props for his weight with his arms. That which had brought him here to this haven was under him. It was a stateroom door. By the crimson illumination which covered him and all else, he saw under his breast the lines that were painted with fresh bright paint across its uppermost panel. He read what the text said. He read it and reread it. It said:

HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES: HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

Like a man befuddled by some unbelievable revelation and seeking further confirmation of it, he stared about him. He was in a little cove, a sort of tiny basin behind the point of land, and here the water was almost entirely quiet save for a gentle lapping. On the bank, almost at the level of his questioning eyes, was a small natural pasture. Its herbage had come through the mild Southern winter verdant and fresh, healthy-looking and having the soft look of spring upon it.

Cap'n January reared himself on his knees and lifted his two dripping arms aloft.

It was after midnight when the tugboat John Ort Number Two, with rafted logs in tow, came along and took away the survivors. Barring nerves and the pains of exposure in their soaked garments, most of them seemed to have weathered the experience fairly well. Mr. Yarbro was still unconscious as they carried his two hundred and eighty pounds aboard. He remained so quite a while. It turned out he had slight concussion of the brain. They had feared it might be a fractured skull.

When he came groping back to himself two days later, he was in a room at the old Richmond House with no idea as to how he got there; and at the foot of the bed loomed his brother-mate, Old Hoss McHovey, quivering with the desire to tell him the news.

"How many lost?" asked Mr. Yarbro, as the mists of confusion cleared out of his head.

"Two rousters and one deck-passenger missin'—that's all. And nobody much bunged-up exceptin' you and Billy Lockwood. The big boss is in a swivit, though—jest sweatin' blood and salty tears."

"What fur?"

"He's sort of rebellious, as you might say. He's lettin' on like he thinks Blessed Provi*dence* ain't acted right by him. I reckin he'll be more reconciled in due time but now he says look what the Lord up and done to him after all he'd done fur the Lord—first ordainin' fur her to run through herself in the very worst place and at the very worst time fur that to happen, then lettin' her saddles-bag herself on that there cussed bridge-post and bust wide open same as a rotten pumpkin, and then on top of the rest of it, sufferin' a pleg-taked keerless idiot of a painter to go and leave half a bucket of raw turpentine right in the identical spot where another idiot of a night-watchman would see it and think 'twas water and go and slap it onto a bed of livin' coals. Then when we git back here he finds out that last week whilst he was so busy gittin' religion he let the inshorance lapse on her and so he stands to lose a great big chunk of money—and you know yourself the boss likes a dollar as much as the next one. Oh, he's jolted—he certainly is jolted!"

"Well, I'll——" began the invalid, but Old Hoss's eager speech overrode his feebler and faltering voice.

"I ain't sayin' he's backslid, but if he ever should there's somebody to take his place. Guess who. You'll never guess in a million years. Tip January—that's who."

"Well, I'll be——"

"Yes, Suh, Tip January has done went and reformed his ways. Brags he's goin' to turn preacher and ride the river savin' souls. Says he asked the Lord fur a sign when he was sinkin' and the Lord answered him out of the skies. Why, he led a prayer-meetin' of thanksgivin' fur us all bein' delivered out of the jaws of death—that's how he put it—comin' down on the John Ort Number Two. Prayed right well, too, fur what you might call a rank green amachure."

"Well, I'll be yal——"

"He's got one follower already—a sawed-off little humpback nigger that he drug ashore with him. He told that there nigger he'd saved his life fur him and now he was goin' to save his soul or else break every bone in his body. So the nigger's goin' trail with him. He'd better!"

And now the historic sentence was to be finished: "Well, I'll be yaller-dam'med," said Yaller Dam.

The Mating Call *by Rex Beach* (*Continued from page 79*)

a gasping agitation akin to his, or to see that her bosom, too, was heaving.

She removed her slippers and mounted the steps, but his hand arrested her, his lips framed the caution: "Your foot! Let me help you."

She turned and smiled at him queerly, then shook her head. Her eyes were strangely bright, luminous, and it seemed to him that a nimbus, some phosphorescent vapor clothed her, for her expression was plainly visible.

"It is quite well." She laughed silently. "It was only—pretend."

"Catherine!" he breathed. "Undine!" For a moment he reeled through blackness but felt her fingers tighten upon his, hold them. He was no longer two men, but one. A giant. He drew her closer and she surrendered willingly, eagerly. Her body relaxed, flowed against his, he crushed it fiercely, tenderly in his embrace and her bare arms crept about his neck. Her upturned face invited his caress and at the first touch of his hungry lips she quivered, clung to him.

Marvin Swallow was surprised one morning when Leslie Hatten appeared in his office and greeted him with an exuberant good humor. The visitor explained that he had just come down from Evergreen on the new bus line.

"The busses are marvelous and the road is like glass. When I was a boy it took all day to make the trip and it was a real adventure. Dad used to bring his rifle and pick up a deer or a turkey on the way. This morning we came through in an hour!"

"How long since you been here?"

"Not for years. Not since I went North, in fact. Hermits don't get around much." The speaker laughed out of pure high spirits.

Marvin eyed him curiously. "Say, what ails you? You've come up like a weed."

"I sure have. I'm boisterous. I feel like smashing hats and stealing somebody's gate. It's Hallowe'en and I'm grinning inside like a Jack-o'-lantern. I came down to buy my wife a present. It will have to be a cheap one but——"

"Then you've come to the wrong town, Mist' 'Atten. There's nothing cheap in Gulf City, except some lots I'm putting on. You might say I'm *giving* them away. Why not buy Miz 'Atten a nice fifty-foot corner, all improvements promised? A quarter down, balance one, two and three. I ain't making but a hundred percent, the real enhancement is all hers."

Leslie grinned. "Thanks for the opportunity, but this is a sort of wedding present. I'm investing fifty dollars in pure sentiment and I wish I could afford more. By the way, I hear you're on the road to riches, Marvin."

"*Am* I? Look what I've done in sixty days. When I came here I didn't owe a dollar, now I owe fifty thousand. If this keeps up I'll be a million dollars in debt. If that ain't success, what is it?"

"And if this shouldn't keep up?"

"Listen! The first thing to learn about a real estate boom is 'Don't worry.' Get that in your head and you're ready to put on a development."

"For the life of me I can't see why——"

"Say! Neither can the other fellow see why. Don't figure he's any smarter than you are, for he isn't. Just give the old college yell, 'A quarter down,' and leave the rest to Providence at eight percent per annum. There ain't any good reason for anything, but it happens."

"Very well, I shan't argue; things certainly do happen," Leslie agreed. "I'm no longer a skeptic; I'm a congenital optimist and I believe anything. Now, then, I want a bit of advice: please read this and tell me what you make of it." To Swallow he handed the note of warning. "Is that really from the Klan, or is it the work of some individual?"

"What's your idea?" Marvin countered when he had run his eye over the contents of the note.

Hatten hesitated before saying, "For quite a while I've suspected that somebody is working against me."

"I've tried to tell you as much. Your farm was sold for taxes, wasn't it? And the time's about up. Had any offers to buy you off, cheap?"

"Not cheap. I was offered all it is worth, perhaps more. But I want to live there. I'm cured of the blues. I'm—happy. Naturally this insult to my wife, this threat to my happiness has got my back up." The speaker strode to the wash-stand in the corner of Marvin's office, rinsed out a cloudy drinking glass and filled it at the faucet.

"Don't drink that," Swallow cautioned him. "It'll ruin you."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, except it's liquid bob-wire. It kills lawns and cuts radiators quicker than a cold chisel. That's all the matter with Gulf City—we real-estaters have to close a prospect before he gets thirsty."

"It's well water, isn't it?"

"Sure. And full of lime. It's harder than algebra. If they pump the wells fast they turn salt. I got a stomach that han'les monkey rum, wood alcohol, synthetic gasoline and all kinds of edible beverages, but——"

Hatten interrupted with an exclamation. "You've given me a thought! Lon Henderson has been measuring the flow from my spring and I wondered why. It's pure water and it's soft. There's enough for ten cities like this——"

For a moment the men stared at each other.

"But—it's fifty miles away," Marvin said.

"True. And it would cost millions to get it here. No doubt it's a fantastic idea."

The younger man shook his head. "I'm not so sure of that. It would explain everything that has happened to you. It's a reason for this threat of tar and feathers." He pondered with a frown. "Lon's smart. Think what it would mean to Gulf City if it had pure, soft spring water in its mains. Millions! A hundred millions, in property values alone! We'd put the other places out of business. Mist' 'Atten, this is *big!* Henderson spends most of his time here lately; he's in right with the strongest people. I hear, by the way, that he and Rose have split."

For some time the men discussed this new subject that Hatten's thirst and his friend's warning had opened up, then the latter said: "S'pose I run up and have a look at that spring. I might help you sell it. And now about this letter. It never came from the Klan, but tar's mighty sticky no matter who heats it. If I was you, I'd buy me a double-bar'l cylinder bore and load it with double B's. 'Tain't a bit of use to holler to the authorities. You just got to play your own hand."

Gulf City, as Hatten had known it, was a town of perhaps twenty-five thousand people; during the years of his absence it had grown considerably, but he was quite unprepared for the scenes he encountered today. The business section had not changed very greatly in aspect, most of the buildings were recognizable, but everywhere was a queer, unreal and seemingly purposeless activity entirely disproportioned to the size of the place.

Here and there prominent corners were being, or had been, turned into luxurious rest-rooms with soft rugs, wicker chairs and divans. These rendezvous were the sales headquarters of the large "developments." On the walls were maps and enormous landscapes done in oil and flooded with the glow from hidden globes. These were airplane views of the "property," the subdivision. Most of them were amazing examples of pure creative art, for as yet the actual beauties, both natural and artificial, of these unbuilt residential paradises were visible only to the eyes of the enthusiastic promoters. Fleets of gleaming new Pullman busses bore prospects to the field offices and there high-pressure salesmen, schooled by an East Coast experience, walked their customers through waist-high palmettoes or over bleak, burning sands the while they sang seductively of the glories to come and painted vivid prospects of speculative profits.

Barkers were at work on the sidewalks, selling talks went on at restaurant tables and chile wagons. The barber who cut your hair knew of some wonderful pick-ups. Attractive young women fell into step with you, introduced themselves, and invited you to drive out with them to such and such a development.

To Leslie Hatten this was a revelation. Where was the old tropic languor of Gulf City? Where was the Dixie drawl, the easy-going pace? There was electricity in the air; these people were aggressive foreigners and not one of them even talked like a Floridian. Here was illusion and delusion; this was the land of Ballyhoo. Coney Island. Painted canvas. Lath and plaster. A breath would blow it all down. And yet actual fortunes were being made. It was droll and interesting.

He felt like stopping some of these foolish, hurrying people who were so preoccupied in making money and asking them what a woman would like best as a present. A pretty dress? But no, he lacked money enough for a dress worthy of Catherine. Soft, silken undergarments—something to caress her skin? Or a modest piece of jewelry? What colors went best with dark flashing eyes and hair like black smoke?

This was an important occasion: the time, the taste, the thought he put into the purchase of his first votive offering at her shrine would be an indication and a measure of his devotion. Intrinsic value meant nothing. To choose the first thing he saw, to be easily pleased would argue indifference. If only this fifty dollars were five thousand, fifty thousand! How true it is that lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs. Money was of no value except to give to one you love.

Perhaps that was why these people were in such a frantic scramble—perhaps it wasn't personal greed that fired them but the desire to make money for others. He had never thought of that. He could make money as fast as they could, now that he had a reason for doing so, for he was just as smart and as capable as the best of them. Smarter! Not in years had he felt such confidence in his capabilities as today.

What he finally bought for Catherine was a chic little imported doll made in the likeness of a Russian dancer. It surprised him to find such a smart novelty here in Gulf City, for it belonged on Fifth Avenue, and what decided him to buy it was its resemblance to Catherine herself—not as he had ever seen her but as she would look in shining boots and fur-trimmed blouse and Cossack cap. He was delighted. It had her dark eyes and hair, her haughty tilt to its head. He laughed aloud as he admired it.

There was still five dollars left out of his fifty and with this he bought a tiny bottle of expensive perfume. Could anything better reflect his gaiety of spirit than these two purchases? Beauty, color, fragrance, romance!

When he found himself on the street with his purchases carefully wrapped in tissue paper, boxed and tied with ribbons, he grew eager to be gone. He had been away from home for an eternity—long enough for his parting kiss to have grown cold on his wife's lips. He wondered if she really understood how suddenly and how completely she had taken possession of him. Probably not. He should have told her more convincingly. Women love to be told and retold—to be wooed over and over again. But he had been too dazed, too incoherent to tell her much.

The bus seemed to crawl on its way back to Evergreen; it was dusk when he came on foot to his gate and hurried up to the house. He whistled blithely as he neared the porch, then he called Catherine's name.

There was a stir in the kitchen, Anna and Ivan met him as he flung open the door. They tried to tell him something. Anna had been

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weeping, her husband was in distress. They babbled words, they gesticulated, wrung their hands.

Fear seized Hatten. He turned sick as he recalled that letter in his pocket and he could feel the blood drain out of his cheeks. He strode to the door of Catherine's room but she was not inside, he stared dazedly about the premises and called her name. "Catherine! *Catherine!* Where is she? What has happened? Good Lord, are you dumb?" He advanced upon the old couple so threateningly that they shrank away, protesting.

With shaking hands Anna produced a letter from her pocket and held it out to him.

The old people watched him apprehensively while he ripped the envelop and read, then moved closer to the window and read again in stark, staring astonishment:

Leslie:

Today I understand better as before. It is all made plain and so I go away.

Why not? There is no real love between us and there can be no happiness here. To you it was a mood, a man's adventure, to me a mistake. Only the wicked moonlight was to blame. Catherine

I laugh with you but the little man in my breast is sad.

"What does this mean?" Hatten cried loudly. "Gone? Where? When did she go? What induced her to leave?"

Ivan began an excited chattering, utterly purposeless under the circumstances, and of course Leslie made nothing out of it. After the first moment or so he did not even listen.

Now that the first shock had registered, certain words leaped out of the message and smote him disagreeably. "No real love . . . No happiness here . . . The wicked moonlight . . . A mistake." Good Lord, she called it a *mistake!* He uttered a cry of fury, the cry of a man betrayed. He stormed about the room and oaths tumbled from him; he bellowed questions at Catherine's people and when they eyed him dumbly, he cursed them. He strove desperately to invent some medium of expression and finally he dragged Ivan into the living-room, pointed to the clock and shouted:

"When did she go? How long has she been gone? When? *When?*" He brandished the letter, pointed to it, then laid his finger upon the clock dial at various points. "When did she write this? Quick!"

Ivan understood, he pointed to three o'clock. The letter had been written at three o'clock. Catherine had left about four. She had gone alone, taking with her only one piece of luggage, a suitcase. Evidently there had been an emotional parting, tears, protests on the part of the parents. But what else the old people were trying to convey there was no telling.

Nor could Leslie ascertain whither Catherine was bound.

Ivan began the enactment of a scene and Hatten followed his efforts with a quick, fierce eagerness, nodding his head and urging him on. The old man imitated the sound of an automobile. It had arrived early in the afternoon. A richly dressed woman had come.

"Mrs. Henderson? Was it Rose Henderson?" Leslie touched the gilt trimmings of the clock and then his hair. Both Anna and Ivan nodded vigorously.

So! Rose had come. She and Catherine had talked for an hour, then Rose had gone. Catherine had been deeply agitated—a distracted pacing of the room, a wringing of hands, made this plain. Then the writing of the letter, a terrible to-do, a tearful leave-taking——

Hatten had learned enough; he rushed out of the house and made his way as swiftly as possible in the direction of Evergreen and Rose Henderson.

"Yes, I went out to your place this afternoon. What of it?" Rose Henderson regarded her caller with a coldly hostile eye.

"What did you say to my wife?"

The woman's lip curled derisively. "As if I could remember! Why don't you ask her?"

"Because she has gone, leaving a note which says that everything has been 'made plain'; that she now understands everything. Well! I'm here to find out what you 'made plain.'"

Leslie voiced these words in the tone of a threat but his hearer ignored it. In genuine surprise she exclaimed:

"Gone! You mean she has left you? Run away?"

"You know very well she has. What did you tell her? What induced her to go?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I hadn't the faintest idea she had left or even intended leaving. Honestly!"

"I presume you're lying."

"Leslie! You forget yourself, or you're too excited to know what you're saying. But what *could* I tell her? That I had made a fool of myself over you: that you had jilted me, humiliated me? Humph! She knows all that. Others have told her."

"Is she here?"

"Good heavens, no! If you doubt my word, look through the house. *Here!*" Rose uttered a dry, mirthless laugh; curiously she regarded the man. "You act as if you're—crazy about her."

"I am," he confessed.

There was a moment of silence, then Rose said disagreeably: "My, but you certainly have gone back! I reckon the soil did it; you told me it was making a beast out of you. It was bad enough for you to live with a—a woman like that, but to actually fall for her——"

"Why shouldn't I live with my wife?"

"*'Wife'!*"

Rose shot the word at him with a scornful intonation and she was upon the point of following it up, but his expression warned her; she moved in such a way as to put a table between them. The fellow was beside himself and the very intensity of his agitation was an affront to her. He was staring at her out of a countenance suddenly suffused, bloodshot.

He inquired roughly: "What d'you mean, it was bad enough for me to live with her?"

"Why—nothing. That is, if you were really married."

"Don't you think we were married?"

"If you say so, that ends it. But Evergreen people have never believed it. They can't imagine a man like you taking a—low-down peasant for your wife. And the way you met her! You told that story yourself and you made it sound pretty rotten; then you put her out to work, like a nigger. It'll take more than your word. If I were you, I wouldn't try to bring her back."

Hatten uttered an exclamation. "I have a letter in my pocket that I blamed on Lon but—by heaven, I believe you wrote it!"

His listener shrugged non-committally, defiantly, and moved away, whereupon he advanced with his face working savagely; there was an insane glitter in his eyes.

"If I could afford it I'd wring your neck—tear that forked tongue out of your throat," he shouted. "You're not a woman—you're a snake. A hissing, creeping, poisonous snake. You coiled at me and—and you struck *her!* I ought to stamp you into the ground like a moccasin. And I will. But not now—I can't. I've got to find her; I've got to bring her home. When I've done that, I'll learn just what you told her and—woman or man, I'll——" He stammered, he choked over the very bitterness and hatred that welled up in him. Turning blindly, he rushed out into the night and away from the temptation of throttling her.

It was late when he returned home and by that time the result of his inquiries had considerably altered his mood. Catherine had not gone to Rose Henderson's house; from what he could learn it seemed certain that she had boarded the north-bound evening train. Here was a mystery. She was penniless. How could she go anywhere by rail?

Leslie had telephoned out to Three Bold Oaks but the Dolly Sisters had given him no information, nor could he find trace of his wife's presence elsewhere. He was baffled.

He decided finally that Rose had provided the fugitive with money. But what arguments, what pressure she had brought to bear he could not imagine. For that matter, it was of little consequence; the indubitable, the stunning fact remained that Catherine had gone—left him, and of her own free will. As for reasons, motives, why look further than the letter she had left? Today she understood her own feelings better than before! It had been "made plain" to her that she did not love him. Surely Rose could not be held wholly accountable for that. "No real love . . . No happiness here . . . The moonlight was to blame." Hatten cursed harshly.

Catherine's surrender, that delirium they had shared, she now had the indelicacy to call a "mistake" on her part, an adventure on his. Mood! Moonlight! Mistake! Why, the mere use of words like that filled him with an even deeper feeling of betrayal than the fact of her desertion.

It was one thing to consign her to perdition; it was easy to call her wanton, but to rest at that was another matter altogether, for he was tortured by vivid memories of these last few days during which they had sealed their marriage bond. It was all too new, too real, too vital to be disposed of in any such fashion. Nor was the Catherine he had held in his arms the callous creature she now appeared to be. Impossible! This was some nightmare. He would find her back at the house awaiting him.

But only Ivan and Anna were there. Although he picked out of them something more about Catherine's behavior prior to her departure, her motive for leaving remained as obscure as ever. He discovered that the parents were in great apprehension as to their own future so he assured them, as best he could, that he held them in no wise accountable for their daughter's action and that they were welcome to remain as long as they chose. This announcement brought great relief. Anna ducked and curtsied and kissed his hand.

He noticed finally the two packages he had brought from Gulf City and he ripped the wrappings from them. Both parents cried out at sight of the doll and spoke Catherine's name. He nodded.

"It does look like her. That's why I got it."

He felt a sudden impulse to tear the thing to shreds, but the old people hovered over it, touched it reverently, caressed it, so he placed it on the mantel where it would stand out boldly, insolently, as a reminder of his folly. He presented the bottle of perfume to Anna, which struck him as a last satirical gesture, as a fitting anticlimax to the day's work.

Long after the elderly couple had gone to bed he paced the living-room floor or sat with his head in his hands, bitter, empty, envenomed. Hourly his sense of betrayal grew keener, his feeling of loss increased.

What cheaters women were! All alike, from the highest to the lowest. Mavis, Rose, and now Catherine! And how unfeeling, how savage in their cruelty!

Catherine had not taken the evening train; nevertheless, half the width of the state lay between her and Evergreen when Mrs. Purdy directed her chauffeur to look for a stopping place for the night. The elder woman had done most of the talking thus far, and she repeated now a thought which she had already voiced in other words:

"It was a lucky escape. You are young, divorce is easy in America, and nobody will ever know what you have been through. You can begin your life all over again. My only real concern is for Anna and Ivan."

"He will be kind to them," Catherine told her. "He is gentle to helpless people. If I am not quite sure of that I could not leave to him my poor old children. I would remain."

"You *couldn't* have stayed there another day, another hour. No, you did the only sensible, the only *moral* thing. Why, to live with a brute like that, even under the legal form of marriage, is a sort of—well, prostitution."

"He is no brute."



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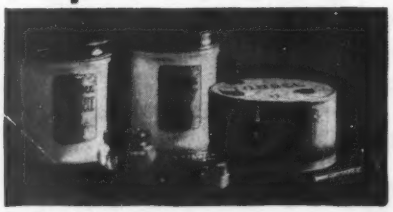
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"True."

"You know, also, that he married you merely to gratify his baser appetites and to make a—a brood animal of you. Those are his very words."

"Something of the sort he told me when he asked me to marry him. He was honest."

"Honest? Brutal, you mean. Depraved! When you repulsed him he tried to bend you to his will, break you by degrading you to the level of a negro farm-hand. It's abominable, and they'd lynch men for it in some parts of this country."

Catherine spoke wearily. "There is much that you do not understand, nor I, nor nobody. I am so tired, so uncertain if I do right."

"Bosh! I may be old-fashioned but I don't look on marriage as a binding union unless it is sanctified by love and by mutual respect. When it is used merely as an excuse to satisfy animal impulses or as a license to operate a sort of stock farm, it is wicked and debasing. Actually the man must have been insane to conceive that idea. Shell shock, no doubt. That's an explanation if not an excuse. Anyhow, it's fortunate I happened along when I did and learned the truth about him and Mrs. Henderson. You might not have discovered it until too late."

"Too late?"

"Exactly. You are a woman, he's a man. An utterly ruthless man, as it happens. Sometime he would have lost control of himself."

There was a silence, then an inarticulate sound issued from Catherine's dark corner.

"My dear!" Mrs. Purdy cried, aghast. "Oh, my poor, dear child!" Impulsively she placed her arm about the dejected figure, drew it closer, and Catherine burst into a wretched sobbing. For a time nothing was said; the elder woman stared ahead of her into the pathway of light along which they rushed.

By and by the fugitive began to speak: "You are asking to yourself how could I, how could any woman, forget what things he did. I don't know. Sometimes when women cannot forget, they forgive. It is their way. You say that man was brutal, he loves another, he made of me only a something to use, and I say that the virgins borne shrieking from their temples in old times became willing brides of the soldiers. Some of them. It is not the weak men, the good men with soft hands and tender words we yield to. Not all of us. Queens have stooped to mate with rough peasants. You are a woman, you must know that it is in us, the wish to be broken, crushed, hurt. I knew he loved that other woman; so much was plain the first day she came, and later I learned that he married me for—how you say it? He was angry with her and——"

"Pique? Out of revenge?"

"Something of that. One woman or another, any woman, was all the same to him. He saw me! At first I found it bitter to taste. But I cared not a great deal. All was over. Who was I but poor Catherine Azoff, the peasant girl? For Anna and Ivan I had made a home, so what difference if my husband was another woman's lover? Serge dead, the past wiped away, we three lost in America! It was fate!"

"But, my dear, you're not absolutely sure that Serge is dead. Why not hope, until we can make sure?"

"If he were alive he would have found me."

"I'm not so sure."

"You are good to speak so. I will—hope. But—this other. Sometimes I hated him and once I tried with a knife to keel him. But he was not afraid even of a hate like mine; he held me, he kissed my hand. He looked at me and—all my strength ran away. It was very queer and it greatly frightened me. Then I tried harder to hate him. I was bad and as punishment he forced me to that negro work. But it was no use; one of us had to be master and he was the stronger. Soon I could not even make good pretends . . . One night he wooed me like a lover. Oh, what a lover! It is the very strong who are gentlest.

"In these two, three last days I have lived two, three lifetimes. Dreaming! A princess in her palace of enchantment . . . Today came that other woman and the dream went away. Quick! All gone—the palace, everything! I am awake again. But it is not her I flee, or him. It is myself I run from, while I have strength. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, and—I can't tell you how sorry I am," Mrs. Purdy said in a low voice.

"To him it was an adventure. Conquest. To me, it was life, death, Heaven, Hell, freedom, bondage, glory, shame. You will not let me go back, eh? Not even if I wish?"

"Never! Never! I'll hold you tight. You've wandered far enough, my dear: you're going home with me."

It is surprising how quickly people of different tongues will invent a common medium of expression when necessity compels. Hatten found that talking to Ivan Azoff and his wife was, at first, a good deal like trying to communicate with a couple of Martians, but before long they managed to devise a sort of language.

To begin with, there was Catherine's name—the mere mention of that invariably evoked their instant attention and interest—and there were also certain Russian words which he had heard used since their arrival and which, with an effort, he recalled. These were common words, the equivalent of house, man, soldier, horse, fire, water, hunger and the like; and this vocabulary he laboriously set about expanding. Then, too, there was the universal language of pantomime. It was not long until he found it possible to talk with his companions after a fashion on a variety of subjects.

The couple were eager to meet him half-way and as time went on he gained quite a vivid picture of certain chapters in their and Catherine's past lives, such, for instance, as the tragedy that had overtaken them in that home which Catherine had described, their flight therefrom and their subsequent wanderings. Gradually Leslie pieced together in his mind a disjointed series of impressions having to do with existence on that estate, incidents of Catherine's girlhood, her adventures and her mishaps, important occurrences during the war and what-not. There had been a deal of lawlessness following the overthrow of the old régime, it seemed; terrorism, social chaos.

Ivan's accounts of those days reminded Hatten of some heroic saga delivered in a barbaric tongue. In them the name of Serge occurred quite as frequently as that of Catherine, and this Serge—Serge Adriánov—he learned, was a young noble. As nearly as Leslie could make out he was the Azoffs' lord and master, the heir to the country seat. A fine fellow, this Serge; a wonderful young man, handsome, dashing, brave.

Serge and Catherine. Serge and Catherine. The names were so invariably linked together that the listener began to suspect there had been more than mere friendship between them. Serge had been an officer in the Imperial flying corps; his fate brought tears to the eyes of the Azoffs whenever they referred to it.

Once they tried to reenact the story of his death for Hatten's benefit. There had been a battle or an engagement of some sort near by and Serge had been shot down; he had arrived home wounded, pursued. Catherine herself had concealed him in her room, kept him hidden there for days. This was all very dramatically portrayed by the parents, who assumed various rôles in the drama, and Leslie experienced a black, abysmal jealousy. Days together! And nights! In each other's embrace! The young lord and his devoted vassal. Hatten was reluctant to hear more but insisted upon torturing himself.

Then followed an account of the raid. Serge had been torn out of the girl's arms, dragged away to be shot or beaten to death by the rifle butts of his drunken captors. Hatten gained a blurred but colorful impression of that last horrid night. It must have been a saturnalia

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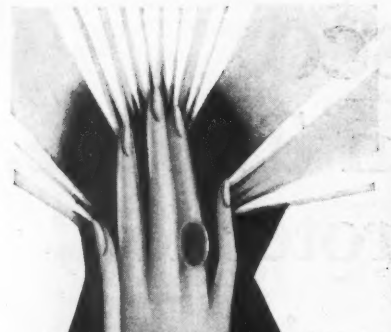
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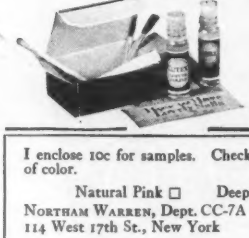
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of murder, theft, arson, rape; a hideous phantasmagoria out of which the three survivors had been lucky to escape whole.

Once he had in some measure choked down that jealousy, he felt a great shame for himself and a great pity for the girl. Here was the explanation of that black terror that had lurked in her eyes, here was the key to her private and personal tragedy. Her lover slain, her parents and herself made homeless and destitute, then a forced marriage to a stranger and an alien. In order to break down her last resistance he had set her to toil in the sun like a serf. It was not a pretty thing to contemplate.

No wonder she had run away from him; no doubt she still loved Serge. But no! He knew better than that; she loved him, or had loved him, briefly. His instinct assured him on that point and yet reason told him it would be useless to try to bring her back. He was in a quandary and finally gave up, for the time being, his vague intentions of tracing down her whereabouts. An apathy overwhelmed him.

He was in this spiritless mood when Marvin Swallow came out to reconnoiter the spring.

Marvin had determined to make this visit serve a double purpose and so he had stopped in Evergreen to see Jessie Peebles. He and Jessie had not been on very good terms lately; in fact, he had not once been to see her since a certain acrimonious parting prior to his leaving for Gulf City. But time had dulled the smart of that farewell and recent prosperity had engendered in the young man a feeling of confidence, and, moreover, he had a fine new car which he longed to show off. Providing himself, therefore, with a box of candy as large as a child's tool-chest, he called and stiffly paid his respects.

Marvin was keenly aware of his social inferiority to Miss Jessie. Hence he was somewhat defiant and he talked a bit boastfully about his success. If he permitted himself to exaggerate, it was in the commendable desire to make a good selling talk and to show the girl her mistake.

But defiance swiftly melted under the unexpected warmth of his reception. Jessie was a changed girl; she was no longer the spoiled, flighty, flirty miss he had known but a gentle, gracious, grown-up person in whose wide blue eyes dwelt a shadow of sadness. Marvin thrilled, a triumphant ecstasy filled him. He had discovered the system. 'Treat 'em rough! Love 'em, leave 'em and let 'em come to!

Jessie was delighted with the new car and frankly pleased at the prospect of a drive in it, a nice long drive, and during the course of their aimless ride she listened to whatever her companion had to say with a wistful attentiveness that completely intoxicated him. By the time they drove into Hatten's farm, Marvin was in love as never before.

At his first opportunity for a word alone with Leslie he said: "I reckon you thought I'd forgotten all about this spring of yours."

"N-no. I hadn't thought much about it. I've had other things on my mind."

"Miss Jessie told me about your trouble. I'm mighty sorry."

"Thanks! It—took all the steam out of me."

The younger man nodded sympathetically. "Well, I been tiptoein' about, tryin' not to creak the floor boards, and I've got some people interested. But it'll take mebbe five million dollars to pipe this water into Gulf City."

"Rather more of a pipe-dream than we figured," Leslie smiled.

"Oh, I don't know! I'm getting halter-broke to big figures. Seems like a million dollars is the lowest denomination of money there is in Florida. I never looked a million dollars in the eye but it wouldn't scare me. And it don't seem to scare these people I been talkin' with. D'you mind if Miss Jessie goes along while we look things over?"

"Certainly not."

"I—wouldn't mention Lon Henderson in front of her, if I was you."

"All right. By the way, Jessie isn't looking very well, is she?"

"Ain't she?" Swallow was astonished. "Why, if she looked a bit better than she does I—just couldn't stand it. I dunno as I'm going to get through the day as it is."

"Then you must go down to the spring with her alone; I'll come later. It's an enchanted place, really, and there's magic in the waters. All sorts of things happen there."

This suggestion was enthusiastically received and shortly thereafter the young people strolled down the path together. Leslie watched them with a pang. Here was a pastoral; boy and girl love. No problems here; no aches and pains and misunderstandings. He envied Swallow.

An hour later he took the same path, and as he neared the spring he began to whistle as a warning of his approach. But the young people were nowhere in sight and the sound of rowlocks from down-stream indicated their whereabouts. Jessie had left her hat and purse behind, in fact Hatten nearly stepped on them, so he picked them up and carefully put them on a log.

The great pool was a never-ending source of wonder, it drew people to its verge, attracted their gaze with its peculiar azure hue, and, as always, Hatten found himself peering down through the limpid depths at the gently waving beds of moss and grasses, through which the fishes swam. A moment, then out of the corner of his eyes he saw something that caused him to turn, to start forward. The bank where he stood fell off steeply and here the water stood six or eight feet deep; it was where he always dove in when he went for a swim. On the bottom, at one side, lodged against the cut-under rim and held there by some eddy in the flow, lay a body! It was a girl's body! In a pink dress! . . . Jessie had worn a pink dress! . . . He could not see the face, which was turned from him, but the hair was the color of Jessie's! That was her hand and arm! . . . Jessie Peebles! Drowned!

Hatten did not hesitate; he plunged headlong, scooped the body up in his arms and with a stroke or two was in the shallows beyond. As he rose he shouted for Marvin Swallow and the sound of his voice carried alarm. He shouted again as he plunged shorewards with his dripping burden. Jessie lay limp in his arms, her face was white, from her open mouth ran a stream of water. Again Hatten sent forth a hoarse cry and it brought a startled response; Swallow answered as did Ivan Azoff. Leslie knew that the tone of his summons could not fail to bring them at full speed; in fact after a moment he heard Marvin land his boat and come crashing through the undergrowth.

The rescuer was sick, faint; this tiny, inert figure was more terrifying than anything he had seen upon the battle-field. Death, here, was more hideous than he had ever known it. His hands were numb and shaking, his own breath seemed to fail him utterly as he turned the girl face down and let the water drain out of her lungs. He laid her across that log where he had placed her hat, he pressed her ribs, lifted and manipulated her. She was like a bundle of wet rags.

Then he had her on her back and was kneeling over her raising and lowering her arms. The water from their garments formed a pool.

Marvin Swallow burst headlong out of the jungle, he uttered a wail of fright and fell to his knees; he began to rock, to wring his hands. Somehow Hatten gasped out what had happened. Marvin was paralyzed, his face was like tallow, he seemed about to faint. He pawed at Jessie and he gabbled, but Hatten brought him to with an oath and a harsh command:

"Get busy! Quick! Give me a hand, you fool! Take her arms and raise them . . . Now bring 'em down to her sides, while I press. Slowly! *Slowly*, curse you! . . . One, two, three! *Up!* Four, five, six! Hold 'em there! Now back again. Seven, eight, nine! . . . Don't hurry—let me count."

So began the harrowing, monotonous task of artificial respiration, a task which tested the fiber of the men as nothing before had ever

tested it. Swallow managed somehow to get hold of himself, sufficiently at least to obey orders, but he was dazed, sick with fright, and only half master of himself. Hatten was glad when Ivan came limping swiftly down the path and lent them a hand. The old man he directed to hold the girl's tongue. In a restrained frenzy he and Marvin strove to force breath back into those drowned lungs, to coax life into the pitiful little body.

How long had Jessie been in the water?

Marvin rolled his eyes wildly. Not long. He hadn't been gone more than ten minutes—fifteen perhaps. How could he tell? It seemed like ages now. Was there any hope?

"Yes! Anyhow, we'll never give up," Hatten declared through set teeth. "Here, let's change places. I'm cramped. Press on her sides as I raise her arms, so! Then bear down, not too hard, when I lower 'em . . . Wait! Let me turn her over and see if we can get any more water out . . . All right. Once more. Steady now. People have been saved after being under for an hour. We've just got to keep it up."

"It couldn't of been more than ten minutes," Marvin mumbled thickly. "I'd just asked her to marry me. She—seemed like she would. Asked me to leave her think it over. Oh, my God!"

"Hang on, old man! No time to think. One, two, three!"

Minute after minute passed with no flutter of pulse, no faintest sigh of breath. Still the men worked on. No suspense could have been more dreadful. Time dragged, muscles ached, panic threatened.

Ivan said something and stooped close to the open lips, then shook his head doubtfully. Another eternity passed.

But finally there came a stir, a movement somewhere in the girl's body. The men persisted with their ghastly calisthenic movements, keeping time to a slow, dogged count of one, two, three; four, five, six!

"She's coming around! Breathing! Look out she doesn't bite her tongue . . . That's better. Turn her on her side for a minute."

Those who have survived the pains of drowning and of resuscitation declare that the latter are far more excruciating than the former and Jessie Peebles appeared to suffer agonies unbearable. Convulsions, rigors, spasms racked her frail body, and her torments were shared by the men. When Hatten dared finally to leave her long enough to rise and stretch the cramps out of his aching muscles he found that Swallow was almost in a collapse.

It was Leslie who carried the still unconscious girl to the house and helped Anna put her to bed. While thus engaged he heard Swallow start his car.

He was glad, later, that he had sent the young fellow to town for medical aid and he was thankful, too, that Anna understood no English, for out of her delirium Jessie Peebles was speaking and what she said caused Hatten to grow cold. Poor child! No wonder she had tried to drown herself.

It was evening, Judge Peebles was at his daughter's bedside and the doctor was there, too; the girl was sleeping. Marvin and Leslie were together on the porch.

"You reckon you got room to put me up for the night?" the former inquired.

"Certainly. But there's no need of your staying. Jessie's all right."

"I know she is, thanks to you. But I aim to marry her right away and the sooner she knows it, the better."

Hatten smiled. "She's had one disagreeable shock, why give her another? To fall in that spring is about enough for one day."

"She never fell in the spring," Marvin said gravely. There was a brief silence. "She jumped in. Five minutes after I asked her to be my wife." Again a pause. "I wish there was some way to let her know everything's all right. It might rest her mind."

Rowe Knight paused inside the Henderson gate ostensibly to inspect several robust,



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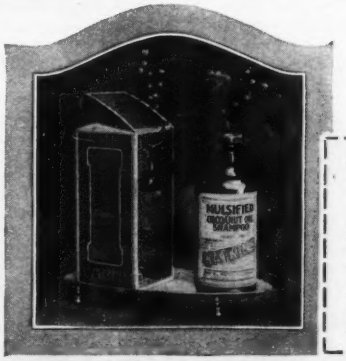
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full-foliaged orange trees which were a part of the mansion's ornamental plantings. He was reluctant to mount the porch steps and ring the bell. Rose had telephoned that she simply must see him on a confidential matter of supreme importance and if there was one thing that easy-going Uncle Rowe abhorred above another it was a woman's confidence. The more important she considered it, the more distasteful it was to him. His fondness for Rose was almost paternal, for he had been her father's best friend, but he liked Lon Henderson, too, and they had important dealings together; to become even remotely involved in their notoriously unhappy domestic affairs, therefore, was something he earnestly wished to avoid. He had suffered one experience of that sort and it was enough for him.

When finally he rang the bell Rose herself admitted him, explaining that it was her help's day off. She led her caller into the living-room. They seated themselves.

Abruptly she said: "Uncle Rowe, you're a Klansman, aren't you?"

"No, *Ma'am!* That's one thing I certainly ain't." The speaker shook his shaggy head. "Whoever gave you that idea? Not that I'm against the Klan, understand——"

"No?"

"Or that I don't admire its doctrines and its tenets, so far as I know 'em. They sound fine and noble, to me."

"Exactly! It has done a world of good, and it is made up of the very best people: men who stand for the highest ideals of honor and decency."

"You've said it. If ever I was invited to join I'd hold it an honor to be considered eligible, but I reckon I'd decline. I'm an old horse and I been out of harness too long."

Rose smiled. "That being over, let's go on."

"Now looka here," Knight interjected with some severity. "I know you and Lon ain't pulling steady and I hear you been talkin' divorce, but I don't want you to tell me a thing about it. What I mean, Lon's a close friend of mine and I got troubles enough of my own without borrowin' more. Ain't I got a motherless girl on my hands?"

"You have. That's the very reason I sent for you. Are you so old and useless and benevolent, Uncle Rowe, that you'd stand by and see Phyllis wronged?"

"*Huh?*" The inquiry issued in the form of an explosive grunt.

"Of course you're not. If you permitted a thing like that the Klan wouldn't. It would step in and relieve you of the necessity of punishing the man; it would save you the notoriety and spare Phyllis the disgrace. That's one of the strongest arguments in its——"

"What you gettin' at, Rose?"

"It's what the Klan is for: to fit the punishment to the crime; to impose justice, cut red tape, safeguard the morals of the community. But—you're not old enough to stand a thing like that. You'd take the law into your own hands. You'd kill the man and stand trial. You'd get off, of course, but Phyllis wouldn't. Well, a friend of hers is in trouble."

"Who?"

"Use your head. Girls don't try to drown themselves for nothing."

The old man uttered a cry, his gaze hardened. Harshly he declared: "That's a rotten thing to say, Rose. I'm surprised at you."

"It is. I wouldn't say it to anybody except you, but Jessie is almost like your own daughter. I'm fond of her, too."

"I don't believe any such of a thing!"

"Listen, Rowe! I have my faults. I get my own way. I'm selfish and vindictive and all that, but I'm not much of a liar. And I don't talk scandal about other women. I was a girl myself. I understand such things. Mind you, I don't blame Jessie——"

"Nobody would blame a kid like her, whatever she did."

"But I'm a married woman and a wife has her rights."

"Good Lord! You don't mean——"

"I do mean exactly that. I have the proof, for I had Lon followed. I tried to get him to divorce me—you know about that—but he wouldn't consent. I asked him to let me get a divorce and he refused. It was his idea of revenge; he's a dog in the manger. Now that I have the evidence I can't very well use it; at least not without hurting Jessie, which would be unnecessarily cruel."

"Is that proof where I can see it?"

"It is. It's right here."

"Lemme have it."

Rose fetched a sheaf of typewritten reports which Rowe slowly perused.

"D'you mind if I destroy these? Makes me feel slinkin' to read 'em and I don't want to know they're about."

Rose shrugged. "Go ahead. I only saved them for you to see."

Knight tore the sheets into small pieces before saying: "This is mighty serious. I'm thinking about the Judge."

"So am I. But I don't propose to let Lon get away with a thing like this. Would you? At the same time I don't want him killed. You probably know he's living in Gulf City and drives up every day." For a moment Rose regarded her troubled caller with a faintly derisive smile on her red lips. "It's a difficult situation, isn't it? And it's going to be quite a test for the Klan."

Rowe glowered resentfully at the speaker. "'Test'? 'Difficult'? How's the Klan goin' to learn anything about it?"

"Oh, of course! I keep thinking you're one of them. But it would make such a clean-cut case, inasmuch as Lon is the Kleagle."

"How d'you know he's—that? Or—or one of 'em?"

This halting question was voiced resentfully. Rose answered with a steady look. "I know a good deal. I know, for instance, that Judge Peebles is a Klansman as is everybody else of any consequence—except you. Poor Uncle Rowe! To be left out of an order like that! Well, I've been thinking hard about this case and I propose to find out whether the Klan is an organization of honorable, high-principled men, as it pretends to be, or a crowd of cowards and quitters. Does it apply its code of clean living to its own members or merely to outsiders?"

"I trust you ain't goin' to breathe a word of this to a soul but me. Whelpley Peebles is too fine a man——"

"I'm willing to leave everything in your hands, Uncle Rowe. But I'm a vindictive woman. Don't hesitate too long."

Mr. Knight wiped his perspiring forehead; he was very uncomfortable and he was anxious to get away where this infernally clever woman could not bore him through and through with her coldly mocking eyes.

"I can't see how this is goin' to help you get shed of Lon," he mumbled.

"It will help me get even, at least. And I'd like to spare Jessie, if it's possible. Of course, if it isn't possible——"

Knight rose hastily to his feet. "Leave it lay where it is. And keep your mouth shut."

"That's the best thing I do. Thanks awfully for coming, Uncle Rowe. It certainly is a comfort to have an old friend like you to depend upon. We women are so likely to be rash."

"By Gannies, you got all your father had and a lot more!" Mr. Knight voiced this remark in a tone of bitter irritation. He left the house with his head down.

Some two miles outside of Evergreen, on the way to Gulf City, an inconspicuous, unused road turns off to the right and leads into a thick "high hammock," that is to say, a forest of hardwood. It is known locally as the Old Still Road by reason of the fact that it meanders out into the flat woods and terminates at the site of an abandoned turpentine still. The still itself is not inhabited, there are no groves, no farms near-by; only an open shed and a dilapidated cluster of weather-beaten shacks remain to mark this as a scene of former activity. The region is desolate by day and lonely by night.

Here, one evening, occurred a curious

Is your nose perceptive to the sensuous joy of agreeable scent?



Do flowers delight only your eyes, or do your nostrils vibrate with ecstasy at a breeze bearing a breath of violet or rich perfume of budding hyacinth?

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If you have a nose for delicate odors, you will take a keen delight in perceiving a delicate essence in everything you use intimately—a delight that others less finely conscious will never know.

Scent-conscious people declare that books have aromas subtly their own—that homespun smells different from broadcloth—that a letter written in pencil can be told blindfold from one written with ink—and that they would as soon walk in a garden of paper flowers as bathe with a soap that carried no message to the nostrils.

By that they do not mean that books, or flowers, or soap should be artificially scented. The distinguished fragrance known as Cashmere Bouquet is more than a fragrance. The flower essences that make this fragrance also increase the cleansing action of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

It is a very happy coincidence that the flower essences in Cashmere Bouquet that impart this delicate, dainty freshness also serve to make a lather that removes from the pores the clogging dirt and surplus oils that stand in the way of a soft and lovely skin.

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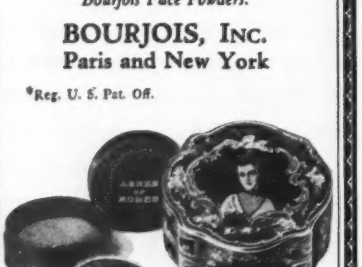
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rendezvous. Car after car speeding along the Gulf City road slowed down as it neared the Old Still Road and, at a signal from the roadside, turned abruptly off the asphalt and disappeared into the forest. As they arrived at the still they were parked side by side with their running lights directed towards a common point. Once in place their lights were quickly turned off, their occupants disguised themselves in flowing ceremonial robes of white and then gathered together, talking in subdued tones.

Under the open shed against which the blind lenses were aimed, several men, in the beam from a pocket flashlight, were busied testing a stout supporting post. One of them had a coil of light rope, another ghostly figure carried a black-snake whip. A few men took shotguns from their cars and were sent in various directions to act as sentries.

"D'you allow we'll have to wait long?" a voice inquired.

"If he don't leave his office before the picture show lets out they'll go get him. Everything's all set at the power-house."

"Mighty bad business," a third speaker declared. "But it's coming to him."

There was a murmur of assent to this. Silence fell. Here and there a match was lighted and a cigaret glowed. Far away on the Gulf City road the signal of an automobile horn sounded and once there came the faint rattle of a rickety farm wagon.

"Miz Holt's had her children up to get their hair cut," somebody announced and there was a laugh. "She says if she sells her east forty she's going to have a boyish bob for herself and get her neck shaved."

The moments dragged. A man consulted his wrist watch and announced the time.

After an interminable wait, there came the blast of an electric horn near the forks and the men turned their heads. Soon a faint glow on the foliage bordering the abandoned road made itself visible and there was a general movement; hoods were adjusted, the men separated and went to their automobiles. Two glowing dragon's eyes appeared out of the gloomy hammock and grew swiftly in size. Someone turned a light switch, others did the same and the shed leaped into view. It and the windowless cabins beyond were illuminated by a sudden fierce white light.

The approaching car lurched drunkenly as it bumped and writhed along the deep ruts, it rolled past the row of motionless cars and came to a standstill directly in the path of that calcium glare. Out of it tumbled several men. They wore no disguises; one of them was Uncle Rowe Knight, and he was visibly agitated.

He waved the onlookers close and began speaking in a voice high-pitched with excitement. The white-robed figures ran forward.

In the confusion, in the medley of questions and answers that were hurled back and forth, it was a moment or two before the last to arrive fully grasped what had happened.

Lon Henderson was dead! He had been shot, killed! In his own office! By parties unknown! He had been dead for some time before the delegation of Klansmen discovered him.

This intelligence naturally created a profound sensation and once its first stunning effect had passed questions were fired at the newcomers from every side. Even the sentries who had been sent out into the night came running to learn the cause of the disturbance.

Rowe finally demanded silence. "Wait! Lemme tell you what happened, exactly *as* it happened, then you'll know as much as we know. Everything was carried out according to plan: we waited as long as we dared for him to come out and get in his car and when it got close to time for the picture show to let out we went up after him. The door was unlocked, he was lyin' on the floor. It must of happened before we took our positions or we'd of heard the shot."

"You can't always tell, Uncle Rowe; a pistol shot sounds mighty like a back-fire and there's a garage to the rear of that building."

"I know. But we was wide awake and we'd of seen anybody leavin' Lon's office. No, it happened before we got stationed. The minute we started back down-stairs off went the lights so we came out, got in our car and drove away in the dark."

"D'you reckon he could have had an idea what was up and—did it himself?" somebody asked.

"No. He was unarmed."

From the edge of the circle came another voice. "Marvin Swallow was in town early this evenin'. I saw his new car outside the Oh Kay Restaurant at supper-time. You-all know Marvin! He can't miss 'em."

There was an uncomfortable silence which Rowe Knight broke by saying: "No use to start a guessin' contest. That's up to the sheriff. Now, you gentlemen better get home as quick as you can. Whoever done it, the Klan is bound to catch the devil."

Judge Peebles kissed his daughter when he entered the living-room about quarter past ten and inquired solicitously: "How are you feeling, Honey?"

"Oh, better!" Jessie smiled wanly at him. She was still weak and white and there were tragic shadows under her eyes. "What kept you so late?"

"I had an abstract to examine and afterwards I dropped in at the picture show. A marvelous invention, the movies, and——"

"Did the lights go off?" Jessie inquired anxiously.

"They certainly did. Right in the best part of the comedy. More trouble at the power-house, I reckon. I'm afraid our lighting plant is badly in need of new equipment."

"Are you sure they weren't—cut off? They went out the same way that night when Joe Lowery disappeared. Remember? Just when the Klan took him! I sat here in the dark and shook. I—thought I'd die."

"You pore, nervous little thing! Couldn't Marvin light a lamp?"

"Marvin had been gone for an hour."

"Pshaw! If I'd known that I'd have hurried right home."

"He had business or—something."

"Well, are all the details settled?" The Judge beamed agreeably.

"Yes, everything. He found a house—the last one in Gulf City, he says. Much as ever he got it and it must be right sweet, the way he described it. He was quite set on having a big church wedding and inviting everybody but I wouldn't give in. I actually believe he'd like to give a public barbecue afterwards in Court-house Square. I told him there wouldn't be anybody present except you and Phyllis and what kin-folks of his he wanted to ask. But he said he didn't have a living relative he'd care to invite; it was far too good for them. And anyhow they'd probably cut him out for marrying so far above himself. He said a lot of such nonsense."

"He's a fine, manly fellow," Peebles declared, "and if you had permitted me to pick a son-in-law out of all the young men we know, I couldn't have bettered your choice. My heart certainly warms to that cracker boy. But you're quite right to insist on a quiet marriage—not that all Evergreen and the entire county wouldn't turn out to do you honor, and to envy him. In the first place, you're not strong yet; in the second place, I don't believe in ostentatious weddings. The pomp and the circumstance of modern marriage—and burial, too—are outworn relics of barbarism cunningly designed to harrow the natural emotions to a point of hysteria. Even the music is slow and depressing and the tunes are worn out. Marriage is a joyful, not a solemn occasion, and if I had my way I'd play nothing but new stuff. I'd have fiddles and flutes and a laughing saxophone. I'd put life and springtime and hope and gladness into the blamed thing. I wouldn't send folks home so blue they'd feel inclined to go out in the barn and hang themselves. I'd make the preacher wind up his ceremony with a joke or a funny story and send the guests away laughing."

"I love to hear you go on," Jessie smiled.

Thus encouraged, her father continued: "It's the same at funerals. All five of the human senses are tortured with a morbid cunning for the sole purpose of intensifying the agony of parting. It's a ceremonial that numbs everybody except the undertaker. I reckon if we understood the real truth of being, we'd look on birth, marriage and death as merely three natural, normal, pleasant steps onward and upward along the path of progress."

"I'll be mighty glad to step onward and upward out of Evergreen," Jessie declared. "That is, I'd be glad if you'd come with us. I shan't like Gulf City, or Marvin, or anything if you aren't there."

Judge Peebles took his daughter in his arms and murmured tenderly to her; she clung to him and he could feel her tremble. Poor little frightened thing! How she had changed towards him! His ferocious mustache twitched and his eyes blurred. He had been a delinquent guardian . . . Marvin Swallow was a brick.

Lightly he promised: "You may count on me every Sunday as long as you don't have stewed chicken. I can't stomach those barnyard scavengers, but I bet Marvin loves 'em. It's a cracker trait. I like to fight chickens but I hate to eat them. Lord knows the public prominence I could have attained if I'd been able to smack an honest lip over chicken. I might have been senator, governor—I might have changed the political destiny of this whole state. But what housewife will support a candidate who gags at the flavor of wilted pin-feathers?"

Jessie laughed and cuddled closer. "It's wonderful to have you hold me, Daddy. I wish I'd been nicer to you."

"Now, now! You've been a sweet and loving daughter and nothing can ever come between us. What insignificant failings you have are merely the faint reflections of my own vices and they don't run deep! Now get along, Honey, and have a good sleep." Again he kissed the pale, flower-like face.

Frequently the Judge read for an hour or so after his daughter had gone to bed, but tonight he passed directly into his room. He drew the window-shades, then took a revolver from his hip pocket and laid it on his bureau. Having undressed and put on his nightgown—Peebles was too conservative to wear pajamas—he lighted a stogie, then felt about on the shelf in his closet and brought forth an old cigar-box in which were some greasy rags, a bottle of oil, a handful of loose shells and a cleaning swab. Holding the revolver over his bed he broke open the cylinder and ejected five loaded and one empty cartridge, then carefully cleaned and oiled the weapon both inside and out. Florida air is damp and rust forms quickly. He replaced the spent shell with one from the cigar-box, then loaded the gun and laid it in its accustomed place in his top bureau drawer.

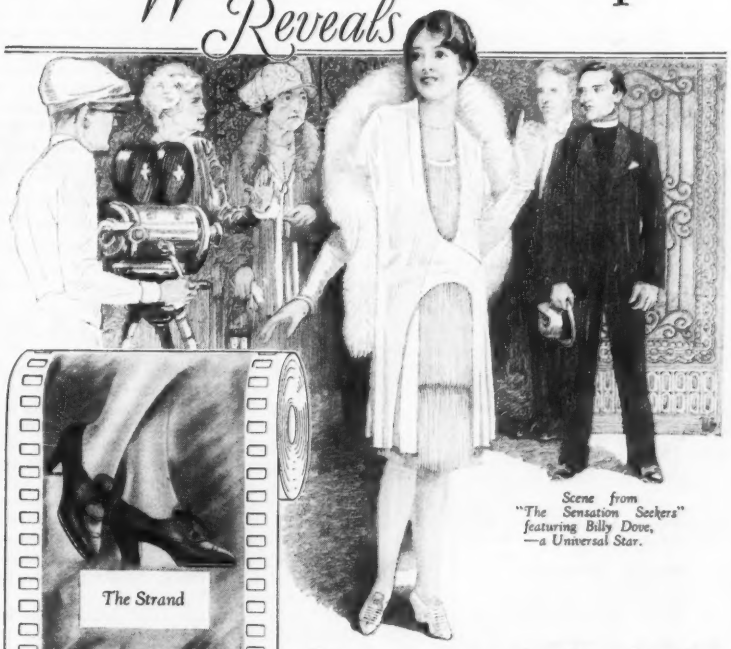
He started to toss the empty shell into the waste-basket but hesitated and turned his eyes in the direction of Jessie's room. Raising the window screen, he flung it out into the night. The cleaning materials he replaced in the closet, after which he went into the bathroom and carefully scrubbed his hands with a nail brush, for his sensibilities were delicate and the odor of oil nauseated him.

His cigar was only half smoked when he finally dried his hands and he hated to abandon it but decided to do so. He was smoking too much, anyhow.

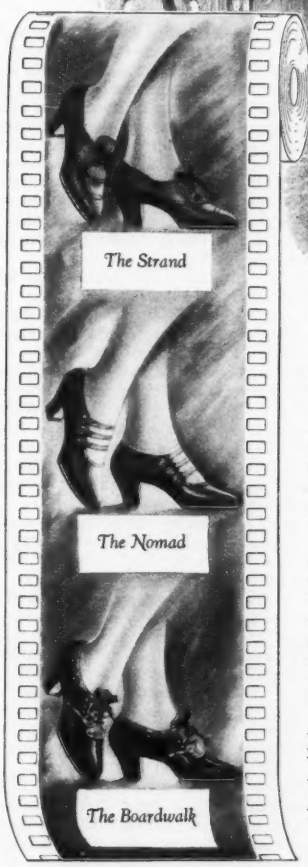
He sighed gratefully as he stretched himself out in bed. It had been a long, hard day and he hadn't slept well the last few nights. Worrying about Jessie . . . Too bad she would have to hear about Lon's death. It would be a shock . . . Marvin certainly was a splendid, high-principled young man. Nobody would be likely to refer disparagingly to *his* wife . . . Queer about those lights going off. Peebles wondered what it meant. Nothing, in all probability . . . He felt certain he would at last get a good night's rest.

Peebles did indeed sleep well, so well, in fact, that he was later than usual in getting

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down to his office the next morning and for that reason he ran plump into the astounding news that Lon Henderson had committed suicide.

Suicide! The Judge was incredulous. *Suicide!* Unhurriedly he made his way onward towards his office, which was in the building adjoining the scene of the tragedy, and there made inquiry of the curiosity seekers who had assembled in the street. It was true; Lon had killed himself some time during the night. Uncle Rowe Knight had discovered the body right after breakfast. Terrible shock to Rowe, stumbling onto the body of a friend like that: with a revolver clutched in its cold fingers! He was all broken up. The sheriff had just removed the remains, not ten minutes ago. If the Judge wanted to do so he could go up and see the room; it hadn't been touched.

Peebles raised a small white hand, he shook his head and smiled faintly. He had no morbid curiosity. Absolutely none! A poor tribute to death was the gaze of the vulgar. Lon Henderson a suicide! Dead, with a gun in his hand! Well! Well! Providence moves in mysterious ways.

How fleeting are the joys of the flesh!

Still shaking his head and meditatively stroking his tawny mustache, the little Judge mounted the stairs to his office . . . No curiosity? Well, that was an exaggeration, of course. He wondered just how much Rowe knew.

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If I Were a Chinaman (*Continued from page 64*)

should feel that the white man for a hundred years had bulldozed me in every conceivable way, had stuck his nose into my affairs in a thousand different places, had been responsible for the loss of large chunks of my territory, and had forced himself upon China time and time again against her will. That every protest China made was seized upon as pretext for a further push. And when some patriotic Chinese in their blind rage killed a missionary, the incident was made an excuse to seize a stronghold from which an entire province could be dominated.

If I were a Chinaman the sight of American Marines patrolling the Wall of my imperial city would make me mad clear through. I should resent all those foreign gunboats in the heart of my country. I should—

What I never did understand when in China, and what I do not understand now, is why the Chinese don't hate us more. Why do they stand for these things? Why do they stand for any of the indignities, of which I have not even pretended to give a list? Why should they not resent the idea of the West sending them missionaries and school-teachers? The answer is, of course they resent it, of course it makes them angry; and now and then they get so mad they kill—as they did during the Boxer uprising, and during the past six months.

Again and again the Chinese have protested, but they haven't been able to protest in the white man's way. When the white man really got interested in China about one hundred years ago, China happened to be under the rule of a weak monarch and things had not been going too well. But above all, China was in the bow-and-arrow stage of warfare; and she never had a chance to arm fast enough to compete with the "foreign devils."

In other words, for a hundred years China has been helpless. Europe and America have taken advantage of her helplessness, forced treaties upon her willy-nilly, occupied land, opened ports, wrung special privileges from the Chinese, and denied the Chinese the opportunity to defend themselves or protest in the way the West understands—gun for gun, battle-ship for battle-ship.

Now as a Chinaman I might not be justified in holding the white man responsible for all my troubles, but I should certainly hold him responsible for such brutal disregard of my rights that I should hate him and want to get rid of him. I should want to put an end to all foreign settlements and special privileges; I should want Hong Kong back; and I should want complete domination over my own country, including the collection of my own internal revenues and the right to levy customs against foreign goods.

As a Chinaman I should have to recognize the fact that sometimes for one reason, sometimes for another, the policy of the United States towards my country had generally been different from that of the warlike nations of Europe. I should suspect, however, that while she rarely burned her fingers in pulling chestnuts out of the fire, she usually demanded her share of the chestnuts. Nor could I forget, if I were a Chinaman, that the United States over fifty years ago singled me out as the only person in the world not fit to be admitted into the United States on equal terms with other civilized nations. I should not forget that Exclusion Act of 1882, nor its extension in 1892 and 1902—nor rest content until I had forced the United States to remove that stigma and admit my countrymen on equal terms with other nationalities.

I should not forget that the United States is today sovereign over the Philippine Islands just off our coast, and denies us many rights and privileges granted to us by the former masters of those islands. I should not forget that scores of my countrymen were murdered in Western mining camps, without adequate redress ever being made to their families or to my country. I should know that America's aggression toward my country differs from that of the nations of Europe, but it differs because of America's different national requirements and not because America has any particular love or respect for my country.

The point I am making is that, however much America may justify her attitude toward China and her acts in China during the last hundred years, they are in general acts of aggression and ruthlessness and from the Chinese point of view comparable to those of Europe. Quite possibly what America has done for China more than outweighs the injury she has done to her, but I suspect it is not easy for the Chinese to see this. I can see how they are entitled to the opinion that we, too, are foreigners of the "devil" variety.

It hardly needs to be said that there are two sides to the question of China's relationship with the so-called International Powers. Of course there are two sides. There are two sides to every question, otherwise there would be no question. But my concern here is to find out how the thing looks to the Chinese rather than to attempt to justify the position of America or the other Powers in China. I have already admitted that I am not certain that the Chinese hate us, but from what I read in the papers and from the fact that many Americans have recently fled from China and that still others have made long journeys from the interior to seek the protection of American armed forces on the coast, I am forced to infer that a certain class of Chinese at least hate us to the point where, given an opportunity, they would kill us.

Even more conclusive is the fact that the position of America and the other Powers in China for years has been based on treaties signed at the point of a gun. As a result of these treaties China has reason to hate the white foreigner. At any rate, as I have said, if I were a Chinaman I am certain that I should hate Americans.



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This does not necessarily mean that I should want to kill all the Americans in China or close up all American business houses in China or end all economic and diplomatic relations with America, but merely that in general America's policy in China has been only less restrictive than that of other white Powers and that I should hold America jointly responsible with the other Powers for many of the disabilities under which China has been staggering with increasing helplessness for a hundred years.

If I were a Chinaman and found you in your strange and ugly clothes in my country, I should naturally be curious about you and wonder what brought you here. If you had come for certain purposes I should respect your wishes and would even be pleased to help you. Thus I could understand why you should want to see Peking and Canton, for each is unique and both are fascinating cities. One has not seen the world who has not seen Peking and Canton.

China has other unique features of which I as a Chinaman would be proud and which I should be pleased to have you visit, such as—to name but a few—the Great Wall, the Ming tombs, the Temple of Heaven, the Hall of Classics, the Forbidden City, the gorges of the Yangtze, and the workers in paper, porcelain, silk, jade, cloisonné, carpets, et cetera. I could easily understand the desire of the foreigner to visit China to learn about these things, or to study her philosophy, her literature, her music, her drama, her religious systems and her natural resources.

Then, too, as a Chinaman I should be grateful for your medical missions and schools and for any assistance you might render my country in helping it learn the ways of efficient democratic government, or in organizing its finances, customs, and revenues, or in constructing modern systems of transportation. And as China for ages has been a nation of manufacturers, I should welcome traders and extensions of opportunities to engage in commerce. But when you offered us advice I should want disinterested advice and from experts only, and should expect to pay for it, for the Chinese are a proud people who for thousands of years have been accustomed to principles of honor in their business affairs.

But if you came to exploit my country I should resent it; in fact, if you continue to exploit China in the future as you have in the past you will force more and more Chinese to hate you, until at last you will force China to unite in a common cause—to drive the exploiters into the sea, or die in the attempt.

So I should think, it seems to me, if I were a Chinaman. This is certain: hatred of all foreigners—except Russians—is more intense and more universal in China today than it was in the Boxer uprising in 1900. Why? Because as a result of that misguided attempt to rid China of her foreign incubus she was fined over $300,000,000—a staggering sum at that time for a nation whose finances were disorganized; because twenty-six years have gone by and next to nothing has been done to place China's relations with the foreign Powers on a more equitable basis. Why except the Russians? Because the Soviet Government has made substantial concessions to the Chinese and especially because that government has restored Chinese territory.

Hatred of foreigners today has been less fruitful in foreign lives lost than in 1900, but the Boxer uprising was countenanced by the government and aided by the army. China today has no government, her armies are engaged in civil war. Such manifestations of hatred of foreigners as have been shown are incidental to the attempt to unify China.

With China unified, with the establishment of a strong central government, America must look forward to one of two things: complete surrender of all claims against and in China which are not based on fifty-fifty procedure; or such hatred as will force China to follow the example of Japan and prepare for war.

That is the business of hate—to prepare for war. And war is hell.

Note what happened during the Great War. The blacksmiths forged bayonets of steel and the poets composed hymns of hate. Certain national resources were expended in manufacturing weapons to kill, other national resources were expended in manufacturing reasons for killing. For years the keenest intellects of the civilized world were devoted to inciting hatred for the enemy. It was no easy job, nor was it accomplished without such disregard of the truth and such violation of every principle of decency and humanity as would shame a dog fight. Dogs can't talk and thereby can't lie. Competitive lying as incentive to hatred among so-called Christian civilized nations yielded, as we all well know, huge results.

What would happen if so-called Christianity united against Asia? Can anyone contemplate that possibility without a shudder? And yet, as certain as fate, forces are at work today, and have been for several decades, which lead inevitably towards such a struggle.

Right here we may ask, how much truth have we had out of China in the last fifty years—from our newspaper correspondents, our missionaries, our State Department? Have we always had the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, or simply so much of what would pass for the truth as seemed needed to justify this or that measure, action or policy?

Let us look a little further at this business of hate. It has a business, and a very old one, as old as our early mammalian ancestors. This may seem like an excursion into biology and you might ask what it has to do with the concrete problem of this article. It has everything to do with it. The incredible stupidity of 1914, with its attendant incredible horrors, need not have been loosed upon the world if the statesmen of Europe had paid more attention to a few fundamental biologic truths. After all, nations are but aggregates of human beings, and the motives which move nations are not unlike those which impel individuals to action.

Hatred is a biologic reaction, fundamental in its nature, and of ancient lineage. Driven by hatred, the animal—man or beast—temporarily loses all interest in food and sex, in truth, honor and decency, and becomes a killer; he sees red! Under its drive mothers have been known to kill their sons, fathers their daughters, husbands their wives, wives their husbands, and nations to fight until one or both sides became exhausted or exterminated.

An animal in rage differs from an animal in love as a hurricane differs from a gentle zephyr. Therein lies the business of hate—to change the animal's nature from one of peace to one of war. And the animal's nature is really changed. A definite mechanism is responsible for this change. When that mechanism is touched off the animal's nature is altered. Physiologic processes of far-reaching consequences take place. And once the enraged animal has actually begun to fight, all its life-problems are merged into one—kill or be killed.

This capacity to hate is inborn, part of the birthright of every normal human being.

What makes you angry? What do you resent? What do you hate? Well, in general, anything that restrains you, hinders you, "cramps your style."

Higher animals can't live without movement; they must move about to find food, shelter, mates. The outstanding fact in the evolution of higher animals is the increasing perfection of organs of locomotion and the organs of sense through which they gain information about the world in which they live and to which they must adjust themselves. And so, as we might expect, we find in higher animals an increasing capacity to resent anything which interferes with their free movements or the full exercise of their sense organs. This capacity reaches its height in man—he can get angry at more things and kill in more ways than can all the rest of the animal kingdom combined.

Is there any difference between a Chinese and an American? Is he any less human than

we are? Is there anything in our nature that he hasn't? Or anything in his nature that we haven't? It seems foolish to ask such questions, and yet possibly there are those who still hug the belief that there is some kind of superiority in a Nordic skin or a Roman nose or a European eye that does not go with a yellow skin, a small nose and a Mongolian eye; or that the European has an extra wrinkle in his brain which makes him the better man.

I cannot here discuss this question, but I can assert flat-footedly that no one has yet demonstrated that there is any innate superiority in any so-called European race or physical type over the Chinese—or, for that matter, over any people on the continent of Asia. I can state further that in no known respect is there any difference whatsoever between the innate capacity of a Chinese and a so-called Anglo-Saxon for freedom, for democracy, or for the advancement of science.

Chinese differ from Americans—yes, in thousands of ways; but these are cultural differences due to historic and environmental factors and not to differences in innate human nature. We may expect to find no difference in the innate capacity of the Chinese to respond in any of the ways in which we have responded or to be moved by any of the impulses which have moved us.

Note also just here that our conduct towards the Chinese may be such, and in the past may have been such, that from our point of view they have no grounds for hating us; but if they think they have, the net result is the same.

And what, then, is the moral of this biologic excursion?

Brush up your history of Japan since the bombardment of Shimonoseki by English, French, Dutch and American ships in 1863. Commodore Perry had lifted the lid from Japan ten years before. The Japanese didn't like the Powers' game. "We'll make you like it," said the Powers. "O.k.," says Japan. She liked it—and learned fast. Within forty years from that Shimonoseki humiliation she could play the Powers' game. Little, insignificant, paper-doll Japan humiliated Russia!

Did Japan hate Perry in 1854 or the allied Powers in 1864? She did—in her nice polite way; and got busy. And look at Japan now!

China is considerably larger than Japan and has more people, many times more. And there is nothing the Chinese cannot do once they unite and make up their mind. To their three hundred millions add three hundred million Indians—or rather, recall the fact that between Bombay and Tokyo live nearly half the human race, all yellow. Is there a Yellow Peril? Only if the white man insists. There is now a White Peril—at least the Asiatic thinks so.

Japan is united—and wise; she waits watchfully. China is in civil war—but learning, learning how to shoot. India is united only in her hatred, otherwise torn to impotence by the chaos of caste and the ancient feud of Hindu versus Moslem; with India a political unit, the white man's burden goes off with his head.

We talk of "converting" China—to what? To the ideals of Christian civilization. As typified, for example, by the events of 1914-1919? If China is forced to become "converted"—as was Japan—the beginning of the end is in sight. Whatever of decency man has won in twenty millennia would be wiped out in less than twenty years.

There need be no such colossal cataclysm within the human race. The first step to avert that disaster is to remove the grounds for China's hatred of the United States and the other white Powers. The United States holds the trumps. She can force the game—not by more Marines or more gunboats but by getting out of the way of stray bullets and blind rage while China sets her house in order. When she has done that—and it may take many years—and China is a going concern again, then start afresh with China on a fifty-fifty basis, as an equal, as a friend, as a good fellow to know and an honorable man to do business with.

At least that is the way I should think if I were a Chinaman.

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THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

The River Pageant *by Rupert Hughes* (*Continued from page 63*)

for being commonplace, and their despair was encouraged by the knowledge that the world has been trying in vain to conquer alcohol since Noah himself fell off the water-ark.

A score of years had passed since Mrs. Budlong had vowed that she would never again attempt a Fourth of July celebration. She had forgotten her vow, when a need arose in her beloved church for the raising of a thousand dollars to pay off a debt on the pipe-organ.

Nearly everything could be raised in Carthage more easily than important money. The church had tried every known device from costume-parties to amateur theatricals with results ranging from a maximum of thirty-seven dollars profit to a minimum of eighty-six cents deficit—counting the time, the toil, and the mental wear and tear of the ladies as nothing, net. To raise a thousand dollars seemed as impossible as to raise a million, but Mrs. Budlong, always great in a crisis, had another of her inspirations.

Carthage had never had a pageant. Carthage must have a pageant.

She broached the subject at a forlorn and witless meeting of the ladies of the church, with the pastor presiding. The women were so desperate that they had even invited the men to share their woe. Mrs. Budlong waited until everybody else had confessed defeat, and then she rose and said in her most gracious, drawing-room manner:

"It occurs to me, my dears, and dear Doctor Soden, that the thing to do would be to give a—a pageant."

"A padjent?" everybody echoed, glad to know that it was not pronounced "payjent." Mrs. Budlong was afraid that the echo might be sarcastic, so she corrected herself hastily.

"The payjent—or, as some say, padjent—is quite the fad in the East. It is both artistic and educational—interesting as well as instructive. It is like a lesson in history, the more poetic side of history. They often give Indian padjents, payjents, showing—say, the Landing of the Pilgrims—or was it Hendrik Hudson who landed?—well, anyway, scenes like John Alden and Priscilla, or William Penn teaching the Indians to be Quakers, or George Washington at Bunker Hill, or Paul Revere riding, and all that sort of thing.

"We could give a lovely padjent here, and charge admission. People would come from miles around to see a really nice payjent. We could build a grand stand on the river bank and raise the thousand dollars easily."

Of course, hateful old Hattie Totten had to speak up: "But you have to have historical things for padj—payjents. We are so new—nothing older than a few tumble-down farmhouses and shacks."

"We're new?" squealed Mrs. Budlong. "Why, haven't we got the Mississippi River here? And isn't that as old as—as—I don't know what? And didn't those Frenchmen come down the river ages ago—Father Joliet and LaSalle and Peter Marquette, or something? And didn't we have Indians here? Indians are as old as anybody.

"We could give it on the Fourth of July. That won't be long now. And it would be so much better to do something historical and educational and artistic than to waste money the way we used to shooting off a lot of foolish fireworks—oh, how do you do, Mr. Pickman! I didn't see you. Do come in! Your wife's right here in the front row."

To be greeted by the ghastly mention of fireworks just as he entered the room unnerved Caleb Pickman so that he slumped into the nearest seat for concealment. The parson crossed, uncrossed and recrossed his bow legs and Professor Melton, who had just slipped into a chair, got up again with a sudden recrudescence of painful memory, and glared at the blushing Caleb.

After a certain amount of hesitation Mrs. Budlong's plan was adopted by a large majority and she was appointed chairwoman of the committee on arrangements, with full power to select her own aides.

She called on Professor Melton to provide the necessary wisdom and research, for he knew everything, or, at least, he taught everything. He accepted with a groan, realizing that he would have an appalling amount of work to do for nothing.

As Mrs. Budlong cast her eye over the assembly, looking for other assistants, she caught sight of Grant Pickman leaning against the door, devouring Elma Melton with his eyes.

He was sober so far as alcohol was concerned, but still intoxicated with Elma, and it occurred to Mrs. Budlong that she might make use of the pageant as a means of bringing together these two lovers. She loved lovers and match-making above all other things.

To mate Grant and Elma would be her masterpiece, and would end a suspense that had kept the town on tenter-hooks.

Knowing that Professor Melton was the chief obstacle to the too-long-deferred marriage, she made so bold as to say that she thought Grant and Elma should play the principal parts in the pageant. Whereupon Professor Melton announced that if any such scheme were proposed, he would withdraw both his own services and those of his daughter.

Mrs. Budlong rebuked him sorrowfully, and persuaded him to let Elma take part provided she played in no scenes with Grant Pickman.

She little realized that Professor Melton was not the only obstacle to the union of Elma and Grant.

Everybody in town, it seemed, volunteered to take part in the pageant except Grant and Elma. The volunteers boasted of their modesty, and emphasized their groveling eagerness to serve in the humblest way, but made it evident that anything less than a leading rôle would be an insult.

Ideas were poured in upon the hapless Mrs. Budlong, all of them silly according to her notions. She was set upon having something grandly allegorical. Since it was to be a river pageant, she must fill it with rivers. There was the Nile, which meant Cleopatra, of course. And a very nice figure, too, for a pageant, if cleaned up a bit.

She had heard of the Danube; but she could not remember just what. Oh, yes it was blue, and it waltzed or something.

There was the Amazon, home of the Amazons. She thought of a chorus of Amazons—but no, it was a church affair. The Orinoco, the Missouri, the Des Moines, the Thames—the—what a lot of rivers there were, weren't there? But they must all come and pay homage to the Mississippi.

She might have a number of plump ladies representing rivers. That would give jobs to any number of troublesome matrons. But were rivers ladies? The Mississippi was the Father, not the Mother, of Waters.

Eventually Mrs. Budlong decided that whether rivers were men or women, all of them except their Father should be represented by mothers. The women who refused to be rivers could be squaws.

There would be need for no end of Indians, and the main difficulty would be to keep out of the pageant enough people to provide spectators. If everybody in town was to play in the cast, who would play in the audience? Where would the money come from?

One thing she was determined upon: Elma Melton should play Elaine. Of course, Elaine was not strictly a Mississippian, and it was doubtful if the river had even been mentioned in the geography she studied. But there was a framed picture of her on Mrs. Budlong's wall, a print of the familiar illustration in which the girl lies outstretched on her bier in her barge while the old mute steers her on her last voyage. Underneath were the lines:

> And the dead,
> Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood.

Since the Mississippi flowed south, Mrs. Budlong hoped that Lord Tennyson would not mind if her Elaine went downward with the current. In any case, he would not be there to object, and she unanimously resolved that Elaine should go in and that Elma must play her.

Elaine was supposed to have a cloth of gold drapery on her catafalque. And where in Carthage was cloth of gold to be had? Nowhere. But Mrs. Sigourney Piatt had some red velvet portières with gold fringe that would be the next best thing. She would not want to lend them, of course, and, if she did, she would probably demand that her homely daughter Hannah should ride upon them.

But Mrs. Budlong had a way. She secured the portières, evaded Hannah, and persuaded a carpenter to build the funeral barge at less than cost as his contribution to the pageant.

Volumes could be, but will never be, written about the diplomacy, the invention, the toil, the complications, the bickerings, the peacemakings and makeshifts involved in that pageant.

Having persuaded Elma to play Elaine and get her costume ready, Mrs. Budlong cast about for a rôle for Grant Pickman, and finally hit upon the character of Black Hawk, the great Indian chieftain who had visited these very shores.

Elma and Grant had many happy hours together since Elma's father was far too busy to snoop, and her mother was absorbed in making the most of her first opportunity to wear a beautiful costume. She was to represent the river Niagara, with a frothy green dress of chiffon and a combination of bustle and train to indicate a waterfall.

Owing to a hopeless entanglement in the first of the series of dress rehearsals, Grant and Elma were enabled to enjoy an uninterrupted conversation of several hours.

She was so tremendously exquisite in the simple shroud of the lily maid of Astolat, and he was so invincibly magnificent as Black Hawk with his torso bronzed to the waist, that they fell into each other's arms, profoundly convinced that nowhere else was life either happy or endurable.

The fantastic notion occurred to Grant that what they ought to do was to elope the next afternoon, ride up to Montrose, get married, return the following day, and announce the delightful fact to the fascinated city. Their parents would forgive them, when it was too late to do anything else.

As he threw back his gleaming arms in eloquent appeal, his nobility so overwhelmed Elma that nothing seemed worth while but fleeing into his bosom. So she did and he wrapped his blanket about her.

Grant spent the next day in borrowing not only an automobile but a lot of money from a lot of people. It was impossible to borrow a lot of money from less than a lot of people.

His friends were not such as lent without security and without curiosity, so he had to explain what was up. He pledged them all to secrecy, but, in their commendable desire to wish him happiness, some of them tempted him to break his latest pledge to total abstention. It was his three-hundred-and-ninety-seventh pledge.

Grant's alcoholic craving resembled his father's skyrocket in that it needed only a touch at the fuse to go all the way. You would as reasonably expect a skyrocket to start out, hesitate, hem and haw, go half-way, and decide that it would be wiser to go back to its nest, as you would expect Grant Pickman to refuse a second or a tenth drink after taking the first.

There was simply no stopping him till he burned himself out. His friends kept him from tearing up the town, but by sunset he was in such a stupor that he could remember nothing except his great mission.

Elma, who had not expected to hear from him, went on with her preparations, packed

her suitcase as soon as her father and mother left for a meeting, and stole out to the appointed rendezvous. She saw Grant's automobile in the shadow and ran toward it. Supposing from his posture that he had fallen asleep waiting for her, she put her suitcase in the back of the car softly, opened the door with stealth, snuggled up close to him, and suddenly flung her arms about him with a whispered:

"Boo!"

He did not wake with the expected start, the laugh of delight, and the amorous embrace. He was so inert that she thought him dead, and almost died of fright.

It was inconceivable that her bridegroom should meet her at the trysting place in any mood but one of romance, or death, and she shook him in mortal terror, pleading with him to live, and shuddering at the way his head swung lifeless on his shoulders.

She forced it round till she could get his lips against her own, and only then realized that his kiss was the kiss of crapulous swinishness. She let his head roll away.

She fell back from him amd pleaded: "Grant, oh, my love! No! No!"

Still he did not answer, not even when she sobbed her heart out over him. At last she stole back home, unpacked her suitcase of her little trousseau, and her heart of all its hopes.

The next morning Grant woke up, nauseated with remorse. When he met Elma she refused to speak to him. When he telephoned she was not at home. She returned his pleading letters unopened. So he went back to liquor as his one reliable friend.

The great day of the pageant dawned suspiciously fair. Excursion trains were jammed to suffocation. Steamboats fitted for passengers were almost tipped over by the overplus of weight on the side toward the spectacle.

Father Mississippi (Mr. Budlong) received the tribute of the various rivers with only the expectable number of mishaps. His whiskers blew off and Mrs. Melton lost her Niagara Falls effect. The Danube (Mrs. Hattie Totten) stepped on it.

The visit of the Nile to the Mississippi would have been a little more satisfactory if a nasty wind had not come up and begun to bash Cleopatra over the head with the flapping canopy. She was glad that she had insisted upon wearing a costume more suited to the northern Mississippi than the tropics. It always pays to be decent, even at the cost of an anachronism.

The Egyptian oarsmen—modestly clad in winter underwear dyed to suggest, without inflicting, nudity—had some trouble with their oars and caught several crabs. But they managed to make the landing, and Cleopatra (May Belle McPhetridge really) came ashore with her headdress over one ear and the promise of one black eye by eventide.

The spectators watched uneasily the shifting of the scenery overhead. It was already twilight in mid-afternoon, and the dark had the grim luster that precedes a storm.

Grant Pickman was roaming boozily about in complete make-up. He was as sodden with liquor as ever Indian was, and nobody dared reproach him.

He was altogether an unpleasant person in his hiccups, and Elma felt that her father was justified in keeping him out of her life and out of the pageant, though it made her all the miserabler to admit all these facts.

Grant was determined to play Black Hawk in spite of orders to the contrary, but he was decoyed away from the starting-point till the canoe got away. He watched its career from the foot of the grand stand in moody austerity.

Seeing how choppy the water had grown, Mrs. Piatt had begun to regret the loan of the red velvet portières. She even demanded their return. "Those are my best porteers," she insisted, "and if they get wet they're ruint, and I'll never get another pair."

"Don't worry, my dear!" said Mrs. Budlong. "I'll be responsible for them."

She regretted this instantly, but consoled herself by the thought that if worse came to worst she could charge them off to general expenses.

Worse came to worst at once. Jim Bukey, who had been chosen to play the dumb oarsman, had the forethought to try out Elaine's funeral barge before Elaine lay down on the bier. Whether the banging it had had against sharp rocks under water where it was moored or some defect of building were to blame, Jim had no sooner taken his place in the stern than the barge sank below the surface with a speed that would have done honor to a submersible.

Jim Bukey forgot that he was supposed to be dumb, and forgot it so violently that Mrs. Budlong covered her ears.

Now that the barge had vanished it looked as if Elaine would never pay her *post-mortem* visit to the faithless Lancelot. But Mrs. Budlong would not be denied.

Lancelot, King Arthur and Guinevere and all the Round Table boarders were waiting at the platform in the costliest of all the costumes, and the whole Episcopal choir had been rehearsing for weeks the song, "Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain." It was unthinkable that all of those rehearsals should also be in vain, in vain.

Mrs. Budlong pointed to a flat-bottomed skiff belonging to a rude fisherman, and insisted that it be made ready at once. Coffee sacking was piled in the bottom and across that the red velvet portières were folded.

Elma was afraid of the rising waves but more afraid of Mrs. Budlong's flashing eye. She suffered herself to be helped into the boat and managed to stretch out before she was pitched into the water.

Then the dumb oarsman took his place, with wet feet, and wet legs encased in tights which had been dyed black, but not permanently.

He could find no place for his feet except upon Elma's golden hair, so that was tucked about her head. When he was ready to push off, Elaine sat up in a sudden resurrection, wailing:

"My lily! My letter!"

There was a scurry for the canna that had wilted and been stepped on. The letter was blown away, but Mrs. Budlong, who had to furnish everything from brains to buttons, found a long business envelop of her husband's; so Elaine set out to carry that to Lancelot.

She went dead again and Jim Bukey shoved the skiff from the bank. The oaring was not easy, for the wind was coming from every which way, and the water was so riotous that Elaine could hardly keep from rolling off the red velvet portières.

And so "the dead oar'd by the dumb" went downward with the flood, and the dumb kept cautioning the dead:

"Lay still! Lay still!"

The waves were coming across the river in longer, deeper lines and the flat-bottomed skiff tilted this way and that until Elaine through half closed eyes could see now the reeling grand stand, now only the opposite shore of the river and a sky of writhing black clouds. The spectators could see now only the white bottom of the boat, now Elaine about to spill over the oar-locks into the ugly water.

There was as much scurry in the audience as in the sky, for hundreds were in a panic of fear, and trying to squirm through the crowd and get home before the storm broke.

There was a hush everywhere except for the hurried murmur of the frightened wind and the low imbecile laugh of the drunken Grant Pickman. The audience was so hushed with bewilderment that everybody, including Elaine, heard Mrs. Piatt's shrill cry of despair:

"Oh, my poor porteers! Ruint, that's all!"

"Well, ain't that enough?" somebody shouted.

Only Elaine heard the dumb steersman's howl of terror as he lifted one dripping foot.

"Good Lord, the boat's fillin'! She's goin' to sink under us!"

Whether it was courage or terror that kept her motionless, Elma could not know; but there was no need for Jim's frantic whispers:

"Don't move! I'll get you ashore somehow."

He paddled frantically with his one oar toward the steps where Sir Lancelot and King Arthur and his court waited, looking not at Elaine but at the sky, whence a few drops of rain fell—just enough to set the crowd to milling toward the various avenues of escape.

The drops were falling on Elaine's clenched eyelids, but she thought them spray, and wrung her folded hands together in a paroxysm of dread. She did not want to die yet. She was afraid to move. Something of artistic consecration kept her to the rôle she played; but her wits were in a frenzy within her marble flesh. It was most vividly horrible to her that she was already dead in the play.

Jim Bukey, alternately watching the landing-place and the water, thrust and beat and stabbed so ferociously with his unmanageable oar that when the skiff reached the little wharf, it struck a glancing blow, and he went backward into the shallow. His oar, falling from his hand, was carried off by the current.

The skiff, shunted aside, spun down the stream with Elaine, her eyes still sealed, her hands clasped, her little feet pointed up. A gust of rainy wind smote the skiff and skirled it into an eddy that went corkscrewing toward midstream, wheeling the boat round and round. Elaine opened her eyes, twisted her head, saw that she was alone, and quietly fainted, deaf to the thunderbolt that seemed to smash the rafters of the sky. A flagstaff caught the lightning and crackled as it split.

The crowd broke and ran, in a devastation of terror. If anybody thought of Elaine, he supposed that she would be attended to by somebody whose business she was.

Her mother remembered her and ran to her father, screaming her name, and waking Professor Melton to the danger. He could not swim and the people he clutched at broke from him. He saw Grant Pickman gazing after Elma stupidly. He had followed her all the way down-stream with his befuddled eyes, his intelligence fighting desperately with the drugged machinery of thought.

When Elma floated away he pondered the matter gravely, convinced that something was wrong besides his wrong self, but unable to figure it out exactly.

Professor Melton seized him and howled at him, pointing to the little bobbing cockleshell in the curling, foaming, sickly green water.

"Elma is drowning! You're the only one that can save her! For the love of heaven, Grant!"

The sot answered: "Huh? Wassat, P'fessor?"

In mad disgust, Professor Melton struck him in the jaw with all his might, and almost rejoiced to see him go over into the water.

As he came up drenched and shocked awake, the world quaked with a flare of lightning. Grant was sobered now as miraculously as his father had been when the rocket turned to a thunderbolt in his hand.

"What's the matter? Where—what—Elma? Where's Elma?" he sputtered as he clambered out on the bank. He was white now, and half-naked in his loin-clout and moccasins.

"Yonder!" her father cried, pointing.

In a flame of sudden lightning, Grant saw her, and leaped off into the crashing whitecaps that ran icily up his frame. He strode forward, then hurled himself in and swam with great overhand strokes, his head buried, save when he lifted it now and then to make sure of Elma.

The rain had restored her from her swoon and she was sitting up in the all-but-sunken skiff, in the midst of the swirling red velvet, beating at the waves with futile hands.

Grant saw her so, and swam with maniac frenzy. He looked again and she was breast deep, sustained a little by the velvet, billowing about her as if it were a pool of her blood.

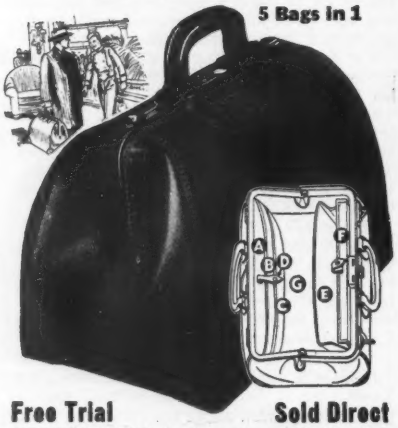
The next time he looked, Grant saw only her hands above the eddies! Then nothing; then her hands again; her beautiful head; then nothing again.

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When he made his last lunge and reached the spot, there was nothing there. He dived with eyes wide. The world beneath the water, as the lightning blazed and died, was eerie.

He clutched and groped, and clutched again. A fold of her long robe blessed his fingers, his hands crept along it till they found her body. He swung back to the tumultuous surface.

He leaned back in the rain-whipped stream and took Elaine's head on his shoulder, and floated till his heart grew steadier, and he had steadied her a little and made sure that she still lived. Then he struck out for shore—backwards, wrenching his head about now and then to keep his direction, then kicking, and hunching, and swinging a free arm in all awkwardness up and back and up and back.

By and by Elma was enough revived to understand that it would help if she would put her hand on his shoulder and let him swim forward. Now with mighty breast strokes he swept through the waves, and so kept alive till a skiff came plowing toward them, Jim Bukey guiding it.

Elaine's father had managed to find a few people to listen to him, and a whole flotilla of boats was soon on the way.

There was much rivalry for the privilege of rescuing the rescuer, but Grant and Elaine were finally hauled into Jim Bukey's skiff. Both were half-frozen, so sick and so forlorn that pneumonia seemed to be the least that waited them ashore, if they ever got to shore.

Both of the gentlemen who were at the oars pulled out flasks and demanded that they be emptied. Grant's muscles promptly carried one bottle to his lips, but they took it away again.

Jim Bukey growled: "Drink, you fool, or you'll die!"

"I'd a little rather," said this unfamiliar person in Grant Pickman's skin.

Bukey stared at him, urged, pleaded, and gave him up as hopeless. He caught the girl to him, put the flask against her white mouth and poured in a few drops.

When Grant protested at the sacrilege, Jim Bukey snapped: "Just because you want to quit is no reason why Elma should."

Elma strangled, protested, yielded, took more and more, then called for more. She even urged Grant to drink! She burbled:

"Ah, come on, Honey. It tastes like hot water bottles feel. Ooh, how cold I am."

She drank some more. Grant tried to check Bukey from profaning her soul with liquor, but Bukey was a bit tipsy himself, and he snarled:

"Do you want to kill her, after all the trouble you took savin' her?"

Grant was too weak to fight, but it was revolting to see the change that came over his saint as the mystic influences of alcohol transformed her to an imp trying to tempt him.

"Ah, c'mon, ol' sport. Tastes like hot wa'r bo'lles."

Grant saw himself as others had seen him, and repented with a repentance that seemed new and complete among all his repentances.

When the boat reached shore at last, Professor Melton and his wife received their daughter with cries of joy, then in dumb wonderment.

The bedraggled Elaine greeted them with bibulous mirth: "H'lo, fon' parents. Your lil Elma's full of lil hot botter wattles. I mean wot botter hottles. I do' know what I mean, but welcome home! Hooray! Three sheers!"

They appealed from Elma drunk to Grant sober, in a topsyturvied world. Grant tossed his hands in a bewilderment and a terror equal to their own. Jim Bukey took the blame:

"That lil girl's awright. Wouldn' yu rather have her as is than frozen to death, wouldn' you? I ask you!"

They took her home, and nursed her through the headache and nausea and her first experience of a morning after. There seemed to be little danger that she would ever seek another.

When Grant Pickman called, they could hardly shut him out. Thereafter it was reported that when people offered him a drink, he would smile and shake his head, saying:

"It doesn't interest me somehow. Seems such a curious thing to do. I guess I've had my share."

Woman *by George Ade* (*Continued from page 59*)

another gamble or to join for all time the hard-faced colony of the Never-Agains.

Can you imagine my home life? We had at the club, all of the time, thirty or forty object lessons. There was a good deal of comradeship among the inmates of our home for lost men and I put in hours with those who were prone to tell their troubles.

All of them complimented me because I had been cautious and watchful and had escaped the world's worst pitfall. Even at that time I was secretly ashamed of myself for having failed to go out in search of normal existence and a home with a front yard. But these sufferers who had just come out of the arena, all black and blue, used to gaze at me with admiration and exclaim, "My Lord, but you've been wise! How did you ever manage to dodge all the traps?"

They were bitter losers, all beginning to figure how much they would have left after dividing the main bankroll or paying the alimony. The common grievance seemed to be that she had used up ninety percent of his income and then gone into hysterics because he wasn't doing as much for her as Marshall Field was doing for Mrs. Marshall Field.

Looking back now, I don't believe that the frightful tales told by the ex-husbands had much to do with my subsequent willingness to accept a life sentence as a bachelor. I think that the nature of my job and circumstances over which I did not have much control worked together to hermitize me and almost ostracize me from social activities. It is true that when I was forty years old I had an attractive country home of my own and was paying real taxes for the first time, but, also, I was in the midst of work connected with the theater which excluded me from any routine resembling domesticity. As a family man I would have been a total loss, a devastating calamity.

How I wish that I could dig up some spicy recollections of those years when I was hanging around the show-shops! A good many people I met seemed to take it for granted that, inasmuch as I was a foot-loose and fancy-free bachelor who was writing plays and could go back-stage any time, I was probably cutting up many a dido. Meaning midnight suppers and drinking the bubbly fluid from dainty slippers.

The little off-color magazines dealing with confessions will never get any warm contributions from me. I did put in countless years around large palaces of amusement while rehearsals were under way, but usually I was back in the dim and cavernous auditorium suffering untold agonies because the play being done on the stage was not the one I had intended for production.

I met a lot of nice girls in the various companies, but it always seemed to me that they regarded the author as a viper who might have improved all of their parts and given them twice as many fat lines if he had not been so cold-blooded and unappreciative of genius.

Someone should write a book called "The Gay Bachelor" and get a correct slant on the psychological peculiarities of the male who remains up a tree all his life. In some countries he is taxed and in all communities he is hissed, but very seldom is he appraised accurately.

I am writing these lines in Italy. For many days I have been humbled by the consciousness that I am ignorant concerning pre-Raphaelism, sculpture and bronze doorways. All that I can be sure of at this moment is that I know a lot about the American bachelor.

To begin with, he is not a woman-hater. Knowing men as he does, his sympathies are apt to go with the woman whenever he hears of another family disruption. When he comes

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into the presence of an attractive specimen of the more important sex he is not revolted. He is awe-stricken and rendered numb and dumb.

He is uncomfortably helpless and when he offends her by escaping, usually in a gallop, he does not retreat because she is hard to look at or objectionable in any way but because he knows from experience that if he stays around very long he will get in wrong. He suddenly finds himself called upon to practise an art which he has not mastered and he is horrified over the prospect of giving a semi-public demonstration of sad inefficiency.

I believe that most of the confirmed and segregated bachelors with whom I have camped are puzzled by women and indisposed to cultivate them because so many of the men who seem to be sensational hits in any feminine assemblage are regarded by the hard-boiled celibates as a low grade of white rabbit. The outsiders regard the soirées and tea-battles and costume pageants from afar and then say: "Well, if that is the kind of competition we are expected to go against, we will proceed swiftly in the opposite direction."

And when a gang of hardened old bachelors meets up with a slick-hair who is reputed to be a lovely dancer, there is some quiet whispering as to who shall get the rope and how far is it to a good tree?

And yet every one of them thinks that he is Dun, Bradstreet and the Encyclopedia Britannica on the subject of Woman! And if the breaks had not been against him and if he had met the right sort at the right time, he would now be the head of an expensive household, trying to get his son into the bond business and keep his daughter out of the movies.

It will be evident from the foregoing that I am the last person who should attempt to make a list of Who's Who among the women. But the spectator on the bleachers may get a line on plays which are not observed by the excited contestants in the arena. What's more, the bachelor may speak out and name his favorites without being called down when he arrives home.

The Bad Man

(*Continued from page 71*)

times the boys would be glad to turn 'em loose if they could. But there's no way to do it. Something's got to break. And that habit influences them in other things beside ropin'. It ain't only a habit. It's a religion, sort of. You're never quite sure what a sensible man will do. He may get new light on the subject, just when you're dependin' on him. But when you're in trouble bad—needin' help, and it now—that's the time when you're glad to see a tie-fast man shakin' out a loop."

"I get you," said Sam. "You admire them for holding on. And when they hold on to their cattle, instead of playing safe?"

"Then, curse them! With all my heart. You have got it figured exactly right, young man. And the moral of that——"

"Here," said Sam, "I've got to be going. This is no time for morals." But he paused for a long look into the deeps below. "The Little World!" said Sam, half-enviously.

"Sam, it isn't always like this," said Andy. "When it's been rainin' good, grass green, little shallow lakes all filled up, cattle fat and sassy, mockin'-birds singing at daybreak, quail a-callin', bees hummin'—yes, and acres of flowers, too, miles of 'em knee high—you'd be surprised! Why, Sam, you wouldn't know the place. There ain't no air so clear as this is then, and there ain't no finer spot than the Little World. We've got a moon, too. Sam, you want to come back sometime and see our moon in September."

"But not this year?"

"Well-l," said Andy, hesitating, "after all, you know—maybe it'll rain."

Late that afternoon, as Bates closed up gaps in his outer wall, he saw Mr. Richard Thornton Niles climbing the zigzag trail from the spring. This young gentleman's attire was very much like that of Sam Girdlestone, with perhaps a silken shirt in lieu of flannel, and a silken tie as well; as for looks, he was decidedly more personable than Sam, having a clear-cut Grecian face that might have been pleasant had it not chanced to be otherwise; a handsome, arrogant face, a scornful face; in fact, a superior face.

Mr. Bates did not offer his plug to the newcomer. "He was more than usual ca'm." "Good evenin', Mr. Niles," said he, without emotion.

Mr. Niles sat on his horse. "Enjoying yourself?" he said.

"I was," said Bates guardedly.

"Great open spaces?" suggested Mr. Niles, with a well-bred sneer, almost imperceptible; not unperceived.

The Aforesaid Bates lifted his hand and drew it slowly across the long horizon. "It might be so described. Yes. The Great Open Spaces, where Men are Mean."

The young man smiled thinly. "Do you know, Mr. Aforesaid Andrew Jackson Bates," he said, and his voice was rich and musical, "do you know, these people do not strike me that way at all? I would never call them mean. Nothing so spirited as that. I find them incredibly meek, foolishly cheerful, stupid, given to brainless laughter and aimless activities, such as their perpetual and needless riding around the country. Even their riding is spiritless. Their favorite gait is a walk."

"Oh, well, you mustn't be too hard on them," said Bates indulgently. "Maybe when you met 'em they might have had their reasons for bein' low-spirited. Or private grounds for laughter, when it comes to that. One never knows—does one? And ridin' around—why, bless you, Mr. Richard Thornton Niles—or may I call you Jarvis? It makes me feel better, some way. The fact is, Jarvis, them boys is just plain lonesome. Of course they may brand a calf or so, or take the ticks out of a cow's ear, or see strange sights. But the main idea with us is just visitin' each other."

"That is presumably the correct answer," said Niles. He resented the "Jarvis" with bitterness. But there had been a fire in the old man's eye. Antagonism there had been between them from the first. But Niles had nothing to gain by open rupture, and a comfortable arrangement to lose. "Jarvis" and "One never knows—does one?" That sorted queerly with the slipshod speech Bates used in general. He had an uneasy feeling that Bates might be less of a fool than he seemed. "I suppose, living alone so much, you're glad to see anyone?"

Bates raised his candid eyes. "Almost anyone," he said.

Niles flushed uncomfortably. "Now to business," he said. "I started to drive to Hillfoot House this morning, and I broke the steering-gear of my car before I had gone a mile. Can you take me to Tripoli tomorrow, in your buckboard? I took the gear out and now I'll have to take it to El Paso for mending. So we'll have to make the two-thirty train tomorrow afternoon. I can hire a rig to bring me out again. Will ten dollars be enough?"

"Plenty. Big pay for a one-way trip. I'll have a little freight in the depot, and I'll bring that back with me."

"I shall expect you early, then," said Niles. "You have been working, Mr. Bates, so I will walk down from the spring, leaving my horse there. That will spare you a trip tonight."

"Why, thank you," said Bates. Niles turned to go. "Just a minute," said Bates. "Your unusual thoughtfulness deserves a return. Let me give you a little friendly hint, Mr. Niles—which you will find useful if heeded. Remember well and bear in mind the tidings I am about to impart. *Don't you open your head to me, Jarvis, or I'll appear to you!* I think you have made a mistake about the simple peasantry, more particularly in the matter of their incredible meekness. It is easy to make

mistakes. Some words we use don't carry the same meaning to us that they do to you. As a notorious example, take the word 'clever.' 'A right clever man' to us means a man who will take his shirt from his back for you. But I've been where a 'clever man' meant one who would take the shirt from your back.

"And I think that what you took to be meekness was merely tolerance. You've lived so long amongst God's Frozen People that perhaps you're not a qualified judge of sunburned men. We put up with a lot of pickled moonshine, sometimes, when we think it proceeds from raw ignorance. But studied insolence might make us restive, in time. Make no mistake, young man; any time you start out looking for trouble around here, you can get enough to make a mess! I was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, and my hot Southern blood boils when any damyank tries to highhat me! You have my leave to depart."

On the following morning Aforesaid Bates rose betimes. But when he trudged up the box to wrangle his horses, he met with a setback. Mittens and Rowdy, his work team, could not be found. He made a halter from hobbles taken from the other horses, climbed on old Dan, and rode bareback in pursuit of the runaways. The culprits were found on the highest hill. Bates reached Half Way House two hours too late.

Richard Thornton Niles, at this proof of Batesian fallibility, resumed a portion of his former grandeur. He grumbled whole-heartedly as Bates stowed his belongings about the buckboard. It was late, it would be hot, they would miss the train.

"It will be late," said Bates, "and it will be hot. But we won't miss the train. Hop in."

Niles hopped in, the horses sneezed; they trundled briskly away. They were riding light, with Andy's bed roll and his smallest chuck-box, with the Niles suitcase and the broken steering-gear. Also, the Chinese cook had put up lunch for two.

Niles regained something of his former complacency. An entirely new world, a blue and gold world, was opening up, eastward beyond the river, but Niles ignored that. He glanced sidelong at his companion and of his own accord harked back to yesterday's discomfiture.

"These bold, fearless plainsmen of yours—would they hold a man up for what money he had on him?"

"I don't know," said Bates doubtfully. "We never have any money. About how much do you carry?"

Mr. Niles unbent to a pale and reluctant smile. "No, but really? Do their appearances belie them so much?"

"Our appearances? Well, I'll tell you. Far be it from me to withhold information from any man that needs it," said Bates, "and me oozing information at every pore. So I'll tell you true. These boys, and some few millions just like 'em—some calls 'em roughnecks and others call them just folks." He hesitated. "Promise me you'll be surprised," he urged earnestly.

Niles was startled to hear himself laugh. "I fancy that a promise would be wholly unnecessary. In your own way you are quite a card. Whimsical and unexpected."

"Sure, I know," said Bates. "And did you ever figger it out that in your own droll and amusin' way, you might be just as queer an' dear to me as I am to you? Neglectin' fractions, and allowing for the peculiar conformation of the human skull, my guess is that these Little World waddies aim to do just about right by everybody—or thereabouts. Likewise, roughly speakin', they intend that other people shall do about right by them, or reasonably close to it. They see to that, personally. My guess is that your money is full as safe on the range as if it was in court and some fellow after it with a bad claim and a good lawyer . . . Did you say you kept it under your pillow?"

Niles laughed again. He was thawing



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perceptibly. "You should have been an actor. That look of low cunning in your eyes was admirably done. It seemed almost real."

"Well, it wasn't," said Bates. "I don't want your money, and none of the rest of us want it. What we want is our own. We're some particular about that."

"And yet," said Niles, "they didn't speak so highly of you people in Deming."

"No," said Bates, "they wouldn't. They don't like us much in Tripoli, either." He shook his head sadly. "I don't know why. They claim we're arbitrary, I believe."

The high plain was behind them, the green valley lay far below. They plowed slow and slow through waves of yellow sand—downhill, it is true, but infinitely wearisome. Sun beat upon them, choking heat swirled about them. Niles grew restive under the discomfort.

"Is there much of this?" he demanded. "If there is, we will never make connections with that train."

"Oh, we'll make it easy," said Andy. "Lots of time. After we cross this we have some sand, in patches, but the heft of it is good hard road, where we can mosey right along. Not so hot there, either. Plenty of trees. I'll have you at the station by two o'clock."

"You said you'd be down early this morning. Now you talk confidently about two o'clock. You might be wrong again." Niles looked at his watch. "And you are the slowest driver I ever saw. Even on hard ground you kept your team to a gentle jog-trot. I will make a wager with you. If you arrive at the station by two o'clock, I will pay you twenty dollars instead of the ten we bargained for. If you arrive at the station at one minute past two, you are to get nothing. How about it?"

"I know the road. You'll lose your money."

"It is my money."

"Mr. Niles," said Andy, "you've made a bet."

But Andy made no haste. They crossed the river at Dryford, so named for safe fording at low water. Hopper's ranch was on the eastern side, the buildings on a high knoll, safe from floods. They turned into a fenced lane; here the farming country began. Johnny's place was the farther outpost. The narrow valley became a wide one, a six-mile strip of crowded farms. They came at last to the main road and lunch beneath a vast cottonwood.

The road was good now, but Andy made little haste, keeping steadily to five miles an hour, or a little better. "Too bot for speed," explained Andy sagely. "Hard on the horses."

Three miles beyond lunch, a farmhouse stood flush by the roadside; a dog rushed out snapping, the team swerved aside, a wheel lurched against a hidden root, and the tongue of the buckboard snapped, splintering obliquely.

"There!" said Niles, triumphantly vindicated. "You've done it now. Can I hire another rig?"

"No need for that. I'll fix this in a jiffy. You just sit still and watch me perform."

He went to the house, returning with an ax, slender poles of green and limber *tornillo*, an aged Mexican and much small rope. The Mexican unraveled the rope, while Andy split long splints from the poles; they set the broken tongue like a broken leg, bound it tightly with the rope and drove wedges for further tightening, and hitched up the team.

"*Muchas gracias*, Donaciano," said Andy, slipping a half-dollar into Donaciano's hand. "Here we go fresh! Rowdy! Mittens! Shake a leg! How long were we held up, Mr. Niles?"

"Almost half an hour. That was quick work. How far is it to Tripoli?"

"Oh, about nine miles."

"It is now twenty minutes to one. You can still make it by two o'clock, with fast driving."

Andy shook his head. "I'll get you in before train-time, but not before two. Something important, that would be different. But I'll abuse no horses to win a bet."

"Then you'll lose your money."

"Well," said Andy, "it's my money."

They made Tripoli station at two-fifteen. When the train pulled out, Andy was already making camp before a little two-room adobe opposite the freight house.

Bates turned his team into the pasture, lifted out the chuck-box and spread his bed roll under a chinaberry tree. A man walked over from the freight house; a lanky, chalk-eyed man, with a six-shooter sagging at his thigh, and boots run over at the heel. His white eyes were bloodshot; a rusty stubble covered his face. That face was hollow-cheeked and lantern-jawed, made sinister by a broken nose; a forlorn and deplorable figure of a man.

"Any chance for a job?" said the visitor. "You look like a cowman."

"Hot and dry like this, we can't work cattle," said Andy. "You ought to know that."

"Some other job?" The man spread out his hands. "Mister, I ain't got no more home than a poker chip."

Andy's reply was interrupted. Charlie See rode across the tracks.

"Old Settler," said See, "I have here beefsteak, baker's bread, canned tomatoes, and butter in a glass jar. Take 'em, will you, so I can get off? Saw you drive by with Funnyface and came down to side you."

"Had dinner yet?"

"No. Just got in."

"I had mine. Niles brought a lunch," said Andy. "But we'll stir up a snack for you and our friend." He turned to the job-hunter.

"My name is Jeb Rider."

"Meet Mr. See," said Andy. "I'm Bates. Set down. Or you might fetch an armful of wood, if you want to, from back of the house."

"See who's here," said Charlie.

Joe Gandy, the local deputy sheriff, came galloping up the tracks from the station, and reined up; a burly but not ungraceful figure. Silver decked his bridle, the saddle shone in the sun, long eagle-bill *tapaderas* made flourish as he rode. "Here, you!" he called sharply after Rider, who was already started for the house.

Rider turned sullenly.

"I thought I told you to get out of town? You've gambled off your horse and saddle, and you've got no work. I don't want you bumming around here any longer. I got a good mind to run you in."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, Joe," said Bates mildly. "I've just hired him to help me build a fence. I can't spare him."

Gandy spurred around to face Bates, scowling as though Bates were no great favorite of his. "He's wearing a gun, anyway," he barked. "I can pinch him for that."

"Well, he can take it off," said Andy mildly. "And don't point your finger at me, brother. It might go off. Put your gun in the buckboard, Rider. We don't want no trouble with deputies. Peace and quiet—that's what I want—and I want 'em now and bad."

Charlie See, whittling shavings for the fire, spoke idly now. "Gandy, I've got a gun, too."

"I see you have. But you just came to town," said Gandy. "You're not obliged to take it off till your time's up, if you want to act smart about it. I saw you when you rode in."

"Gandy, you may not know it, but you're addicted to big behavior. It's growin' on you. Furthermore, I'm not needin' any timekeeper a-tall. I've always hung up my gun when I come to town—when I got good and ready, that is. And I don't want no one snoopin' around to hold a watch on me." Suddenly his voice changed to deferential suavity. "Of course, that star of yours—well, your wearin' that star, and seemin' real worried in your mind about my gun—why, off she comes!" He unbuckled his belt and laid his gun in the buckboard. "Any other business?"

Gandy made no answer. He whirled about and rode furiously to town.

"Nice pleasant lad, that," said Bates.

"Yeah. Buildin' him a rep, Joe is."

"We got him so red-headed at us he forgot to crowd the issue about Rider's gun," said Bates. "You played up to me fine."

"Yes," said Charlie. "He might have made that stick if he'd pushed it. Well, let's eat."

Rider went for wood. Charlie cocked an

inquiring eye after him; Andy shrugged.

The newcomer returned with wood. "Rider," said Bates, "Charlie and me are goin' up-town presently to do a little shoppin'. You stay in camp and we'll fetch you back a pint."

Jake's Place was cool and dark and roomy. A few groups, couples or quartets, sat here and there beyond the central columns at a long row of little tables opposite the long bar. At one of these tables Johnny Hopper held converse with Joe Gandy. Johnny's face was flushed, his collar awry, his hair disheveled; his powerful young body lopped over the low table, propped heavily by one arm. Before him stood a wine-glass which Hopper regarded with severity. A lock of sticky hair hung pendulumwise before his eye as he wagged his head in owlish wisdom.

"Hopper drinksh too much," said Hopper. "It'll get him if he don't mind hish step. He never used to drink till he traded ranches and took to takin' a li'l glass of *vino* when he dropped in to a *paisano's* house, just to be neighborly. Got the habit. Ruint him, mosht. 'S too bad! Grash gone—shelf-respec' gone—and hish friends intimatsh he's a granger." Here his eye fell on his glass and he tossed off its contents.

"Yes, Charlie See was having a lot of fun about your farming," said Gandy, smoothly sympathetic. Unseen by Hopper, he nodded to the barkeeper. "He thinks he's smart. Shoots off his mouth about everybody."

"Charlie See, he's my friend. Done me many'sh the good turn. Charlie's a good fellow. Splendid fellow!" Hopper gloomed upon Gandy with a hostile eye. "Charlie, he comesh down to my house and eats my fresh lettuce out of my garden, and young onions, and eggsh, and milk to drink, and cream in his coffee. And then he rolls a smoke and leansh back, and he says to me, 'Johnny, could you spare me a few geranium slips?' Nicesh way for a friend to talk!"

"Oh, Charlie was just joking," said Joe.

"Some subjectsh ought to be shakred," said Hopper implacably. The barkeep whisked away the empty glasses and replaced them by full ones. Johnny did not notice him. He eyed his table mate with cold suspicion. "What licensh have you got to defend Charlie See?" he demanded. "You're no friend of Charlie Shee. You tried to shoot him once. He beat you to it, an' let you off. Two yearsh ago. And if you try it again, you'll go to sleep with a lily in your hand!"

Here Johnny's hand, moving gently to illustrate how a hand should hold a lily, encountered the wine-glass. He regarded it darkly. "Whash thish? Hopper didn't order no more liquor. He'sh had enough. Gandy, I'm s'prised at you! You're deputy sheriff and here you're pract'cally plyin' me with drink. What you up to, hey? W'ash your little game?"

"Why, it's only wine," laughed Gandy. "A little wine won't do you any harm."

Johnny's fist came down upon the table so that the wine slopped over. "A little wine *does* do me any harm. A little wine *hash* done me any harm. Foundationsh of character all rotted away. Gosh!" He brooded upon his loss, draining his glass.

The front door swung open; Bates and See walked in. Coming from the sun-glare into that pleasant gloom, they peered about uncertainly at first. Presently they spied Hopper and came across toward him.

"Have a drink, Johnny?" called Bates. "You and Gandy both."

Johnny turned his head, straightened himself and thrust out his chin defiantly. "No, I won't have no drink, Johnny. Everybody wansh me have a drink. Dep'ty Gandy wansh me have drink. Housh wansh——" He corrected himself slowly and painfully. "House wants me to have a drink. Had too many drinksh. If you was friend of mine you'd take me out of here. And you'd see to it that I went home."

"Well, why not?" said Bates cordially. "Come on, and we'll all drift up to Dryford



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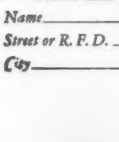
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tonight after supper, when it's cool. Ride in the buckboard if you want to."

Johnny sat up his straightest and tapped the table with his forefinger. "You get thish—right now," he said haughtily. "I want you to know that I'm free, white and twenty-one. Understand? I want you to know that nobody can't dictate to me. Nobody! Hi, Jake! Send Sam with some more drinksh for ush!"

Bates and See discussed their whiskies at a table far down the room, near the front door.

"Charlie," said Bates, "there's folks so heartless they want to cut off our booze for good and all. I'd hate that, tur'ble." He glanced at Hopper's table. "All the same, there's times when us drinkin' men are bound to have our doubts."

"Joe Gandy's eggin' him on, I guess," said See. "Settin' him up to some sort of mischief. And I wouldn't put it past that frawg-eyed Jake, either. Him and Gandy is thick as thieves. If we could coax Gandy to leave, we might be able to quiet Johnny down and head him for home." He raised his voice and sang blithely:

"Oh-h, David was good with a stone and a sling,
He beaned old Goliath and later was king,
He went with the wild bunch when Saul was alive—
But—what would he think of my old forty-five?"

"You've got a grand idea of coaxin'!" hissed Bates.

Johnny Hopper rose up, steadied by crowded memories of all his wrongs, his voice surprisingly distinct. "Oh, curse that song, and you too!" he said. "Where is your old forty-five, anyhow?"

Charlie considered. "I left it layin' on the piano, I guess."

"Well, you get it," said Johnny. "And when you get it, keep it buckled right around your middle. Because the next time you meet me, you're going to see me through smoke."

"Suits me," said See. Then he rose, conscience-stricken. "No, it don't, Johnny! It don't suit me at all. I won't do it. You'll feel different tomorrow."

Johnny glowered at him. "You think I'm drunk?"

"I know I'm sober," said Charlie. "I wasn't ridin' you, Johnny—honest, I wasn't. I'm not goin' to carry any gun, either."

"You suit yourself about that," said Johnny. "I'm not doin' any baby act. What I say when I'm drunk, I'll back up when I'm sober. I've told you. Look out for yourself."

Gandy took him by the arm. Johnny flung him off. Big Jake came running.

"Here, here!" said Jake. "That's enough. Help me, Joe. Grab him!"

The two hustled Hopper through the door of the poker room, half forcibly, but protesting friendship. Jake's hand waved Charlie to go. The door closed. Bates and See eyed each other blankly.

"You are certainly one great little coaxer," said Aforesaid Bates. "I'd sure admire to see you makin' love."

A crash of overturned chairs came through the door. "Le's drag it," said Charlie.

Gandy came from the back room a little later. "Come away, boys," he said to the curious bystanders. "Come have a drink. Jake's got him. Come have a drink, and let Jake smooth his fur down."

In the poker room, Jake spoke sorrowfully. "Listen to me, Johnny—I'm your friend. You've got yourself in wrong. You've declared yourself to shoot See on sight. Now, if he gets you, he'll come clear. But if you get him, your troubles will only be beginning. Now I'll tell you what you do. Listen to me."

His face wore a knowing leer, his voice sank almost to a whisper in Johnny's ear.

"I'll send a Mex boy to look after your stuff, and you pull out for Organ, or El Paso, right off. You stay where you're known, keep yourself highly visible, and don't touch one drop of liquor. And Charlie See—he goes home the short cut, by the Picacho trail, and rides mostly by night. And next thing you hear you won't have any more trouble with Charlie See—*sabe?* While if you stayed here, you'd get the blame."

In his heart was the black thought that emissaries should follow Hopper, keep him in drink, drug him if needful: that Hopper should disappear for days, should be unable to prove where he had been or what he had been doing. And then who to blame but the man who had threatened to kill Charlie See on sight?

Johnny Hopper had been wrong. The foundations of his character were not rotted away. The challenge to See had sobered him no little, and these whispered admonitions sobered him far more. The shameful infamy proposed to him took clear shape in his muddled brain; in that same blink of time his right fist flashed up with all his manhood behind the blow. It caught Big Jake, stooping and unawares, flush on the chin. Knees, back and neck gave way together; face down he fell, and lay there, writhing grotesquely. Johnny observed him with some surprise, and shook his head in reproof. He straightened his coat, brushed back his hair, settled his hat firmly, and took a few experimental steps. Then he passed through the door, walked to the bar with stately dignity and spoke to Sam Barkeep.

"Somebody ought to go back there," he said casually. "I think Jake's havin' a fit."

Bates and Jeb Rider built fence five days. The next day was declared as Sunday, and for three days more they labored on the trail to Hardscrabble Spring. A dizzy and hairpin trail; they widened it, smoothed it, changed it when a better place could be found.

"I like this job," said Andy. "You make a hole in the hillside where you pick down the dirt, and then you make a bank where you shovel it away. So it shows like you'd done twice as much work as you really have. Makes you feel virtuous."

"Mr. Bates," said Rider, "you sure treated me white when I was up against it. I guess you didn't need me any more than a pig needs two tails."

"It does pester me some, studyin' up new things for you to do," Andy confessed. "But I didn't relish Joe Gandy's pesticatin' around with you that way. He sets me on edge, seems like. Jeb, there ain't near so much shootin' done around here as there used to be, and there never was. All the same, you keep an eye on Gandy. You're not known, and he's wishful for a rep. Choosy, though."

"Mr. Bates," said Jeb earnestly, "that's shore one mean man. He knowed I aimed to leave town, and whenever a freight train come along he was right there, watchin' that I didn't steal a ride. He knowed I didn't own but one thing in the whole wide world, and that was this gun, and he knowed I had no place to put it but on me, and he aimed to pinch me for packin' that. Does that sound like sense to you? He won a good half of my horse and saddle, too."

"Wish I had a better saddle for you," said Andy. "That old hull is plumb disreputable, and it ain't safe."

Jeb took up his pick, but paused to frown. "If that deputy picks me out to try any ranikaboo on, I'll say he's a poor picker. I don't own one square foot of land on God's green earth, but I know how to get title to a piece. About six by three. And I don't care one tinker's dam how soon I get my papers for it, either."

"Poor business to bite a bulldog for a bone," said Andy.

Day followed cloudless day. Girdlestone went by, but stopped to noon with them. Thornton and Niles, he reported, had driven to Silver City, with intent to bring back with them a young kinswoman who wanted to shoot a deer. Thornton's niece, said Girdlestone, and cousin to Niles. Thereafter, Selden Hill was to lose them; Girdlestone too; oil prospects were not promising.

Bates and Rider persevered. The trail climbed on zigzag switchbacks, squeezed through rocky portals, scrambled across

ledges, crooked along the wavy crest of hogbacks, sloped athwart shady hillsides, led them at last to the stinted waters of Hardscrabble.

"Sunday again!" said Andy, the next morning. "Well, well! Jeb, we'll wash up our duds this A. M. This evenin' you can throw your Arbuckle on Bushwhacker and mosey around to Hillfoot for me. You tell Bud I said to send me up three or four drills and a hammer. I've got the other credentials—dynamite and so on—and I'm goin' to try out Hardscrabble for more water. And then what will we do next?"

"How if the drills are dull? Do I wait for Faulkner to come back so he can sharpen 'em?"

"Oh, I can fix 'em here. Make me a little chimney for draft, and use charcoal. Ever pound a drill? Thought not. Bring a single-handed hammer, then. And a spoon. You be back some time tomorrow. Idleness is bad for the young. You'd better keep one eye on Bushwhacker right along. He's liable to hide his head when you least expect it the most. And in the big meantime——" Andy stretched himself luxuriously. "In the meantime, the Aforesaid Bates is goin' to petrify."

"Mr. Faulkner," said Jeb, "I reckon you know Bates give me a job just to help me out of a tight?"

"I don't know Andy's business, and I doubt if he does," said Bud. "But he's managed to worry along quite some years without hirin' a hand. He's a right clever man, Aforesaid is."

Rider's dull face lighted up. "I don't amount to much, and never will, but I *know* a good man when I see one." His toe traced squares and circles in the dust. "I reckon I'm middlin' worthless, myself. I want to work but I don't like to. All the same, I'd be right pleased to stick around these parts a spell. Good people. I might do better, startin' fresh thataway. It's been done." His puzzled eyes followed the long horizon. "Mr. Faulkner, if it was to rain, so's the hawses could stand it—and if I was to get hold of a saddle—I wonder if I couldn't break broncs for you. I can break broncos."

Faulkner pinched a doubtful lip. "H'm! I mostly make out to ride my own. Still, I don't know. We could break a few for the other boys, too. Why, that's not such a bad idea, come to think it over. I could get you a saddle. Let's say that when Andy gets the hills all leveled off, you slip over and name it to me again. Maybe it'll rain."

"Why, thank you kindly," said Jeb, toe to stirrup. Bud handed him the drills, wrapped in gunny sacks and bound together against slipping; Rider balanced them carefully across the saddle before him. The hammer was already tied fast. "Well, I'll be driftin'," said Jeb. "So long, *Señor!*"

Jogging cheerfully down that winding way, between brown creosote bush and scarlet *ocatillos*, the drills, one or another, showed a perverse tendency to slip sidewise. To remedy this, Jeb must steady his cumbersome bundle with one hand while he pushed back the offending drill with the other; he knotted his bridle-reins that they might not fall when his hands were busy elsewhere. It was a mistake; for he left them knotted. On such slight issues may our tragic lives depend. Had he ridden from Hillfoot with open reins, this man's life might have had a fresh beginning, even as in his wistful dreams. The gods saw otherwise.

An hour out from Hillfoot, a rattlesnake's blood-chilling castanet shook between Bushwhacker's feet. The old saddle had only one cinch, and that was frayed and sweat-rotted; with the first frantic plunge it broke under the straining of the mighty muscles. Rider struck earth again on neck and shoulders, the drills about his ears, the saddle still between his legs.

A tough man, this. It was a bruising fall. One drill had clipped him smartly above the ear, another had notched his chin. But his mind was undazed and his vocabulary undamaged. By the narrowest margin, his fall had missed a huge clump of prickly-pear. Even so, he had grazed it. Leg and side were pincushioned, and one lobe of prickly-pear stuck

Four Ages of Beauty

by

Joyce Lowell

The Modern Woman!—Heiress of Past Romantic Generations



Miss 1927

We sat in his office on South American Street, Philadelphia. From my chair I could see the cobbled by-ways where Stephen Decatur, America's young naval hero, played as a boy. Across intervening roofs the gables of the house where Philadelphia's first white child was born were visible. In spite of the modernity of the office, I felt myself surrounded by an atmosphere of a romantic past. I had come to interview Henry Tetlow, scion of that old Philadelphia family which for four generations has produced the world's finest face powders, on a subject of interest to every woman. He is young, modern . . . And yet, when he speaks, quietly, authoritatively, as from age-born knowledge, I sense the voice of other, earlier caterers to women's beauty tastes speaking through him.



Miss 1850

John Tetlow, his great grandfather, he told me, founded the Tetlow Company in 1849, at a time when the feminine vogue was for bizarre effects—hoop skirts and poke bonnets—and extremely pale complexions. The women of the day demanded of their face powder only that it be very, very white. They used it in "compact" form, for the present day "soft" powder was then unknown.



Miss 1870

The demand for a very soft powder began after the Civil War and Swan Down, originating a formula which is today used in nearly all face powders, was produced. It delighted the blooming cheeks of that day with its new velvet touch.

The "Gibson Girl" of this century's early years was a delightful creature, as he described her: an out-of-door woman of sport, travel, and—for the first time—motoring. Her active life required a face powder that would "stay put." And so Henry Tetlow's Swan Down again led the way with qualities which cause it to lie smoothly, for a whole day if necessary.

Henry Tetlow paused. I was eager.

"What about the modern woman? What is her desire? And how are you filling it?"

He hesitated, then spoke with a fervor that stirred me.

"With Swan Down, of course. Each succeeding generation has had new desires, and an improved Henry Tetlow's Swan Down has satisfied each. Modern Woman is a very much more sensitive being than her mother and grandmother. She is aesthetic. She wants softness, retentiveness in a face powder, yes. But she wishes, also, a certain subtle something—oh, let us call it—'a romantic essence.'

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Miss 1900

Oh, it does! There are powders and powders; but dainty Swan Down, exquisitely soft, enduringly smooth, possesses an indescribable something which makes it the most marvelously delightful of all. Buy it, dear reader, buy it for once, today, and know forever-after complete fulfillment of your desire in complexion beauty!

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fast to the flesh beside his shoulder-blade.

Bushwhacker was moving off, but moving slowly. Seeing Rider, he turned away as if satisfied, and fell to browsing. "Good horse," said Rider.

He turned anxiously to the canteen. It was undamaged; Rider sighed with relief, drank gratefully and hung the canteen beneath a shady bush. Then he proceeded to remove the fleshy mass of cactus from his shoulder. It was a painful process. He pried it loose with two sticks; with thumb and finger, with thumb and knife-blade, he pulled out what thorns he could reach, leaving a hundred more to burn and sting. He rose again and limped into the brush to catch Bushwhacker.

With divided reins, the task would have been easy. The horse would have stepped on the dragging reins and checked himself. But the reins were tied and hung on his neck. Bushwhacker eyed his master's approach with intelligent curiosity, snuffed gently and moved leisurely away. Jeb went around him. Not to be outdone, Bushwhacker went around Jeb, trotting high, tail up. A new game, this. They made a circle, they made a spiral. The sun rode hot and high.

The man stopped in an open place and smoked. The horse stopped and browsed. Jeb gathered a pint of smallest pebbles and shook them in his hat. They gave forth a pleasant murmur, as of corn. Bushwhacker raised his head and pricked up his ears. Slowly, slowly the man came, close and closer—twenty feet—ten—five. Bushwhacker snorted, whirled, fled westward at full speed. And westward, after some moments spent in idle talk, Jeb Rider followed him. His feet blistered, the blisters broke, sand crept through his worn boots and sought out the broken blisters, the thorns rankled; he was bruised, footsore, weary, dusty, hot, thirst-bedeviled. He went on.

An hour later he came to the first short grass. Two miles farther on, Bushwhacker began cropping the good grass, and so stepped a front foot through the reins; and here Jeb found him, perplexed and droopy-headed.

They toiled painfully through *chamiso*, low mesquite, red sand, to the saddle and water. Jeb drank deep. Then he took his rope and wove a new cinch into the rings; drank the last of his water, and saddled up. He balanced the drills across the saddle, "cheeked" Bushwhacker, and slid into the saddle. " 'Be back tomorrow,' the rod said. Well, we're comin'."

A swell of rising ground overlooks the old stage road, just where the Hillfoot road parts company with it. Topping this rise, Jeb's heart rejoiced to see, in the swale below, a white tent, an automobile, an awning. "Talk about luck!" said Jeb.

Miss Olivia Thornton, under escort of Uncle Delos and Dick, was on her way to Selden Hill and the promised deer. Performance outran promise. Half-way across Little World valley they had sighted antelope. Under Dick's guidance, after much maneuvering, she had brought one down with a fine shot. Much elated, they made camp for rest and a long nooning. Half Way House was close before—as an automobile counts closeness; they had hours to spare. Worn out with excitement and fatigue, Olivia rested in the tent while Dick took the car to bring in the trophy. She still slept there.

Returning, Dick and his uncle had stretched an awning beside the car; and there, unfolding table and chairs and opening hampers, they discussed a dainty luncheon.

To them came slowly a weary and jaded horseman, battered and torn, faded as to attire, droop-shouldered, sweat-stained, haggard. A heavy Colt's hung at his thigh; he carried drills at his saddle-horn. He slid off and tied the horse to a soapweed; he limped painfully to the car.

"Good day, gentlemen! I'm shore glad to see a car for once. Where's your water?"

Niles indicated the running-board. "There's a keg and a cup," he said. "Help yourself." A canteen hung beside him, cooler water. Jeb hobbled to the keg. Mr. Delos Thornton, by appearances, was profoundly bored, or perhaps annoyed; but Richard Thornton Niles was entertained.

Jeb drank slowly and long. His eye took in the slain antelope, still undressed, the rifle leaning against the wheel, and the princely fare of the dinner-table. "I reckon you two are Mr. Thornton and Mr. Niles," said Jeb in simple friendliness. "I'm Rider. Workin' for Bates a few days."

Silence greeted this announcement. Thornton produced a case filled with thin cigars, passed it to his nephew, took one himself, and crossed his legs.

"You have been to the wars, I see," remarked Niles, smiling.

"As how?" Rider's tone held a touch of iron. He was a man of slow wit, but he sensed some unknown quantity.

"Your honorable wounds," said Niles, with soft low laughter, which he checked to light his cigar.

Rider's stiffened face relaxed to a grin. "Oh, them?" A streak of dried blood was at his hair, a blotch of dried blood at his chin. He touched them gingerly. "I had a smash-up. Reckon I *am* a sight, sure enough. I could laugh myself if I wasn't so bruised and lame and sore and wrecked generally. Them cuts is where the drills nicked me when my horse piled me off—me and my saddle, early this mornin'. I just missed lightin' head first in a pear-thicket." Bruised or not, his eyes crinkled to laughter. "Then that fool horse lit out across the flat, and me after him. I just couldn't ketch him. Reckon I followed him seven or eight mile. And me totin' a gun, and leavin' the canteen. Did you ever hear of such a fool trick?"

Delos Thornton smoked, with far-away eyes, placidly uninterested. Niles laughed again. His eye danced with malicious glee.

"You carried that heavy six-shooter, afoot, in this burning sun? How typically Texan!"

"My gun?" Jeb glanced down at the butt of his gun. He drew it out slowly, holding it thwartwise of his body, and looked it over doubtfully. "This gun, now——" His eyes darted from one face to the other; his face mottled. His slow mind understood at last. The cold-blooded, deliberate discourtesy, unheard-of—the intolerable insult! Pain, weariness, thirst, melted to a red blinding rage. He threw two shots: they scattered the white dishes of the table. "One move, one word, and I shoot to kill! I keep this gun," said Jeb Rider, "to teach good manners with. A man comes to your camp here hurt and hungry—and you don't ask him to eat!" His left hand caught the rifle at the wheel, whirled it and swung it crashing through the table. "Curse your black hearts——"

More he would have said, of interest; now lost forever. A scream came from the tent, a frightened face appeared at the flap—a girl's face! She brushed through, she ran toward him, slight, disheveled, pleading. "Oh, don't hurt them, don't kill them!" she panted.

"My Lord!" said Jeb Rider. He forced his voice to quiet. "Come over here. I won't hurt you. Don't be scared. It's lucky for these two dogs that you're here. You want to save these men's lives? Well, if they say white or black to me, you can't. If they open their dirty mouths, they're done. Sit down. Let me think. I'll study out a way."

He thought quickly enough now. To hold up two men was an indiscretion; to maltreat or to terrify a woman, any woman, was the unpardonable sin. The countryside would rise against him. His gun watched the prisoners. They trembled in silence, wisely.

"I'm beginning life afresh, startin' from here," said Jeb Rider. "I might tie up all three of you and send someone from the next ranch to cut you loose. I won't do it. I never hurt a woman yet and I ain't goin' to begin now. If I'd knowed you was here, this wouldn't 'a' happened. As it is, I'm in bad. Miss, if I rope these two jaspers to the car will you give me an



FAMOUS FEET

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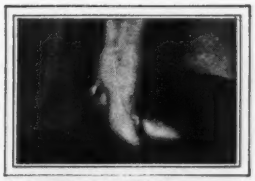
Here's a vital "foot-note"
A new way to *end* Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for *all* feet . . . Here, indeed, *is* an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay* has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, Blue-jay in its new-style 1927 package, has acquired added finesse!

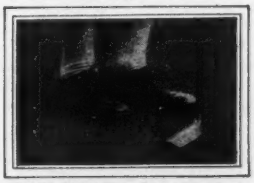
No change has been made in the Blue-jay formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic wax which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . a comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks. *No other way so safe and gentle!* There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But Blue-jay is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.



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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE *New* Blue-jay



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hour's start before you turn them loose? Wait before you answer. I'll not tie you up, if you don't promise. I'll let you go, all of you—and I'll ride on in after you. Then there'll be good men killed, and others. Will you pass your promise? Yes or no?"

"I promise," said Olivia.

"You're a plucky piece," said Jeb. "I reckon maybe you'll keep your word. That way, your men-folks get off easy, and I've got a chance. It'll take you an hour more to reach Bates, even if he's home. That's two hours. Enough, I guess. Come around here, you!"

He picked up the rifle and drove his captives to his horse. "Get that rope off the saddle. Untie the hammer. You take that hammer and those drills to Bates. Hear me?" He marched them back to the car. "One at a time. Age first. Set down. Put your arms behind you. Stick one hand between the spokes. Hold your hands together. That's it. Niles, stir a foot while I'm tyin' this bird, and you're dead."

He bound Thornton's hands securely. Then he turned to Niles. "Now, Beauty! Buck up to the wheel." He roped Niles to the wheel, took up the canteen from the running-board and started to go; turned back with sudden wrinkles on his forehead. "I'll need get-away money," he said. "My life ain't worth one thin dime. I'm goin' through your pockets." He searched them swiftly. "I'll leave enough for you to pay Bates for this horse. No, I won't. I'll send it to him. You tell him so." He stuffed the two wads of bills into his gunscabbard, tossing the wallets aside. He took up the canteen and the rifle.

"Girl, if you lie to me, I'll take supper in Hell. I bargained for the full hour. Do I get it?"

"Yes," said Olivia.

Rider rode back on the road he came.

He did not get his hour. As Rider dropped from sight behind the northern hillocks, the two men assailed Olivia with argument, pleadings, threats, authority, derision; with logic which can prove anything. Thug, thief, assassin, savage—what faith could be due him? The girl yielded, weeping. It would be better not to yield—or, almost, not to weep.

They drove furiously to Half Way House, forced the car up the steeps to Silver Spring; found Bates there, petrified. The hour found the Aforesaid Bates catching up a horse.

"He'll make for Top Notch," said Andy, saddling. "I'll ride like blazes, head him off and gather him as he goes by."

At sundown, climbing up Top Notch, Jeb Rider passed by a boulder, church-sized. A noose curled from behind him, settled about his neck and jerked him from his horse.

Jeb spent the night bound to a scrub oak. With no delay for breakfast, pausing only for minor surgery, as to thorns, the start was early. There was bitter talk as they rode, followed by sullen silence. But as they came abreast of Hillfoot, where a little rocky islet of hill rose beside the road, Rider spoke up.

"Did your friends mention to you that I said I was aimin' to send you the pay for this horse?"

"No, they didn't. Why should they?"

"I told them to."

"Oh, likely!"

"It's easy proved who's the liar, me or your friends. Take me up to that brownstone reef. I want to show you something."

They climbed the little hill to the reef. Rider pointed out a tiny cave, man-high from the ground. In it a rusty can stood upright, with a large flat stone for cover. "You'll find a little roll of bills in there," said Jeb. "I planned to let you know later."

Andy Bates twisted the bills to a spill and then untwisted them. He sighed gently. "Son," he said, "I'm sure glad I roped you last night. If I'd tried a gun, I'd have been obliged to kill you . . . Jeb, they never said a word about payin' for no horse . . . And you claim the girl promised you an hour's start?"

"She's a liar," said Jeb.

Andy sighed. "Up to now, I thought you was the liar . . . Well, I dunno, I dunno! They sure didn't mention payin' for that horse. That's ugly . . . Son, how come you didn't scribble a little note to go with this horse money? I believe you, of course. It can't be any other way. Money talks. But how would a jury know?"

The prisoner's demeanor had not hitherto evinced any marked humility. But now his eyes sought the ground.

"Mr. Bates," said Jeb Rider, "I can't write one word but just my name."

"Good Lord!" said Andy Bates. "I did two days' work yesterday afternoon and one this mornin', not to mention that I didn't get but most mighty little sleep last night. Car or no car, I'm not goin' to take in any desprit outlaw this afternoon. I'm goin' to sleep."

"How about you, Mr. See?" said Niles.

"Moreover," said Bates, giving See no chance to answer, "if I'm tired to a frazzle, how about this bold bandit? Gentle-*men*, I pulled six great gross of cactus spines out of that *hombre* this mornin'—and how they was festered! Not to mention him havin' no dinner, no supper and no breakfast, and two of his feet swelled up like a senator. No, Sir—we can just nicely stand guard on him, turn and turn about. I'm goin' to bed with him myself. We can take this here assassin to Tripoli tomorrow."

The assassin in question had been an hour asleep. His conduct, since his arrival at Half Way House, had been most unsatisfactory. See had drifted in that morning, heard of the outrage, waited. To him and to his captor, the prisoner had been polite, even pleasant. But he had not observed the presence of Messrs. Niles and Thornton, though they had not once left his prison—which had once been the bull-room to the old stage station. Denunciation, reproach, question or statement addressed by them to Mr. Rider had failed to reach his ears; their mortal bodies, passing before his eyes—sometimes with arms that waved wildly in their wrath—had not intercepted his vision. Few men have been more calm than Mr. Rider under that questioning. His frantic questioners had almost doubted their own existence.

Charlie See slouched inattentive near an open window. There had been opportunity for private speech with Andy, and See had heard Rider's version of the holdup. It was now plain that Andy had some strong and urgent reason for not delivering the lawbreaker to the law at once. Fatigue? A pretext. Too tired to ride a few miles in an automobile—Andy Bates? Huh! See waited expectantly, ears keenly alert for every syllable. Andy's voice droned on.

"Niles," said Andy, "Rider claims he aimed to send me pay for my horse." He tamped his pipe languidly and yawned. "Did you hear him say anything like that?"

Niles laughed. "Why, no, certainly not."

"I heard nothing of the sort," said Delos Thornton. "But what can you expect from a thief? The man's a liar, of course."

"Yes," assented Andy tranquilly. His brows knotted suddenly in puzzled wonder, his eyes turned to the bed where the prisoner lay. "That's funny, too," said Bates gently. "I wonder how your niece ever got that idea in her head?"

"Did Olivia tell you——" Niles began. He checked himself and smoothed a trace of anger from his face. "Mr. Bates," he confessed with engaging candor, "I was scared myself—and I think Uncle Delos was. We were in danger of our lives. But Olivia was not. So if she says that she heard Rider make any statement to that effect, it is entirely probable that she is right. She was in better position to remember it than we were."

"Yes," said Andy. "She might remember it. I haven't asked her yet."

In the accusing silence a fly buzzed thunderously. Rider rolled over, wincing as his shoulder met the bed. He rose to his elbow, blinking, and got to his feet, yawning. He sauntered

across the room, turned his back on his guards, his face to the open window. Bates and Charlie See, watching closely, glimpsed what they will not soon forget.

Olivia Thornton walked in the court below. She looked up to the window and saw Rider there; they looked into each other's eyes. So they stood for one tragic moment, mute and terrible, framed by the broad window; the uncouth, violent man, the dainty girl, delicate, cultured, favored of fortune, darling of the gods; betrayer and betrayed. The man stiffened from head to heel, his chin went up, his eyes blazed scorn and contempt; it was the girl's eyes that faltered, her face that stained with shame.

"The evidence is all in," said Bates lifelessly. "Time this confab was broken up." His eyes met Charlie See's, lingered, flickered a message. "I'm goin' to sleep."

"You three can hold Rider," said See. "You don't need me. I'll be wanderin' on. I'm due at Stewart's."

"About when?" said Bates.

"Oh, about nine this evenin'," said Charlie casually. "Good night, all!"

He wandered to Dryford when the sun was low and saw, beyond the low river, where Johnny Hopper rode in his pasture. He cupped his hands and shouted; he waved his hat to beckon. Obeying the summons, Johnny rode to the water's edge and paused there, shading his eyes to peer against the red west. Charlie rode to a lone willow, removed gun and belt and hung them there, clear to be seen; he splashed into the shallow waters. Johnny rode to meet him. They met in mid-stream; the brown water swirled at their stirrups.

"Well, what's bitin' you now?" said Johnny gruffly. His brow was dark with suspicion.

"Help—we need it."

"Why pick on me?" said Hopper. "What's up, anyhow?"

Charlie explained swiftly. "Rider bargained for an hour's start," he said, in conclusion. "He paid for it, and he didn't get it. It's up to us to make it right."

"Up to me, you mean," said Hopper sourly. "Why make me the goat? Why don't you do it?"

"Man alive!" said See. "You'd be the very last man they'd ever suspect, after you and me takin' on the way we been doin'. I'm the man they will suspect. Your part is to do the dirty work while I build me an alibi. Come on, let's get out of this river." He led the way to the western bank. "Lucky you had your gun with you. You make Andy throw up his hands——"

"He'll shoot me in the gizzard!" said Johnny.

"Oh, no—nothing like that. He's expectin' you about nine o'clock. We set the time. He'll be powerful disappointed if you don't show up. If ever I saw a man who was sick of his job, Andy Bates is that man. He can't turn Rider loose. That would be just turnin' himself into jail—or into the pen, likely. He's dependin' on you, Andy is. At nine o'clock tonight I'll be at Stewart's. Then, while they're wranglin' for me, you can be resumin' your blameless labors."

"You stop at Zenobio's and tell him to do my chores till I get back," said Johnny. "Get your gun from your weepin'-willow tree, you simperin' idiot. But Rider'll need a horse."

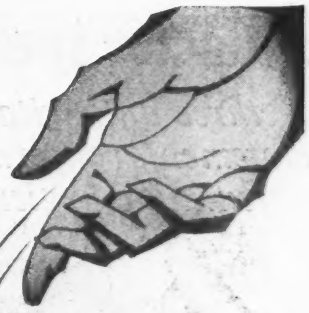
"I thought of that," said Charlie. "Them two stray MT horses are at the dry well. Let Rider have one. I'll pay for it."

"Go get your alibi," said Hopper.

The three guards were together in the bull-room when a visitor slipped in the door. He wore a bandanna by way of mask, and carried a businesslike gun. "Those hands!" he said sharply. But Andy's hands were up as the intruder spoke. "That's the spirit! The other gentleman, please. That's it! Mr. Holdup-Man, will you get the bald-ended person's gun? Thanks. Now frisk the others."

"So you had confederates, did you?" snarled Andy, to Rider. "You planned it all along.

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A doctor speaks

...three authoritative statements concerning feminine hygiene



DR. IRWIN C. SUTTON, formerly of the Mayo Clinic and Johns Hopkins Hospital, makes three important statements to women in his new book, "Good Looks". First, he says "one douche a week is plenty for a healthy woman". Second: "avoid any strong preparation (carbolic acid, bichloride, etc.)". Third: "where an antiseptic is desired, Zonite may be used".

In other words, healthful as the douche routine undoubtedly is, there is real need for professional advice on the proper antiseptic to be employed. In this respect, Dr. Sutton's caution against the dangerous compounds of carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury is a timely warning.

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That's a dirty trick. I treated you well——"

"That will be plenty, please," said the masked man. "The interview will be brief and I will do the talking. Rider—if that's your name—get your own gun and drop the other artillery in the water-pen. You might kick a little sand over them. You'll find my horse here, and one for you. Lead yours up and hurl your hull on him, and then we'll ride. I'll keep order here till you're ready."

José Maria Apodaca came to Tripoli, perturbed in spirit. Johnny Hopper was nowheres to be found; his Grumbler horse had come in from the mesa this noon, saddle-stained, but without a saddle, demanding admission at the pasture bars. Oh, that was all right, José; Johnny had sent word to Zenobio last night to milk the cow and feed the hens while Johnny was gone. And who had brought word to Zenobio? *What? Charlie See?* Was it not known that these two had quarreled fiercely in the *cantina*, that Charlie See had sworn to kill Johnny on sight? *Ay, pobrecito!* What was this? Had there been murder done?

So the fire was started. It flamed fiercely. Tripoli, or some part of it—that part which slept by day—was stirred to its lowest depths—and those depths were low indeed. Rumor, suspicion, surmise, lies, accusations, hints; mutterings of old enemies, hatreds, fears; with whisperings, corner talks, heavily baited breaths, shrugs, innuendos, zealous urgings; by maudlin ravings, wild threats, fierce denunciations, loud harangues—so mobs are stirred up, and muddy minds are moved to slaughters: in Tripoli, and elsewhere.

By early morning, by two's and three's through devious byways, slinking horsemen threaded the maze of valley lanes to meet under Picacho Hill. See's ranch was their goal, a just vengeance their purpose. Charlie See had murdered Hopper; should not this innocent blood be avenged? No rashness, however; the avengers made long delay, until their number swelled to thirty. Then they took the trail to the mesa. Big Jake led the way, and Joe Gandy urged the laggards; himself had heard the murderer's threats, the victim's defiance.

Beyond Picacho, they found reinforcements, unexpected and most unwelcome; Bert Kendricks and Felipe Lucero. The newcomers fell in behind, and held that position with grim pertinacity. Rearmost avengers felt their ardor dampen; these two were hard men, known to be evilly disposed. The procession lagged notably.

Bert lifted an eyebrow at his companion. "I never knew a town that has improved so much as Tripoli has," he said. "Felipe, if Saint Peter was to come to Tripoli today, he'd find less to grumble at than at any time these last twenty years."

The fenced lease of the C C ranch was one township, six miles square. Adjacent to this lease and making an offset to it at the northeast corner was Charlie See's "desert homestead." Charlie was in the blacksmith shop, making a bridle bit from one piece of Jessup steel. It took up the time—till it rained.

The hammer was ringing merrily when See heard a hailing voice. He looked up—the shop was an open shed—and saw George Thompson on a sweating horse. George Thompson was plainly agitated. Charlie walked to the gate.

"Hello, George! Get off."

"Hello, nothing!" said George, with vigor. "Fellow, you got a horse up?"

"Sure. Under the shed."

"Saddle him and ride!" George would have said more, but See interrupted.

"Where? George, you don't make yourself plain. You're so brief, seems like."

George glared. "Away! Man, there's a bunch from town ridin' out here to hang you!"

"Yeah?" Charlie fished out his tobacco sack and squatted on his heels. "Did they say why?"

"Johnny Hopper's missin', and they claim you killed him!"

"Oh, that?" Balancing the loaded cigaret-paper with one hand, Charlie pulled the bag strings with his teeth. "Are they far back?"

"About five miles. They're makin' a big dust—and that's what I'm goin' to do. You fool, are you goin' to squat there all day? Are you goin' or ain't you?"

Charlie considered, feeling for a match. "Why, no," he said. "Not today."

George gathered up his reins to go. "I hope they do hang you! I'll never stay here to fight 'em off with you, if that's what you're countin' on. I've got sense!"

"I always said so," said Charlie. "Well, I'm obliged to you. So long, George—take keer of yourself!"

"Go to blazes!" said George.

Charlie looked after him thoughtfully. Then he rose and looked towards Picacho. The dust was plain to see, but it came slowly.

He went into the house and returned at once with three empty five-pound lard cans. Bearing these, he walked out on the plain. Upon three boulders Charlie perched his three bright tins. He went back with even paces, counting his steps. "Two hundred and twenty yards," he announced at the door. "Two notches and a coarse sight." He saddled his horse and tied him behind the house. Then he cleaned his rifle, adjusting the sights at two hundred yards.

The cavalcade came slowly to the ranch, the leaders dropping back to encourage and advise the rank and file. The foremost came abreast of that low black outcrop of rock, glancing obliquely at the shining tins.

Now, sound travels at about eleven hundred feet a second, but a thirty-thirty bullet is faster. *Zing-g-g!* A lard pail leaped into the air, a bullet sang away into the desert. Thereafter the sound of a rifle-shot reached them, from the house. The leading riders turned back for conference, and also for motives of commendable modesty, not to seem desirous of seeking prominence; the next displayed a similar diffidence; a whirling retrograde motion was established. Kendricks and Lucero drew aside, as interested observers. Another lard can fell, the echo-like gunshot followed after. The whirling motion grew more pronounced. There was cover behind the outcrop, certainly. No one wanted cover—not there. The third lard can fell.

"Fall back, scatter out and cut the fences," Jake shouted. "Keep far out, get cover, surround the house, and shoot at every window."

"*Ahora*, no!" said Felipe. "No, Señor!" His left hand went to his rifle scabbard, but he kept his eyes fixed upon Big Jake.

Kendricks held up a hand. "Hold on, everybody! Charlie's coming out!"

The disquieted avengers turned their faces houseward. Charlie See rode forth to meet them. He came slowly, quietly. Kendricks and Lucero rode out and turned beside him, facing the crowd. Charlie nodded, not ungraciously; this was an unexpected pleasure.

"Keep your eye on Gandy," said Kendricks. "I'll watch Jake."

They halted at a stone's throw from the crowd. "Boys," said Charlie pleasantly, "I can't ask you to the house. I'm short of water. You'll find the river right over there. You can make it by night, if you hurry."

The sound of another gunshot from the house, but no bullet had buzzed by.

"What's that fool shootin' at now?" said Jake. "That bullet never came this way."

"I reckon he's shootin' from a side window, some other direction," said Charlie. "Good Lord, Jake—you didn't think he was shootin' at you fellows, did you? Why, Ben couldn't miss a man if he tried to, at that distance. He's just practisin', and you happened to come along. Was you goin' somewheres?"

Joe Gandy pushed forward. "We think you killed Johnny Hopper, and we want you. Kendricks, you're not goin' to protect a murderer, are you?"

"Oh, is Johnny dead?" said See. "Was his face disfigured much?"

"We haven't found his body," said Gandy.

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By Ellen J. Buckland, *Registered Nurse*

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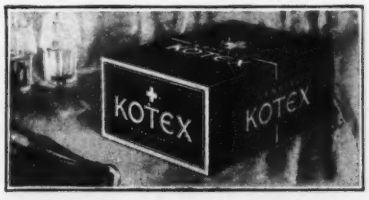
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His voice was husky with rage. "But you're going back with us—don't think you won't!"

"Oh, is that you, Gandy? Sure I'll go back with you, if you've got a warrant. When a deputy has papers for me I say, 'Sure. Here I am, and here's my gun.' And when he ain't got no papers for me I tell him, 'Here I am and here's my gun. Come and get me, you pop-eyed son of a skunk!'"

"Oh, Meester Gandy," said Felipe, in a clear, untroubled voice, "I theenk maybe you'd better look behind you. I see one beeg dust coming from Selden Hill. I theenk eet ees Andy Bates an' perhaps some of the men of Mundo Chico, een that beeg car. Perhaps eet ees bes' that you go now."

The advice came late. The mob had seen, and they were now going. Gandy followed. The Little World was feared.

"Charlie," said Kendricks, "that car is sure hittin' the high places. They'll upset. Let's go meet 'em. We'll set fire to a lot of soapweeds as we ride. Get your friend."

"My friend? Oh, at the house, you mean? No one there. I just clamped my rifle in the vise, hooked the alarm clock to the trigger, and set it for five minutes. That was Ben."

"Well, I will be hanged!" said Kendricks. "Come on, let's ride."

As prophesied, the car slowed down when the soapweeds were lighted. The signal had been rightly interpreted.

Girdlestone drove the car. The passengers were Bates, Red Murray and a fourth man who proved to be the murdered Hopper.

"We thought you were in trouble, Charlie," said Hopper. "What was all that dust?"

Charlie eyed the corpse with deep distrust. "Oh, that was just some boys lookin' for your body," he explained. "We heard you was dead. Where was the catch? Your horse came back home."

"Yes, he eats there," said Johnny. "Corn and water and alfalfa. It makes him strong."

"I found Johnny at Dryford, feedin' the canary," said Red. "I told him then he was missin'. That was the first he'd heard of it."

"Next of all," said Andy Bates, "was when they heard Charlie was to be lynched. So they hot-footed up to my house, and Girdlestone lost his job, and here we are. Do you know," said Andy, "that youngest tenant of mine didn't want to loan me this car? I had to be real firm with him. I never see the beat of that man."

"Oh, did you catch your bandit?" asked See.

"Rider? No. Dick Mason went to town and we sent word to the sheriff, but we ain't heard nothing from him."

"What bandit was that?" said Kendricks.

"Lad here held up my oil men for their wad," explained Bates. "I caught him, but he got away."

"Why, we heard nothing in Tripoli of thees theeng," said Felipe.

"Dear me!" said Bates. "Ain't that queer? I guess Dick Mason forgot all about it. Come on up to my house, all of you. I'll kill a beef tomorrow. My tenants are goin' to leave."

"Not me," declared Hopper sturdily. "I've got chores to do. Me for Dryford, and Charlie See goes with me. Felipe, you climb in here and lend me your horse. Mine's up at Andy's. You can change back as you go by tomorrow. Come on, Charlie—I'll let you milk the cow."

Felipe made the desired change. The car turned back. Kendricks rode after it and the two Dryforders struck out across the desert.

Silver Spring spoke that night of Charlie See. Kendricks told the story of Big Ben. "He didn't suppose he had any friends in the bunch," said Kendricks. "And he rode out there alone, steady as a six months' note. That fellow's a dick-nailer!"

"Charlie will do to take along," said Bates.

So they spoke on Selden Hill. But Charlie See rode slowly through the velvet night. His friend paced beside him, and crooning winds blew back their hair, and desert stars hung warm and low.

"Charlie," said Hopper, "learn me that Windy Bill song, will you? I kinder like it."

"Sure," said Charlie. "Here's the latest:

"Oh-h, Rachel, Rebecca, Delilah and Co.,
I think of you always wherever I go!
Dear Jael, and Judith, and Jezebel, too,
Wherever I wander, I'll always be true!

"Lot's wife turned to rubber and then turned to salt——

"Say, Johnny, we ought to cook up a verse about Rider."

"Rider?"

"Yeah. Used to work for Bates. He's gone now."

"Oh, yes—Rider," said Johnny Hopper joyously. "Forgot to tell you about Rider. Him and me, we forked them stray horses, and I led him through the lava, and put him on the S. P. I did mean to lick him and leave him, but I changed my mind. He looked powerful wiry, down in them lava beds. So I give him what money I had and come on back."

At the Turn of the Road

(*Continued from page 58*)

be restless if I didn't turn in with thee, and never thinking she'd stay out later, I fell asleep; and thou'ast sleeping sound enough when I waked suddenlike, asking myself if Cicely had come in. And without waking thee I lifted my legs out of bed and went in search of Cicely, and not finding her in her bed, I sat myself down upon it to harken for her key. And it must have been three or four when I 'eard it, for it was broad day at the time. I asked what had kept her out so late, and her answer was that she had gone to the forest to think.

" 'To think of what?' says I.

" 'Of my marriage, of course, Mother, for what else is there for me to think about?'

" 'Think about thy marriage!' says I. 'But thou'rt as good as married to Sidney Fitch—in three days! Now, what did thy thinking come to?'

" 'To nothing good, I'm thinking.'

"And then fair frightened, and feeling my wits leaving me, I said: 'Thy lovely dress—the presents—the breakfast—and the dance."

"And what did she say to all that?"

"Not a word; and not being able to get an answer out of her, I went on: 'It isn't fair, Cicely, to break off a marriage within three days of the wedding without giving any reason; you are keeping something from us and Sidney. What's to become of him?'

"And she had nothing to say about him?"

"Only as she didn't feel sure she'd be happy in married life. 'But,' said I, 'is it only a feeling?' She didn't answer. 'I've been a good, kind mother, haven't I?' says I, and she answered straight she had naught to complain of. And then suddenlike she threw herself into my arms, and when she had had her cry out I tried coaxing her, till at last she began to give way, and to hearten her I asked her if it was anything to do with Sidney.

"She said: 'No, Mother, Sidney is all right. He's a good lad, but I can't marry him.' More than that she wouldn't say.

"I kept on—you can call it nagging, if you like, but I was afeared, and felt I must get at the truth. That was my mistake—happen it was, happen it wasn't.

" 'I don't know what Father will say when he hears it,' I said; 'it will break his heart.' Maybe I went too far, for seeing as the words 'break his heart' stirred her, I went on till she broke down again. I know I was 'ard with her, I know I was. 'Thou'lt break 'is 'eart, and mine, too; both our 'earts will be broken. Thy father and I have loved thee, Cicely, all thy life. All our love 'as gone to thee. We had nobody else to love. And now it is beginning to come to thee that we're thinking only of ourselves.'

"'I didn't say that, Mother,' said she.

"'No, but that's what is in thy mind. I can read it in thy face.'

"'If Father is that set on this marriage, and thou'rt on his side and against me, I don't know what will happen to me.' Her foot was on the stairs, but I called, and she came back.

"'Thou'lt have to tell it all to Father, and he, being a man with a liking for reasons, will listen to reason.'

"'To his own reasons, Mother, but not to mine.'

"'I've a thought for thy meaning, Cicely, and maybe thou'd do well to tell me when the feeling began that Sidney was not the husband for thee.'

"'Last week, Mother.'

"'Thou'st seen nobody since walking out with Sidney.'

"'Yes, I have, Mother.'

"'Nobody's been here but Grigg.' And we stood looking at each other."

"Thou hasn't told me of Grigg, 'Arriet. I can't call to mind hearing his name afore."

"Hast forgotten the tuner, Fred, that came to put the piano right for the dance, the spare man in the brown clothes, him as trails a lock of black hair across his skull?"

"I 'eard him tuning, and being busy in the shop didn't catch sight of him before leaving. But he was here more days than one."

"He was here twice, for the first time he couldn't get the piano right, his ear being out, so he said. He was here an hour before I came in to see how they were getting on, and for an excuse for interrupting I asked if he had tuned the piano.

"'Of course, Mother, what art thinking of?' Cicely cried, and not being able to get an answer out of myself at the moment, I said:

"'Of course, what am I saying?' and ran my fingers over the keys for to have an excuse for complimenting him. 'Why,' says I, 'the piano isn't in tune!'

"'I've tuned thirteen today and my ear is out,' said Mr. Grigg, 'and I'll come back to-morrow and finish my tuning'; which he did. And he was about going when Cicely starts talking to him about the forest, and so eager was she to hear of the Rufus Stone, the great King and Queen Oaks at Mark Ash, and the Lymington River, and he nothing loath to talk about the forest, I couldn't but ask him to stay and take a cup of tea with us.

"It was whilst we were 'aving our tea as he told us he tuned pianos all over the country—at Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst (I think he said he had some pianos to tune there), and that his round took him to Beaulieu and often to Christchurch. He had a lot to say, too, about forest glades and nightingales. Cicely and I came down-stairs to see him off, and he was barely out of sight when Cicely began to talk of the wonderful forest.

"'Cicely,' said I, 'I never heard thee speak of the forest afore; to hear thee one would think it had arrived no later than the day before yesterday!'"

"Maybe she went to meet Grigg."

"Grigg was miles away. I heard him say that he was going straight to Lyndhurst."

"Thy story, 'Arriet, seems likely enough for many another girl, but our Cicely, I'm thinking, was too natural a sort to throw over a young fellow like Sidney Fitch for the old tuner with his wisp of black hair drawn over a bald skull, no more than three days before her wedding."

"I said nothing about a change of mind. Her words were: 'Sidney's all right, Mother. Sidney's a good lad, but I can't marry him.'"

"She was willing enough to marry him at the back end of the week, so her mind must have gone over——"

"I think it was the grocery store that frightened her."

"Frightened her! Wasn't she born into it?"

"Yes, Fred, she was; and she was contented enough in it till she took fright at the thought as her married life would be no more than her single life over again. She'd come to that time of life when a girl begins to weary of the days she has known and to long for days she don't

at the sign of the first gray hair

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know. Our days be like beads on a string, and a young girl wearies of the lot she has been stringing, and then it is main easy to set her off; well-nigh anything will do it."

"I never 'eard thee speak like that afore, 'Arriet, yet we've been stringing the same beads all our lives. When I told thee that I was but a grocer's apprentice——"

"The shop was our romance, Fred, but it wasn't Cicely's. I don't say she wouldn't have gone tired of green branches and wandering after pianos to be tuned, for there are bad days in the forest same as in the store; but she'd have had her romance."

"But why should our daughter have been that different from her mother? For when we walked the common, 'Arriet, and the gipsy tilted his horse over a gate, thou'dst no thought to jump up behind him."

"All that is long ago, Fred, and I'm no ways willing to think myself better than my daughter. I was fond of thee, and there was no crying off, though thou wast no more than a grocer's apprentice at the time, with a good notion in thy head as Brandlesbury needed a grocery store. And for twenty year we've worked at our counters, thinking always of the five-pound note to put with the others to make a fortune for Cicely when she wedded. But she's been took from us, and Sidney."

"Yes, 'Arriet, thou hast said it. We've worked eighteen long years for her, who had no thought for us, only for herself."

"I've told thee thy daughter's story out of my own heart, and spoilt her for thee in the telling, but thou'lt understand her presently, and after thine own heart."

"It would have been a 'ard blow 'ad she married the tuner and gone wandering from 'ome with him, but I'd 'ave borne it." And catching a sudden glimpse of Cicely in his wife's small, frail body, black hair, and death-pale face, he added: "We must be careful not to speak unkind of her for what she's done, for she may still be about the house, and passing of judgment upon her may scare her ghost away forever."

"Cicely will not be scared away, and knowing more than before will have pity on us both."

Fred left the parlor, and returning from the shop laid several dishes in front of his wife.

"However sick at heart we may be, we must eat. I cannot have thee ill in the house. Here—cheese, butter, biscuits, dates, apples and bananas. And after eating we might take a bit of a walk about the edges of the forest."

"Yes, about the edges of the forest," Harriet answered. "I shall not be long finding a bonnet and shawl."

The words that rose to his lips were: "Don't hurry; we be'ant pressed for time this afternoon," but he kept himself from speaking them, and was pacing up and down the parlor, his hands behind his back, when the front door bell began to ring. "Now, who can this be?" and raising the window, he leaned out, but withdrew his head quickly, for the police had come with an ambulance to take Cicely away to the Hare and Hounds for the inquest . . .

"I'm thinking, 'Arriet, that the edge of the forest is no place for us to be seen walking"; and Harriet being somewhat of the same mind, each sought for some work that would distract their minds. And Fred thinking to find his in the account books, retired to his desk; but Cicely's handwriting was on every page and he found only memories. And Harriet, ascending the stairs to consider what might be done with Cicely's wedding clothes, came upon a vision of Cicely going up the aisle in a muslin dress and veil, and her grief burst the restraint she had put upon it. She threw herself on Cicely's bed, and when she rose from it she said:

"This grief will last forever. As the days go by we shall miss her more and more. But what are we to do with these clothes, the stockings, the gloves, the shoes?"

Whilst folding them into a parcel her thoughts came upon Mrs. Wenman. She, too, had lost a daughter. There are moments when women want to talk to women, and in Mrs. Wenman's cottage the afternoon passed away in sadness, but not in the cruel, hard, unrelenting sadness of the morning. Some of the wistfulness of the skies seemed to have come into her heart, and at the end of the day Mrs. Wenman came home with her, and her companionship was so soothing that Harriet asked her in. They cooked some food together, and after eating they left Wyatt and collected what remained of Cicely's clothes; and these Mrs. Wenman took away, Harriet keeping only her daughter's books and music.

"I'm glad the music was kept, for it will remind us of her playing," Fred said when they lay down together. "Isn't that so, 'Arriet?"

"Aye, true enough," Harriet answered. "But let's not go over it all again."

"Thou'rt thinking of the ghost that may be about the house."

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not, Fred" . . . And waking suddenly, she cried: "She spoke in my ear! A voice spoke, and I heard it plain as I hear thee, Fred."

An hour later it was Fred's turn to wake, not to hear but to see Cicely's pretty face under the lamp working at her account books. He called his wife to look, but she could see nothing, and there were many more wakings and sleepings through the long dawn that began at three and continued for hours amid the songs of blackbirds and thrushes, till the rumble of cart-wheels awoke them. Another hour passed, and then it was the jingle of harness and the crack of a carter's whip that roused them, and later the dogs that were let through the doorways and ran barking down the street.

"I'd give a good bit of money," said Wyatt as he rose from his bed, "if the half-day that's afore us was over."

"Why the half-day, Fred?"

"Well, won't the inquest be over by then?" he answered, and whilst they dressed their hope was that Grigg would tell his story without straying from it; and on their way to the Hare and Hounds they were agreed that the only evidence Sidney had to give was that he and Cicely had walked out together in the middle of the week, and that she seemed to look forward to her marriage with pleasure.

Sidney, whom they met on their way thither, was calmer than yesterday and seemed to see clearly that Grigg could not be held responsible for the mischief. He was followed into the witness box by Grigg, who told his story of the thirteen pianos and created a stir of admiration—Brandlesbury did not know that it possessed so great a musician. And the end of it all was that the jury found the usual verdict, and the people dispersed, discovering many reasons for Cicely Wyatt's death in their wandering fancies.

At the end of the week Sidney came to see them, and Fred's words were:

"We be main glad to see thee, lad, for we have something on our minds, something for thee to hear. We've tried to carry on, but we can't. The missus and myself are of the same mind. We want a change—that's about it, and we'd look upon it as a kindness if thou'd look after the customers whilst our absence."

Sidney asked if they intended to open a grocery store in another town, and they answered that they had no plans. It might be they'd start another business elsewhere, or it might be that they'd come back; they didn't know.

"And when do ye expect to leave Brandlesbury?"

Wyatt answered that they were leaving next morning, and next morning Sidney accompanied them to the turn of the road.

"Good-by, lad."

"You'll write to us?"

"Yes, we'll write."

"If you come back you'll be welcome, and if you don't come back at the end of the year we'll buy your business from you at a valuation."

"We'll write," Wyatt answered.

"We'll write," Mrs. Wyatt repeated; and he watched the two old people wandering away anywhither, nowhither, feeling he'd like to wander with them, for with them he would not be as far from Cicely as he would be with his own father and mother.

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The Mad Carews

(Continued from page 49)

sudden rush of her old antagonism as she saw him shake hands with Reef. In a moment, then, she was swept with eagerness, an impatient desire to go out to him in daring, in discovery. When he turned from Reef and caught sight of her sitting on the step he strode forward boldly, drawing off his glove, and shook hands with her.

"Hello, Elsa. Gosh, but you've grown up all of a sudden. I didn't quite expect it. Heard all about your cleaning up on the final exams. I knew you'd show them all how. But for the Lord's sake, don't go and make a schoolmarm out of yourself now!"

"That's what she's going to do," Reef put in.

"Lord, no! Hello, Leon!"

Elsa's mother came shyly out from the kitchen and exchanged a greeting. "You're lookin' fine," she said to Bayliss. "Folks all well at home?" Elsa writhed at the sound of her mother's voice, reserved, overcourteous.

"Yes. All well, thanks."

Reef asked him to sit down, but Bayliss shook his head. "I'm just on my way up to Sundower to get a letter off on the midnight. I heard you singing down the road. It sounded great."

His voice seemed to trail away, Elsa thought. It struck her suddenly that there was wistfulness in it. But that, of course, was absurd. Not in a Carew voice. It was condescension rather, or perhaps mere affectation. She sucked her cheeks in slightly, biting at them. Her eyes narrowed and her lashes intertwined in their old unreasoning rage. She pressed her knees together, trembling.

"Wish you'd sing me something," Bayliss said, his voice whimsical, boyish. The kind of voice, Elsa thought, that no one ever refused whatever it might ask.

They sang for him and he lingered for a moment or two after the song, his eyes upon Elsa, and then upon Joe, who sat at her feet. He flicked his gloves against his thigh sharply, then smoothed them out and drew them on. With a word he was gone then and they sat in silence listening to the sound of the horse's hoofs growing fainter along the dusty road.

There could be no more singing that evening. There could be no more real talking. Leon was garrulous for a few minutes, then got up suddenly and went off to bed. Reef sat hunched down in his chair, silent, brooding. Elsa sat with her chin in her hands, sickeningly aware of what was going on in Reef's mind. A Carew had been among them, one for whom there was no mean stinting of the body that the brain might be nourished, no poring alone over second-hand or borrowed books in a tiny farmhouse bedroom.

At Elsa's feet Joe Tracy sat, idly picking at the strings of his guitar, saying nothing. He got up at last, stood looking for a moment at Reef, then turned abruptly away.

"I'm going," he said.

Elsa left her place and walked beside him as far as the road. Suddenly Joe faced her.

"Did you see the way that milk-fed Carew looked at us—I mean at you and me?" he broke out.

"I saw it," Elsa said.

Joe was silent for several seconds. When he spoke again his voice was less strained. "Listen, Elsa. I'm going away. I'm not going to be able to stay round. I'm going to join up for the big show and get over before they have to drag me out by the heels. I wanted to tell you all about it tonight, but I couldn't get down to it. I'll come up tomorrow, after I've settled with old Carew. But listen, Elsa. I'm coming back with enough money in my jeans to start business for myself on that sheep land of mine in South Dakota. And I'm going to take you out there with me."

He had said the same thing to her before, more than once, and she had learned to reply



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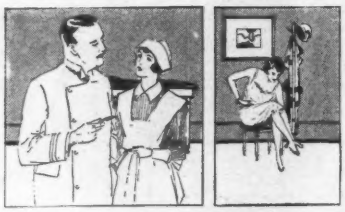
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with nothing more than a gentle smile. Once she had told him of Dena Borglund, who had gone out there to teach school in a Russian settlement, where you had to wash your face and cook a chicken, if you had a chicken, in the same dish. Tonight, however, she could not smile back at him. He was talking to her in a voice that quickened a deep hunger within her.

"You come out there with me, Elsa. I'd do anything for you. Listen, Elsa—I'd——"

He must know, Elsa thought, that his voice is rich and low, that he is a quick, powerful part of life beside me here, beating down my resistance. One small, terrible part of life, beating down all the rest. She could not tell him that her whole body at this moment cried out for love, but that love with him would reap no rich harvest. She could not tell him that she had lived long enough in Elder's Hollow to know where young love led, to poverty and squalor and drudgery, and contempt where love had been, or beastliness where love had been.

"We'll make a go of it, Elsa. And say, do you know what it's like to ride over those hills by moonlight? Gosh, you don't know what's pretty till you've seen that! It's like——"

She smiled, tightening her fingers against the palms of her hands. This, she thought vehemently, was the Hollow claiming its own. And oh, how easy it would be to yield to that claim! To say, yes, I'll go, because there's romance in you, Joe Tracy—knowing all the while how romance fled. But she could still shake her head at him, because in his humility he waited for a sign from her. Had he not waited, she thought, she might have forgotten many things.

The sun blistered the prairie for two weeks. In the middle of July, Nels Lundquist, at work in his fields, suffered sunstroke and died. Thereafter the burden of the farm lay upon Fanny Ipsmiller with only young Nels to help her.

On an evening when the sunset was a smoky flame on the horizon, Uncle Fred said, "Now it will rain!"

It did rain. It began with a thunderstorm early the following evening, then settled to a steady downpour that lasted for three days. After that it rained every day a little, showers that kept the air thick and the fields soggy. The days were sodden and sultry, the nights humid and sticky. A pall of dark expectancy hung over the world.

Elsa had been helping her mother with the preserving of garden truck and of berries. The task was almost at an end.

"One more day and we'll be just about through with it," her mother said. "And won't I be glad! I never experienced the like of it. Is the table ready? I'm done! I think I saw Pa comin' up a while ago. He'll be in directly."

Elsa filled the large glass pitcher with cool water brought fresh from the well. "The table's all set," she said, and carried the pitcher into the inner room, where she had spread a cold supper for the family.

For a moment she surveyed the table to see that nothing was wanting. Then she sat down, drying her face with her apron. On the table before her the glass pitcher was already covered with a thin veil of dew. Absently she leaned forward and wrote with one finger on the glass—"J. T." Then, at the sound of her father and Reef talking, she brushed her hand over the side of the pitcher and went into the kitchen.

As she entered the kitchen she saw her father come into the doorway and pause there with a wisp of nearly ripe wheat in his hand. At the look in his brown face, Elsa's heart stopped coldly. He threw the long spears on the floor. The heads of grain were almost black.

"Rust, Steve!" Elsa's mother said.

"Rust," said Steve Bowers. "Another week of this cursed weather and we might as well sell out."

He passed straight into the inner room and sank down upon a chair, where he sat utterly still, staring at the floor, blankly.

There was not enough harvest that year to pay for the work of cutting and threshing it. There was nothing with which to meet the



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demands of Mahlon Breen one day in September when he reminded Steve Bowers that his note would be due in a couple of days. When Seth Carew offered to pay cash for the quarter-section of the Bowers land adjoining his own, Mahlon Breen congratulated Steve on having a neighbor who was so willing to help him in a time of difficulty. That, indeed, was what Steve Bowers told his wife that night when he confessed to having sold another hundred and sixty acres of his best land to Seth Carew.

Elsa's mother folded her hands in her apron and wept, then roused herself suddenly and poured her wrath in turn upon her husband and Seth Carew and Mahlon Breen. After that she folded her hands in her apron once more and wept.

Elsa went off silently to bed, where she lay awake for hours in the darkness of her room. For months she had been dreaming of a course in the state university, now that she had come to the end of her work in high school. Her father and mother had both spoken of it, guardedly but hopefully—in another year, perhaps. But another year would pass—and another and another—and the dream must fade. Such dreams were only for people like the Carews. She might have known.

From the window closest to her desk in the schoolroom Elsa could see the indefinite gray blur that March made of the Hollow; the soft, unkempt look of thaw was upon all that landscape. Leading southward to the smudge of brushwood near the creek were great ragged patches of snow with the wet brown of the earth showing in between. Elsa thought those patches might well be the erratic footsteps of some cloud-high giant drunk on the mad March wind of this day. She glanced down at the children before her and thought how very indiscreet it would be to impart her imaginings to them. There were one or two among them, perhaps, who would not stare at her and report at home that the teacher had been seeing drunken giants stalking through the Hollow.

A hand waved urgently in the middle of the room.

"I can't find Zanzibar on my map."

"Bring your geography to me, then."

It was Doc Peterson's youngest who came up to Elsa with his book clutched in a grimy fist. Elsa took the book and looked for Zanzibar.

"You have a blot of ink on it," she told the youngster. "No wonder you can't find it. Take my book and be more careful with it."

Zanzibar, Zanzibar! A blot of ink, and Zanzibar was no more. It was two years now since Elsa had been obliged to forget her dream of a course in the state university and content herself with a short term at normal school which would enable her to teach. And then—the superintendent had given her the school in Elder's Hollow because she was familiar with the life there.

Beating down the power that had arisen within her, the power to live and accomplish limitless things in her time, she had taken the school in the Hollow, comforting herself with the thought that she could live at home and give most of her earnings to Reef. It would be something at any rate, to help Reef win his way into another world, a world that was not Elder's Hollow. She had protested very little, nursing only a deep bitterness within her heart.

Even that had gone now, leaving only a calm wonder at the way in which the Bowers family turned back ever to be a part of Elder's Hollow, part of its erratic soil, its small harvests, its pitiful vanity in the unmarked beauty of a little creek, a little hill, a wind-haunted clump of willows.

Zanzibar—a blot of ink, and Zanzibar was no more!

She picked up another composition paper out of the pile before her on the desk. Della Magnusson's, a child of the eldest Magnusson boy—Della, old enough now to be writing compositions at school! Time, designing slowly, swiftly; Time, destroying slowly, swiftly; Time, holding, possessing the earth in its



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tender indifference. Elsa saw for a moment only a blank on the paper.

She pressed a thumb and forefinger on her eyelids then, and read. "The earth is happy because it is spring and the war is over . . ." She read on to the end, then placed a red *A* at the top of the page, smiling faintly at the irony in the mark.

"Because it is spring and the war is over—over!" Elsa repeated to herself, looking out of the window at the loose gray of the sky. Yes, the war was over, and Bayliss and Joel Carew had come home again. All Sundower had looked forward to their coming. There had been a crowd at the station to meet them and to do honor to Bayliss, who had won a medal for distinguished service in the field. Others had come home on the same train, one of the Peterson boys and the eldest Whitney, and two boys from south of Hurley. Elsa had gone to the station with Reef and had lingered on the outskirts of the noisy crowd, listening to the tribute paid to the gallant Carews.

Yes, Elsa had admitted bitterly, they had undoubtedly been brave, spectacularly, recklessly brave. Bayliss looked every inch the hero. Joel limped, a little dramatically perhaps, but looked very smart in his aviator's uniform. It had been a magnificent opportunity for them. But she could not keep her eyes from Reef standing beside her, one hand apparently in the pocket of his coat, his eyes fixed darkly on the face of Bayliss Carew. Why had Bayliss Carew come home? Why had he not died out there?

In the next moment she had been shocked at her own violence of feeling. For two years she had thought of the dangers he faced, the sacrifices he was making, the heroic indifference to life which carried him into the fight. Why should one glimpse of him blot out all she had been thinking and leave with her only her petty enmity? Why, moreover, did her hatred of Bayliss Carew cause her to suffer, agonizingly? What perverse impulse made her long to step up to him where he stood in the light of the torches and smiled down at the cheering crowds—step up boldly and strike him so that the smile might vanish before a frown of surprise?

At the back of her brain something murmured insistently that this was no petty emotion, this old feeling for Bayliss Carew, that it was as much a part of the great scheme of things as any clash of armies in the field, that it was the bitter whirling flame out of which new worlds took shape and were sent spinning into space.

It was in no such violent mood that she had thought of Joe Tracy during those two years. Joe had not come back with the others. He had written to tell her that he might not be back for many months yet; a small army was being held until the skies had cleared; but he would be back, and he would have money in his pockets, and Sundower would see him just long enough to know that he had come and carried off the young teacher, and then they would go riding over the hills in South Dakota in the moonlight and go singing down through the days and nights forever!

Poor, singing, dreaming Joe Tracy! Elsa never thought of him but her blood warmed with quick desire for him, for his singing and his joyous, physical music, his earthy strength and his smiling complacency. But one would rather hate Bayliss Carew than love Joe Tracy . . .

"Because it is spring and the war is over." Elsa glanced at the clock on her desk. It was almost four o'clock and she had intended to write another letter to the school board reminding them that nothing had been done yet to stop the leak in the roof. She looked up at the ceiling where a large gray spot showed.

It had come to this, then, that life of hers which two years ago had seemed at bursting point with imaginative fulness—she was concerned with writing letters asking meekly that something be done about a leaking roof of a schoolhouse before the plaster should come down upon the heads of the children.

Out in the raw air which was sharpening now toward evening, Elsa drew her coat collar more closely about her throat and hurried northward in the direction of the Phillips farm. She had intended calling to see old Sarah Phillips on her way home and was already regretting that she had not left it for another day. It was only a step out of the way, however, and Elsa's mother had asked her to get the fuchsia slips which old Sarah had promised her.

Jim Phillips's wife met her at the door and, busy with preparing supper, led her immediately to the sitting-room, where old Sarah sat in her perpetual rocking-chair. "Here's Elsa Bowers come to see you," she called. "Go on in, Elsa, and I'll get on with the supper."

Elsa went in and shook hands with the old woman, who turned toward her with her sightless eyes now veiled behind black glasses. "It's Elsa, Mother Phillips," she said, but the old woman gave her little heed.

She shook her head and intoned slowly, oracularly, "The door opened and I smelt snow. Yes, I smelt snow."

She had become very ancient in the past two or three years, Elsa thought. She had lost touch with the immediate. It was only natural that she should say to Elsa, confusing her now with someone else:

"You've had boys yourself. You know what they be. Before my hands got so stiff with the rheumatiz I sat from morn till night mendin' and knittin', mendin' and knittin' . . ."

She sat nodding in her rocking-chair beside the window, beside her fuchsias and her geraniums, maundering down through her eighty-six years with sentences groping and absurd—a voice only, a frail rhythm only, upon the ear of life.

"But I hear 'em talkin' now—talkin' about that Nate Brazell lettin' his wife die on his hands and him hidin' his money in the night. And I hear 'em talkin' about that old fool, Fanny Ipsmiller, puttin' on frills and feathers to catch young Nels—frills and feathers and what-not—prinkin' to catch young Nels and him laughin' in her face, the old fool! It's a cryin' shame—and it's God's mercy I can't see what's goin' on any more—and the Carews carryin' on the way they be . . ."

Her voice trailed away from fact into a labyrinth wrought out of her decaying mind. Elsa listened for a while, then reminded the old woman of the fuchsia slips. Sarah clipped them for her, her gnarled hands going unerringly among the plants with her scissors.

Out again in the deepening dusk with a sharp swirl of snow in the air, Elsa turned homeward. Before her, to the southward, the bleak, swarthy tangle of brushwood marked the shores of the creek, and a fear of it coursed through her, fear for herself and her own life, which had always been so precious, so full of wonder. Yonder was the light in the Lundquist window, marking the place where Fanny Ipsmiller lived. Elsa thought of her with pity now—she had, indeed, become the laughing-stock of the district. Farther away was the light on Brazell's place, where Nate's wife lay slowly dying because she did not want to live.

Fanny Ipsmiller and Nate Brazell's wife, each sharing in her own fashion the sad heritage of the Hollow. There was something cruel, something predatory about the earth here—it sucked human life down into its own darkness, its own oblivion. Elsa shivered.

Someone was standing at the Lundquist gate—Fanny Ipsmiller. She called out to Elsa, recognizing her as she hurried along the road.

"That you, Elsa Bowers? Walkin' home and it commencin' to snow! Better come in for a cup o' tea to warm yourself. I got that new crochet pattern for your ma, too."

In Fanny's warm kitchen Elsa drank tea and watched the large-boned woman going about her work while Nels and his hired man sat drying their feet in the oven. Fanny was between forty and forty-five now, increasingly sprightly and increasingly deaf.

"I hear them Carews've been down raisin' hades again south o' Hurley," Nels told Elsa. "Chet Bloom was tellin' me they had some



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celebration down there with them Bohemian tripe. Guess the girls down there didn't forget their swell friends when they went to France, eh? Chet says they got drunk an' old man Wolf got nasty. Tried to kick Joel out o' the house for playin' rough with his girl Zenka. Guess he might 'a' kicked Bay out, too, only Bay's too slick for them. He ain't gettin' caught. Seems they were havin' a whale of a time Saturday night . . ."

Fanny came across the floor and held a large hand to one ear as she inclined her head toward Nels. "What's that you said, Nelsie, boy?" she asked, beaming down upon him.

"Shut up, you old turnip!" Nels addressed Fanny parenthetically, his loose mouth drawn to one side, then continued talking to Elsa. "Havin' a whale of a time Saturday night when the old man got ugly and threatened to shoot up the place if they didn't get . . ."

Fanny looked at Elsa, smilingly bewildered. "Which?" she asked meekly.

Nels went on with his story until Elsa could listen to no more of it. She set her cup aside and left abruptly, fearing that Nels might try to lay his clammy hand upon her if she stayed.

It was not so much his filthy gossip that depressed her. It was rather the unlovely spectacle of Fanny Ipsmiller fiercely, possessively in love with the boorish Nels whom she had toiled for in the harsh winters and the broiling summers of twenty years. And now dark stories were beginning to be whispered concerning her, and she was ridiculous in over-gay clothes, so that the very young and the very old pointed their fingers at her.

Up a little lift in the road, and there was the light of home. She was glad she had not gone to visit Nate Brazell's wife. She had been thinking about it for a week. But she had seen enough of the Hollow for one day. The thought of Nels Lundquist lay upon her like something physical, something dead and cold and heavy that sent chills creeping over her body. With the light of home before her, Elsa ran, her heart cheering in the dim radiance with the sense of shelter and warmth awaiting her, shelter and warmth from the bleak desolation of the Hollow.

There were few who escaped that desolation, she thought. There was Clarice Fletcher, working for a pittance, long hours, in a dingy grocery store in Hurley, and pretty Lily, toiling all day on the farm at home and crimping her hair to go to dances at night and angle for a husband. She thought of the Magnusson girls, married now to dull clods of farmers and struggling in more sordid poverty than they had known at home. Where was the escape?

There was a commotion about the barnyard where Leon and Uncle Fred were calling out cheerfully to each other as they went about their chores, tending the live stock in the warm glow of their lanterns. The familiar, reassuring sound of animals moving heavily about in the half-darkness came to Elsa, dissipating her sense of dread, restoring her spirit.

Friday night was always a good night at home. It was the end of the week for her and Reef always managed to get home early from the creamery in Sundower where he had been working five days of every week throughout the winter—studying far into the night to prepare himself for his final examinations in the summer. Some unaccountable excitement seized Elsa and sent her racing up the pathway to the house. As she threw open the door the warm odors of the kitchen enveloped her.

"Hello, Mumsey!" she greeted her mother.

Her mother looked up from her work beside the stove. "You're late," she said. "Must 'a' stayed at the Phillips' till it was dark. I was beginnin' to worry about you. Reef's home." There was a note of anxiety in her voice.

"Reef home? Already? Nothing wrong, is there?" Elsa asked.

"He's complainin' again of that headache. I keep tellin' him it's no good, this burnin' the candle at both ends, the way he's been doin'. But of course he won't listen to me." Elsa glanced into the sitting-room where her father sat reading the paper. "He's lyin' down—up



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in his room," her mother said. "Don't worry him till it's time for supper."

In a few minutes Leon and Uncle Fred came in from the barn and Elsa's mother began carrying the steaming food to the table in the inner room. "Go up and tell Reef," she said to Elsa. "Come on, Steve, now."

Elsa hurried up the stairs, glanced along the narrow hall to where a patch of light lay on the floor beside Reef's open doorway, then stole quietly along and looked into the room. Reef was sitting with a book open in his hands.

"I was afraid you might be asleep," she said. "Don't you feel like having a little supper?"

"I feel all right," Reef replied in a voice that was strained, unnatural. "I just had one of my darned old headaches, that's all. I'm not hungry. I think I'll feel better if I don't eat anything. Go ahead and have supper. I'll come down later."

He turned again to his reading and Elsa went down-stairs. In spite of Reef's absence, the family was in high spirits at the table that night. Steve Bowers had just been reading a bright forecast for the coming season and was unusually gay. He teased Elsa about Joe Tracy and offered to make a preacher out of Leon if the crops were good next fall. Even Uncle Fred caught some of the levity of the occasion and gave it as his opinion, after a careful study of the "bumps" on Leon's head, that the youngest of the Bowers family would probably spend the greater part of his life in prisoner's garb.

"He has the criminal's head," he pronounced in all seriousness, casting a furtive wink at Steve, who sat smiling at the head of the table, "like you see in the city papers. If there was to be a murder done hereabouts, in the Hollow, now—on a night like this, let's say——"

Without warning, a loud crash sounded in Reef's room above them, and then a shrill curse in a voice that was unlike Reef's. Steve Bowers sprang from his place and rushed up-stairs, Elsa and her mother following him. In the flare of a lighted match they saw the lamp lying in fragments on the floor. Reef was flung face downward on his bed, his body rigid, his fingers clutching convulsively at the patchwork quilt.

While Steve hurried away for Doctor Olson, Elsa and her mother undressed Reef, got his feet into a hot mustard bath, and put him to bed as quietly as possible. He made no protest, offered no resistance. He was in utter collapse. He lay trembling in his bed, his eyes closed, saying nothing.

They waited for Doctor Olson, Elsa's mother sitting in Reef's chair, weeping silently with her hands folded in her apron, Elsa standing rigid at the foot of the bed, complete despair seizing her mind, distorting the already distorted shape of life, leaving nothing but havoc. Where now was the shelter, the escape from the desolation that was the Hollow? She thought of herself romancing about Joe Tracy, painting him in the dazzling colors of her own fancy, desiring him in the empty, lonely, meager world that was her world. She thought of the warmth, the light contentment that had enveloped them at the table. She had called that shelter, escape. And now—this!

Through her half-closed eyes she peered at the window above Reef's table, peered at it as if she expected to find some light shining out there in the darkness. Extraordinarily, Bayliss Carew came into her mind. She thought of him with a warm suffusing anger, a kindling of vitality. The thought of Bayliss invigorated her, restored in her a challenging, bright courage, a fearlessness of the Hollow, and renewed her desire to live boundlessly, magnificently. She thought of him as she had seen him last, that night when he had stood up in the flare of the torches amid the cheers of the crowd, the old arrogant smile in his eyes.

At this instant, for the first time, she knew that her inner conflict with Bayliss Carew was the motivating force of her life, it had become the very pulse of her being. Thinking of him, she could do anything—be anything! She pressed her hands against her throat, her



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cheeks. Tears flooded her eyes, tears of vehement, burning life.

She turned quickly away and went downstairs, leaving her mother to wait beside Reef's bed while she and Leon cleared the table and washed the dishes. And in the corner of the kitchen next the stove Uncle Fred sat moaning to himself, a high, thin sound that mingled dolefully with the whimpering of the wind in the cottonwoods.

Now it was April again and rains wandered darkly in the low skies, freshets ran with a small chuckling sound into the swollen creek in the Hollow, and every day over the wet bursting fields great flocks of birds swept down like a startling rush of wind, settled a moment and curved up again on their way northward. In an early thunderstorm which Uncle Fred said predicted a good season for the farmers, the Norwegian Lutheran church over in the Scandinavian settlement east of Sundower was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

Reef had been compelled to remain in bed for nearly a month with his books out of reach until his frayed nerves had mended. Elsa had marveled at the patience with which he lay day after day looking out of his window, his eyes even in his weakened condition not for a moment relinquishing their look of determination. Despite his collapse he would go up for examination in the summer. With April in the air he was able to go about now. Twice he had gone as far as the Fletcher place to spend the evening with Clarice, who had come home from Hurley to help with the spring planting.

On the last Friday afternoon in April, after Elsa had dismissed the children and the joyous clamor of their departure had died away, Bayliss Carew came to the school and stood filling the doorway, his irritating smile turned upon Elsa where she sat working at her desk.

"You're going to ruin those eyes of yours working in this light, Elsa Bowers," he said. "Don't you know it's after hours? It's nearly five o'clock."

Elsa looked at him, wrinkling her nose contemptuously, her eyes luminous with their old challenge. He must know how tall and straight and handsome he looked standing there in the framed light of the doorway with all April in the soft sky behind him. "Somebody has to do the work in Elder's Hollow, Bayliss Carew," she retorted crisply.

"I might argue that with you, too, if I were in a mood for arguments," he said. "I just don't see how you can sit here for a whole hour when you might——"

"What's wrong with it?" she interrupted him. "I like it." It was pride that made you lie when you talked to Bayliss Carew. Years ago he had asked her how old she was. He had smiled at her then—he was smiling at her now.

"You don't like it, Elsa Bowers. You can't tell me you get any thrill out of the smell of chalk and ink and dust and old overshoes and stale dinner-pails."

There had been a day when Bayliss Carew had sat looking up at the cracked paper on the ceiling of the Bowers sitting-room. When you lived in the Hollow you accepted such things as cracked wall-paper and the smell of stale dinner-pails—or you rebelled against them. It was all the same. You didn't ignore them.

"When I leave here," she confessed evasively, "I've got to take some oranges over to Mrs. Brazell."

He was laughing now. "I see. You'd rather have this than face Nate's dogs, eh? Well, come on out. I'll see that you get past the dogs and past Nate, too, if it must be done. Come on—I'm waiting for you."

She got up from her desk and put on her hat and coat. Behind the sense of relief at having someone with her when she went to visit Nate Brazell's wife, there was a feeling of annoyance that it had to be Bayliss Carew. All day she had looked forward with dread to the visit, but she would have faced Nate Brazell and his dogs twenty times rather than feel herself under obligation to a Carew.

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looked down to where Bayliss stood between two of the Carew horses.

"I'm getting Fleta used to the feel of a saddle on her back," he called up to her, gently stroking the arched neck of the smaller horse.

The animal was a beauty, slender, shining, dainty-limbed, with deep, nervous eyes. To ride her would be like sailing the wind. There had never been such an animal in the Bowers stables. Elsa watched him release the bridles from the hitching-post and lead the horses through the gate. Then she joined him on the road and they started toward the Brazell place.

Elsa's eyes, glancing back at the horses, narrowed with a memory. "I have sometimes wondered how it is that you seem to think so much of your horses," she said evenly.

She felt his quizzical look upon her. "*Seem* to? Why—a good horse——" he began, then hesitated. "Just what are you coming to?" he demanded.

She could not help the touch of scorn in her laugh. "Oh, I was just thinking of an exhibition of horsemanship you gave for my benefit a few years ago. I've never quite forgotten that—and never quite forgiven it, either."

His laugh nettled her. "I haven't forgotten it, either," he said. "When you were out of sight that day I got down and kissed that horse and fed him three apples. *He* forgave me."

Elsa looked moodily ahead at the soot-colored shacks margining on the twilit Hollow. Nate's dogs had already begun their clamor, a sinister howling in the gray void. Elsa spoke scarcely a word until they reached the crude gate in front of the house. There's a woman lying in there, dying, she thought darkly, and would have spoken had not Nate Brazell himself come out of the house at that moment.

"Hello, Nate!" Bayliss greeted him as he fastened the horses outside the gate and started up the path with Elsa.

Nate looked at them in the manner he had out of the corners of his eyes, his head turned to one side in an attitude of listening rather than of looking. He wore an old cap on one side of his closely matted hair and a red cotton handkerchief knotted about his throat. He spat deliberately before he spoke.

"You over to see my ol' woman, I reckon, eh?" he observed with a gross laugh. "Well, there ain't much left of her to look at." He continued muttering as he moved around the house, leaving them to let themselves in.

As they stepped to the door, however, it was opened by a girl whom Elsa had never seen before. In a soft voice, slightly accented, she bade them enter. In the kitchen behind her was a younger girl, of ten or twelve. Elsa stared at the elder of the two. She was different from any creature she had ever seen. Her color was unforgetable. There was the brownness of dark honey in her skin. Her hair was black and abundant, hanging forward in two loose braids which gave her an almost childish look that was belied by her fully developed body. Elsa thought quickly that her cheeks and mouth were careless splashes of crimson in the flat oval of her face.

The girl took little notice of Elsa, but her dark eyes widened upon Bayliss, then narrowed slightly, seeming to draw their brilliance back under their lids. Her lips parted in a frank smile of recognition.

"Well—*hello!* Look who's here!" Bayliss cried, giving one hand to the elder of the girls, the other to the younger, who came forward shyly and made a slight curtsy. "Elsa, this is Zenka Wolf," he said, indicating the older, "and this is little Maria. Girls, this is the teacher, Miss Bowers. What are you doing here?"

"I come to help here, for Meester Bra-*zell*," Zenka told him, looking up from under her heavy lids. "Maria, she come here with me this morning. You come to see Meesis Bra-*zell*?" She made a gracious gesture of her hand to indicate the way to Mrs. Brazell's room.

With a word to Bayliss, Elsa went into the inner dimness of the house. Already the place bore a cleanliness and freshness which had been absent since Nate's wife had taken to bed.

In the dim light that fell from a square patch of window, Elsa saw the wan smile of gratitude with which the woman greeted her. "You find me alive," Mrs. Brazell said, her labored breathing too loud for the small room in which she lay. "Well—I live in spite of them. I live because I won't die—I *won't!*" Elsa took the wasted hand that lay on the bedspread and sat down on the chair beside the bed. "I know what they say—what they all say. They say I'd be better dead than the way I am. I know it. Pityin' me an' wishin' me dead an' out of the way! That's the way with the world. When you're no more use to anybody—out of the way with her! But I'm goin' to stay here."

Elsa sought for something she might say, something quieting to give meaning to the few precious minutes of her visit. But the woman talked on, eagerly, hungrily, rebelliously, her thin fingers gripping Elsa's with the fierce tenacity of life. In a moment her strength had spent itself. She ceased speaking suddenly and tears streamed from her eyes. When she spoke again her voice was broken and resigned.

"But what's the use? That Doctor Olson—he was here again yesterday. It was the same story all over again—if I got an operation I would pull through. But that's talk. Go to the city—to the hospital there—for a month, mebbe. And who's to pay for that, I'd like to know? Anyhow—what's the good of it? With *him* like he is—I guess I don't want to live much. He got mad when Olson said he would send that Bohemian, Zenka, to clean up for me. I ain't no good here—any more. Sometimes, layin' here an' listenin' to the eaves drippin'—I think to myself, spring's here—an' I feel a little like livin' again. It would be nice to be out in the fields again. But after that—what? There's always another winter for folks like me. I don't want to see another winter here. I'm gettin' old, too."

Elsa did not stay long. She gave the woman the oranges, then with a promise to come back again soon she stole out of the room.

In the kitchen again, she found Bayliss teasing the younger of the girls. He was holding his clenched hands out before him and Maria was trying to guess which one held the coin. But Elsa found herself with obscure curiosity seeking out the other girl, who had begun to prepare supper. Zenka's face was blank with an unobtrusive servility, but Elsa felt extraordinarily excited by that look.

She had seen something of the people who, quite erroneously, had gone under the name of Bohemians in Sundower and Hurley. The men drove lean horses, the older women wore shawls about their heads in all seasons of the year, the young girls went bareheaded even in the bitterest weather. But they were picturesque in their poverty, loved to dance and drink and sing their wild songs, learned in another land.

In a district where gossip was rife, Elsa had heard tales of how the young men of Hurley and Sundower sought their Saturday night entertainment in the Bohemian settlement. Reef had told her all about it one day, quite frankly, when she had asked him about it. She had heard her father and Uncle Fred speak of it, somewhat guardedly, when they talked of Peter Carew at the table. There had been that day, too, when Nels Lundquist had sat drying his feet in the oven . . . telling the truth, then, though she had run away to escape it!

She hurried away, leaving Bayliss to follow her, glancing back only when she had reached the road. The girls stood in the doorway waving their hands, a curious, reflective smile on the face of Zenka, the elder one.

Out upon the road leading westward along the Hollow, Elsa's heart throbbed with a confusion of emotions. Why should it matter to her what a Carew had done? An angry excitement rippled through her blood so that she could not speak, could not listen to what Bayliss was telling her. Suddenly he stopped and slapped the reins across his leather glove.

"Elsa," he said, "why the devil don't you tell me to get back to where I belong and leave you alone?"

Elsa's cheeks grew suddenly warm against the cool air. "Because it really doesn't matter



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to me what you do, Bayliss Carew," she retorted.

"Well—it matters to me," he said quickly. "I know what's on your mind and if you won't tell me—I'll tell you. It's that girl, Zenka." He hurried on before she could speak. "The fact is, Elsa, you've made up your mind that I belong to a pretty rotten crowd." She felt him eying her narrowly. "If I had known she was there this afternoon, I wouldn't have gone down there with you," he went on. "I guess I'm just coward enough to avoid trouble when I can. But I did go—and she was there—and I'm going to face it out."

Her anger flamed suddenly. "I know all I want to know about it!" she told him. "You don't have to answer to me for——"

"I'm not trying to answer to you for it—not now," he interrupted. "Everything you've heard is true—and more, probably. What of it? The girl is healthy—she's clean—and she's pretty. No man could demand more in a girl of her kind."

She was left inarticulate by the heartless sweep of his reasoning. She went rigid before him. Finally she drew words out of the wild chaos of her thoughts. "Spoken—like a Carew!" she flamed bitterly. As she spoke the old desire to strike his smiling face came over her, but her fury left her helpless. She turned quickly away and started off along the road, barely aware that he was following her.

When his voice spoke close beside her again it was the voice of a stranger, sounding out of the distance, falling dully on her mind.

"I am a Carew. You think they're a rotten lot. We'll not argue that now. I didn't come out to talk about the Carews. What's more, I lied to you when I said I came out to get Fleta used to the feel of a saddle on her back. I came out to tell you that I'm going away again—that I wouldn't have come back here at all if it hadn't been for you. I don't want to fight with you—we've always done that—but I'd rather fight with you than love any other woman I've ever known. I didn't know that till I got away from you—till I had nothing but the memory of that faint blue vein running down the side of your cheek. That'll sound silly to you now. But it's true. That's what I came out to tell you. I've picked a bad time for it—but it had to be said—and I have no other time left."

Amazement and bewilderment swept over her. Bayliss Carew was humble to the point of self-abasement, in the tone of his voice, in the dark, brooding look which he turned upon her and which she could not help feeling although she did not dare to look at him lest she should break into hysterical tears.

"I'm not even asking you to say anything about it just now," he went on. "I'm going away tomorrow to get ready for some special work in my course during the summer. I'm going to try to catch up a little. But I'll take a run home in the fall and at Christmas and I'm coming to see you."

Once more Elsa was confronted by the flat, the beautiful animal face of Zenka, hanging in memory before her like some rare intaglio. She turned upon him with a sharp rush of angry color. Bayliss Carew would be coming home in the fall—and at Christmas—to see . . . What a perverse fool she was, making herself ridiculous in his eyes! She checked the words that came to her. She became very straight and quiet then, and moved away slowly. Beside her, Bayliss walked with his eyes upon the road, saying nothing.

By the time they had come to the Bowers gate Elsa was in control of herself. Her anger had been a little absurd, too revealing. She smiled at him with some impudence.

"Good-by," she said lightly. "And I do like to fight with you, Bayliss Carew."

He did not speak for a moment. He caught Fleta's bridle and drew the filly closer to him, stroking her sleek side. Then he looked at Elsa, smiling but without arrogance—a shy look such as she had never before seen in his face.

"Will you do just one little thing for me,



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IN THE first place, Princess Pat is the *only* powder that contains *Almond*. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of *starch*. This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

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There are two weights of Princess Pat—medium in the oblong box, familiar for years, and a wonderful new, lighter weight which adheres just as well as the heavier powder.

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Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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Elsa?" he asked slowly. "I want you to take Fleta and ride her this summer—while I'm away. You have no idea how I'd like you to have her."

Elsa flushed and bit her lip. *Guld hästen og guld saddelen!* Della Magnusson had sung a Swedish song at school:

> Your golden horse and saddle
> I will not have—ah, no!
> Give them to your princess fair—
> Let me with nothing go!

She strove to smile. Her heart beat intolerably. She put her hand to her throat where a sudden aching had come. Then she shook her head because she could not speak, turned abruptly and raced up the path to the house.

The year matured bountifully. Beside the fences and along the creek wild fruit ripened in abundance. The lush green of the fields became a rich gold that swayed sturdily under the wind and fell at last before the hands of the reapers. Clamor of wild fowl filled the nights in the Hollow and the rank sedges browned and stiffened against the coming of another winter.

In late October Nate Brazell's wife died and Elsa's mother and Fanny Ipsmiller and Doctor Olson's wife went there and "made the poor soul decent," as Fanny put it. In a sorrowful rain a procession of a scant half-dozen vehicles wound slowly out of the Hollow to the cemetery east of Sundower and when the last buggy had vanished over the ridge, the sun came out and a gentle radiance lay over all that region. From that day, when Nate Brazell went about the country, men shunned him and women spoke of him without pity, fearfully.

Days flowed into twilights, gentle, indifferent, unperturbed, moving over Elsa like some long, gliding web of water, like a tide of dusk. Joe Tracy's letters became to her a demoralizing warmth. She feared his coming, and in the lonely meagerness of her days she longed for him, for the human substance of him, for his unruffled complacency. And in the next instant all her being cried out against his coming, against her physical, commonplace surrender to him, against her renunciation of the fine, sharp apprehensions that were hers in an inner solitude. The old fear of oblivion swept over her, the oblivion of the commonplace, the oblivion of Elder's Hollow—of all the Elder's Hollows of the world!

A few days before Thanksgiving, Elsa received a letter from Bayliss Carew, the first he had ever written to her. He would not be able to run home, as he had expected. His Aunt Hildreth was coming to the city to visit him over the holiday. But he would be home for Christmas if—*only* if she would write and tell him that she would see him when he came.

Bayliss Carew had come to this, then, that he awaited her bidding before he stepped down into her world. The high-handed Carews, who reached out and took what they wanted wherever they found it! She did not write—she could not. There would be something of ignominy in that. Nor did she hear of Bayliss at Christmas, save for the book of verse he sent her, in which he had marked a little poem by James Stephens:

> . . . my enemy,
> That bitter heart and savage, said to me,
> "Some day, when this is past . . ."

When she had read the poem she closed the book and refused to look into it again.

It was during Christmas week that she received a note from Miss Hildreth Carew, asking her to come to see her on the following afternoon. "Just say you'll come and I'll send one of the men to fetch you. We have some things to talk over between us."

Elsa went. There was the white house with its bright green roof, the terraced lawn, the fir hedge—and the two rows of young elms, grown somewhat stouter now, their naked limbs trembling in the keen midwinter air. There was the great brass knocker, too, shaped like a monk's head, that sent the echoes thundering through the house while she waited at the door . . . squeezing the box of woolen stockings under her arm. She could have laughed outright then, so vivid was the memory of it, but a brisk footfall sounded from within and the next moment she was facing Miss Hildreth.

"Come in, my dear. I'm waiting for you."

Elsa's curiosity had become almost unbearable by the time Miss Hildreth settled back in her chair and began talking, the little fires kindling quickly in her eyes. Elsa listened as if she were dreaming in this dreamlike drawing-room with its open fire and its great complacent chairs, and Hildreth Carew sitting there, sipping her cup of tea, looking for all the world like a bit of old furniture herself, staid and enduring still. She had been asking about Reef, and how he liked his work now that he was a full-fledged young lawyer, assisting old Tom Dewing, the attorney in Hurley.

"And a very good connection, too. We've had dealings with Dewing. A good lawyer when he wants to be—and he ought to be able to start a young man on a career if anybody could. A little luck for a year or so is all your brother needs, I'm sure. He has it in him—Bayliss always said that. As for Bayliss—we'll never make a doctor out of him. He doesn't take to it, and when a boy doesn't take to a thing he's wasting time going on with it. But his father is to blame there."

For a moment she was silent, her sharp eyes measuring Elsa as they had done again and again over her cup of tea. Then she spoke out, sharply, abruptly.

"You know, of course, my dear, that Bayliss is in love with you." Her tone was not questioning. Miss Hildreth was stating a fact, simply, directly. Elsa felt there was no need for reply. "I have been looking at you," the woman went on briskly, "and I must say that Bayliss is running true to form. He has the Carew eye. I never realized before just how—how pretty you have become. You have filled out well and your coloring is quite unusual. I should never have noticed that little blue vein on your right cheek, for example, if Bayliss hadn't told me about it. It is decidedly attractive."

The color flowed quickly over Elsa's face.

"Don't feel uncomfortable, my dear," Miss Hildreth continued in her most impersonal manner. "I like to tell people what I think." She paused and drew a deep breath. "You understand, of course—I want you to understand—that you and Bayliss Carew have been brought up in two very different worlds."

Elsa made a feeble attempt to speak but Miss Hildreth lifted a hand quickly.

"I think it will be much simpler if you let me say what I have to say. Two very different worlds, I was saying, with totally different ways of looking at things. Bayliss is trying to look at things just now as you look at them. He has sowed his wild oats—he thinks he's tired of it—and he thinks he wants to settle down. What I want you to know, my dear, is that a Carew never settles down till he's too old to get about by himself.

"The Carew women have always taken upon themselves the burden of saving the family from ruin when it seemed there was no hope for it. When things have become impossible, the women have taken hold and gone off to where the men could make another start in the world. Pretty creatures—many of them as pretty as you, my dear—have married Carew men in the past—and have found out what they were doing too late. I don't want you to do that.

"I am telling you now—if you are thinking of Bayliss Carew, you are thinking of a man who will demand all you have to give him and will insist on making a fool of himself wherever and whenever he has an opportunity. Telling you this will not save you from regrets, perhaps, but it will at least prepare you—and you will have no one to blame but yourself. In short, my dear, I am telling you that you would be very foolish to marry Bayliss, but if you do—I want you to marry him with your eyes open. That's what I wanted to say to you."

The cool presumption of the woman had become almost too much for Elsa. She found it hard to control her voice when she finally

protested, "But I have no thought of marrying Bayliss Carew, Miss Hildreth."

Elsa chilled under Miss Hildreth's smile. "I think—you will marry him, just the same," she said.

Everything that Elsa had ever liked about Hildreth Carew seemed to fall suddenly away from the woman and leave her ugly and hard, a scrawny ogre that lived in the fabulous house that had somehow escaped from between the covers of an old story-book. Then, as suddenly, Elsa realized that Hildreth was only a Carew, after all, with the arrogant ways of a Carew, complete in her confidence that a Carew had only to make up his mind as to what he wanted and it was his. More of their high-handed assurance, Elsa thought to herself, waging a silent conflict with Miss Hildreth.

She wanted to speak out, to tell her that whatever the Carews might do in their world, she was secure within her own, to protest that she had hated them all from the first and would continue to hate them as long as there was a Carew left on earth. But her violence left her speechless. What, moreover, could one say to a woman like Hildreth Carew? It was like that when you went to visit the Carews. You heard what they had to say, felt your cheeks grow hot as you strove to make a reply, then remained silent. Embarrassed beyond expression, Elsa found herself accepting another cup of tea from the hands of Miss Hildreth.

"And now, my dear, drink a little more tea before you go. I see I have made you very uncomfortable. Let's talk no more about it."

Elsa was willing enough to have Miss Hildreth talk of other things, of plans to enlarge the Carew house in the coming summer, of Bayliss's brother Joel who was studying architecture at the state university, of Ada's life at college and of Florence's next trip to the city to buy clothes for the summer. Try as she might, however, Elsa could not free her mind of the sound of Miss Hildreth's words: "I think—you will marry him, just the same."

One thought she put from her a dozen times that afternoon, the thought of Bayliss Carew's life and her own meeting and running together, like trails meeting—one out of the reedy waste of Elder's Hollow, the other out of the rich, insolent fields of the Carews, meeting and running together under the wind, under the flowing of the seasons, the flowing of time.

The man she loves and the man she hates both propose to Elsa—and quickly, almost without thinking, she marries one of them and begins a strange and dramatic life —in the Instalment for August

Diet and Mystic Wisdom

(*Continued from page 53*)

does it. A twine is attached to the silk thread, a rope to the twine, and the prisoner, drawing it up, is freed. The infinitely little has conquered.

So the ancient wisdom of India perceived long ago what we are dimly beginning to guess, that if a man desires to storm the strange world of psychic attainment safely he must lay his foundations on the earth as he sees it and make the body his cooperator and not his trampled or pampered slave. For, as says one of the greatest of their ancient books: "He who fasts and he who eats too much, he who does not sleep and he who sleeps too much, he who works too much and he who does no work—none of these can be adepts."

I gained the beginning of this knowledge by experience years before I knew anything of the way charted out in Asia. Fortunately for myself I suffered in youth from violent headaches which obliged me to consider whether there was no means of escape from facing life with such a miserable handicap.

Doctors failed in finding their cause or cure



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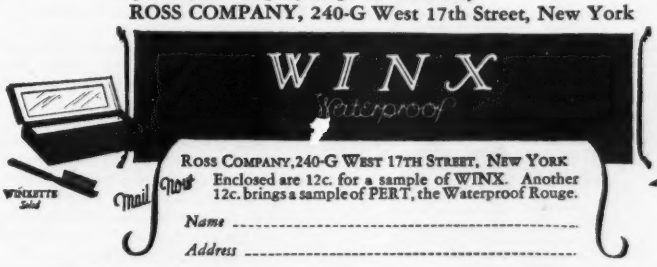
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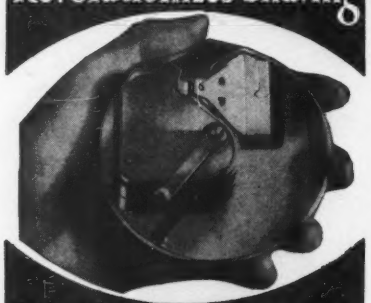
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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1927. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Eugene Forker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true Statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City: Editor, Ray Long, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Managing Editor, Ida Verdon, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Business Manager, Eugene Forker, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: International Magazine Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street. Sole Stockholder, Hearst Magazines, Inc., 119 West 40th Street. Sole Stockholder, Hearst Publications, Inc., 705 Call Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. Sole Stockholder, Star Holding Corporation, care of Corporation Trust Co. of America, Wilmington, Delaware, Sole Stockholder, W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Eugene Forker, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1927 William J. Sperl, Notary Public, Queens County No. 1715, Reg. No. 3354. Certificate filed in New York County No. 911, Reg. No. 9693. (My commission expires March 30th, 1929.)

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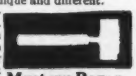
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and at last I resolved I would give up one food after another in the hope of tracking down the offender. I succeeded and have never had a trace of headache from that day to this though with as many opportunites for it as most people can boast of.

I was groping blindly for escape from bodily suffering and had not the faintest notion that this change would influence my life psychically and intellectually. But when I came in touch later with the Wisdom of the Orient I knew that by a very little hole I had crept in through the thorny hedge that guards the ancient wisdom. It was a tiny beginning, but a beginning.

I do not say for a moment that, having so entered, the world of true wonders lies open before one. Life is not like that in any of its spheres. Physically, intellectually and psychically it is always a case of evolution, and in evolution you cannot jump any of the links. I will try to tell as simply and truly as I can exactly what the process seemed to me to be as it worked itself out.

First, there was the relief from a crippling disability. That is always joy. I knew at once that a problem was solved and it had left me free to grapple with others; and realizing that the body is like a boat, obedient to the rudder, I had a passionate desire to see how much could be done with it by wise steering.

It was more difficult then than now, because within the last few years the doctors have begun to pay some attention to the preventive aspects of disease and one can have advice. For me it was a case of pioneering, but I did not turn back for a moment.

Here I may say what I did. I gave up in one gesture, so to speak, meat of every kind, including poultry and fish. I also surrendered tea, coffee and cocoa. Alcoholic drinks I had never used. I was ignorant that this sudden change of habit was a risk and it did not hurt me, but I should always advise against any but a very gradual change.

For a time I lived on cooked vegetables, much cereal, and an abundance of milk, a mistaken diet though infinitely better than the one I had left. But gradually the mysterious wisdom of the body asserted itself and I evolved a diet of raw fruit, salads, nuts, a little cheese, eggs not abundantly used, and for drinks, water and sometimes milk. Everyone cannot take milk, so I might mention that with lemon juice dropped into it and stirred while dropping—in the proportion of about half a lemon to a tumblerful of milk—it is a very refreshing and very digestible drink.

I took very little cereal, and gave up cakes, puddings, pastries and all sugared foods, and I have lived ever since in this way, eating only twice or three times a day and never between meals. I tried once, because I was going to a country where it is dangerous to eat salads, to substitute a little fish, but it was such a failure from every point of view that I gave it up at once.

I might say I have no use for the so-called "simple feeding" which demands all sorts of meatless dishes, elaborately cooked, and continues the drugs of tea and coffee.

It is better to get down to bedrock if you really want to make a success, and one gets to like these simple foods so much as to think it strange that everyone is not content with them.

Now I will say what these did for me. I had rather an inclination to overweight. That disappeared and I touched the normal weight for my height and have kept to it. With this came activity and energy of mind and body.

I have been a little inclined to drowsy and lethargic reverie; doing became more interesting now, but it was doing with a clear purpose ahead because I realized that I was gaining weapons and sharpening them for the adventure of life. My circulation was clear in brain and body, and what that means only those who have experienced the change can say. It is a kind of re-creation.

I no longer suffered from cold hands and feet, and instead of pallor I developed a healthy color. I noticed that even my hair gathered luster. I could walk distances almost incredible when I remembered how the least fatigue had ended formerly in sick headache.

The next change was that I began to realize in natural sequence that though cutting out certain food-poisons is the foundation-stone of the palace of health, the building asks for such tools as right exercise, right breathing, right use of hot and cold water for drinking and baths, pure air and sunshine. All these things I studied and practised patiently.

For a while I believed this bodily health was all that mattered in life. That was natural, for I saw clearly the instant advantage it gave over people who had not sufficiently grasped its value to make sacrifices for it.

Then came one of the penalties of ignorance. I lost strength and discovered I had been living on capital instead of income. In other words, I had not been eating the necessary ration of the tissue-forming foods. This may sometimes be an excellent beginning, for it runs off the poisons accumulated by wrong feeding, but it is always risky and should be closely watched.

So it became necessary to take the thing as a serious study, that I might understand food values and their relation to sedentary and active occupations. All this can be done for one now, but I have never regretted that I had to work through it myself. The knowledge was driven in and has been most useful.

I recovered strength in a few weeks and then had the luck to meet a famous doctor, now dead, who blazed a trail for many through the jungle of ignorance in such matters. With his help I cleared up the only remaining difficulty, that of suiting generalties to my own especial needs. I achieved that and had no further difficulties.

Having now a fixed center to work from, I had leisure to notice what a surprising change was taking place in my intellectual equipment. I could measure that growth almost daily also.

First in my memory. That had always been good, but now it became unusual, and I noticed it was growing by a process which I called "inward sight." That is to say, I *saw* things rather than remembered them in the ordinary way, and just as, when one knows a place, the picture is hung once and for all for reference in one's brain, so with anything that interested me now.

I had not to call anything to mind. It was, as it were, flashed upon me the instant I needed it—like a vision. I memorized nothing, but it was always there when I wanted it, and to this day I write a whole historical novel without doing much more than verifying my references and seldom finding them mistaken.

Perhaps the possession of such a memory is more common than I think, but at any rate it is a very useful thing, and from another aspect provides me with what I call a traveling library of prose and poetry which I have never memorized but which is always there for use or pleasure. I see a book as a picture—see the printed page and the very paragraphs and can then repeat almost anything I have cared for. And this includes the spoken word.

I found also a very much increased clearness in argument, in perception, all round. I fear at this time I was ready to make myself a nuisance, for I was young enough to believe that things clearly advantageous should be thrust down everybody's throat. However, I soon outgrew that pugnacious stage and realized that people can accept things only in their own vibration or stage of development.

But I saw from day to day what a wonderful thing I had hit on. It had cured my physical disability, had doubled every intellectual power I possessed, and had given me the confident expectation that this was only the beginning of what it could accomplish.

I was right there. Gradually another aspect of the question dawned upon me. This way of living was the most excellent moral—I hate the word—gymnastic that could be devised. It is no easy thing to live on a plan of one's own, in contradiction to that of the world about one, to be told one is a faddist and so forth.

But after a while it became strangely delightful to find that I did not mind a bit what people

said. I got to know a lot about the subject and began to make it interesting to them, and there was a pride in being what they called "a mighty good advertisement" for my opinions.

I do not think anyone knows or realizes the full flavor of life until he has learned to say no to himself with more than the ease with which he say say no to other people's enjoyments.

And after that it was not a long step to an understanding of why all the teachers of great faiths have taught abstinence, temperance, fasting, as a very sword and shield in the fight against the dominance of the body.

And now things rapidly cleared up in my mind. I saw that what is called the occult is really only an extension and wider perception of the powers we know, and that everything is attainable if we get down to business.

Do not let your mind spread and spash over. Concentrate on one resolve and exclude others. Take time to be solitary daily. Avoid people who disturb you. Have the body in such training that it no more dares to interpose than a highly trained dog. Cultivate will and perseverance as you can never do with an undisciplined body. It is by such thoughts and practises that man is put in touch with the force of the universe and becomes a channel for the sort of power on which he has chosen to concentrate —bad or good.

So I learned that the trained body becomes a form of reason, and the trained mind becomes psychic, and delimitations are destroyed, so that it becomes difficult to say where each dominion begins and ends in the trinity of body, mind and spirit which is man.

Alimony (*Continued from page 43*)

before a gas fireplace, spinet desk, and gate-legged table with a piece of pottery and a book or so.

"But your piano—your piano, Phil!" wailed the Mouse.

We waited aghast for his answer, but it was Mary who spoke: "He gave it—everything—all——" She stopped with a queer throaty sound, and none of us dared look after her as she rushed from the room.

The next time I saw her was a week or so later when we all had dinner at McAllister's. It was one of those misty autumn nights and I had slipped out on the side veranda to smoke my pipe and watch the moon come up out of the lake that was hidden in smoky haze.

"I'm sorry I was such a fool the other night."

"You weren't," I assured her hastily. "It was stupid of Laura."

"No." She spoke slowly, studying herself. "No, I must get used to things like that." She caught her breath and I looked up in faint alarm—suppose she cried again! But her eyes met mine frankly. "Don't worry, Billy, I shan't cry. I shall never cry again, but let me talk—it will do me good," and she went on with light directness: "You knew her?"

Her? Of course she meant Felice. "No."

"But you've seen her," she insisted.

"Once."

She gave a little sigh of relief. "Tell me, what is she like? I've a reason, really, a reason. Tell me. What do you think of when you see her? If you had to describe her in only *one* word, what word would you choose? Beauty? Charm? Grace? Goodness?"

I thought for a moment. "Glamour."

Her face lighted up and she repeated softly, "Glamour. Is she tall?"

I shook my head.

"Slender?"

"Yes."

"Did she talk much? Was she—interesting? Was she——"

Her back was to the light that streamed through the French doors, and I could only guess that her eyes were bright with unshed tears. Inside they were laughing and talking; someone was dragging Phil to the piano.

"Don't you want to go in?" I suggested. "It's chilly out here and they're going to dance."

She shook her head impatiently. "Tell me, what was she *like?*"

"I don't know. I only saw her once, for a few seconds. Why, I wouldn't even know the woman!" I hoped my tone sounded casual.

"But you must remember. A woman who would be noticed anywhere." That sounded like a quotation. Was it possible that she was questioning everyone? "Glamour—glamour," she repeated thoughtfully.

The word had caught her. I wished in my heart I had said "beauty"—that's simple. Or "goodness"—no woman could object to goodness.

"What did she wear when you saw her? She loved clothes, didn't she? 'Always beautifully and extravagantly dressed!' " There was a caressing sting in her voice.

I tried to answer lightly but my head was in a whirl. Why was Mary—jealous? But that was impossible. She knew that Felice had been out of his life for years.

"I'm no judge of women's clothes."

"But they were beautiful," she insisted, "weren't they? Expensive. Lovely."

"Yes, they were beautiful. Probably expensive. Certainly lovely." I pushed back my chair and arose. "Now, please, Mrs. Channing——"

She shrank back. "Don't call me that!" she said fiercely. "That's *hers!*"

I had meant to leave her, but a glimpse of her utter misery—she was standing now in a shaft of light—made me turn.

"Mary Shayne, you little fool!"

"I know it," she gasped, and all the pretended lightness fell away. "But oh, Billy, you don't know what it is!"

"What what is?" I asked, though I knew.

The music crashed inside.

"It's Philip—playing." Her tone accused him.

"And why not?"

She broke into silent sobs. I waited till she was quiet.

"Now. What is it?"

She looked up limply. "Nothing." Her tone was dead, then after a pause vibrant again. "Only sometimes I can't bear it! When I think of her——"

"Then don't think of her!"

She answered bitterly, "That's easy to say!"

"But why should you? Good heavens, Mary, surely you know that Philip loves you and——"

She lifted her head proudly. "I do know."

"Then what else——"

She smiled. But it was not the old sudden smile. "I thought that, too, at first, when he told me about her—that he loved me and nothing else mattered. But love isn't all. There's admiration and pride and—— *I'm* not beautiful and golden! *I've* no glamour!"

That was true; sincerity, keenness, traits of intellect and character, but no romance, no glamour.

"But if Philip loves you——"

"I know," she interrupted, "but he isn't blind. And he must compare me with——" She broke off in desperation. "That's just it—if I only knew what she was like! If I could only see her as I know he must. Anything would be better than this uncertainty—this unknowing. I'm afraid to express myself at all for fear it will be like her, for fear it will remind him—— Even these flowers." She tore off the lovely spray and tossed it over the railing.

The music had changed: a Chopin "Ballade."

"Listen! She loved music—did you know that?" I thought of the locked piano. Her voice rose high: "I hate it, I *hate* it!"

"But you can't do that—shut out beauty just because she——"

"I will!" she interrupted fiercely. "Everything that was hers!"

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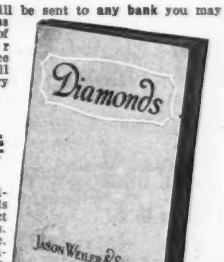
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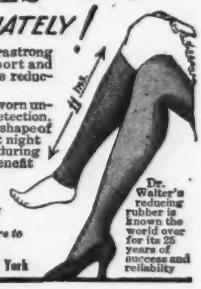
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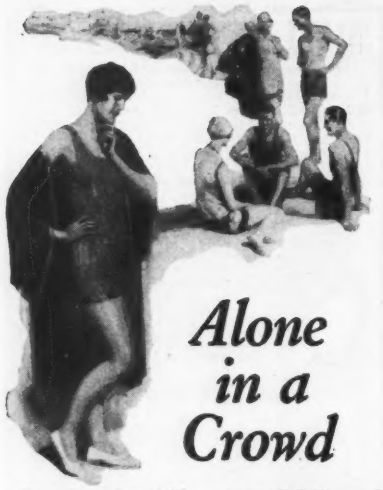
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I started to answer but she was gone, down the walk to the lake's edge. I finished my pipe and thought of the things I should have said, and waited till I saw she had returned before I went inside. They searched my pockets for the lost flowers and teased us about our stroll beneath a harvest moon. All except Phil, who was silent and, I could tell, worried.

He usually lunched at the Fountain Room at St. Andrew's, while I ate at Straus', a much cheaper place around the corner that served good *hasenpfeffer* and *strudel*. But the next day he slid into the seat opposite mine and wasted no time.

"Mary talked to you last night."

I nodded.

He was white and tense, and I wondered not what he but what I was going to say next.

"About"—he hesitated a second—"Felice."

"She asked if I——"

"I know what she asked," he interposed miserably—"if you had ever seen her, what she looked like, the color of her hair, her eyes, exactly what she wore, what she said, her temperament——"

I interrupted gently: "Mary must get hold of herself. She is only facing what hundreds of other women have."

He stopped me fiercely. "But that's just it—she isn't. If I had ever loved—Felice, but I didn't. That's the truth, Billy. We married on an impulse and it was all a terrible mistake. She was never anything to me nor I to her."

"Can't you tell Mary?"

"*Tell* Mary?" His tone was bitter and hopeless. "I've told her too much now. I wish to heaven I'd never mentioned—— She remembers every word, every phrase. I told her Felice was beautiful."

I nodded.

"A woman who would be noticed in any group, always beautifully dressed—I tried to make her see how a boy might be attracted. And it's things like that she remembers instead of the facts. I told her the whole story the very first day so she could know exactly where we stood. And she believed me."

I thought of her proud confidence in his love the night before. "She does now. She knows you love her."

"But that doesn't seem to help. It began——" He hesitated. This was intimate ground for a third person, even one who cared for them. "I've got to tell someone," he said simply, in half apology.

I thought of her words the night before: "Let me talk—it will do me good." Married three months and each had to talk to a stranger! And yet they loved each other. I listened.

"It began on our honeymoon, when she cried half the night because I had known another one. And the next morning the clerk gave her a letter addressed to 'Mrs. Channing,' and she went back to the room and spent the day imagining situations that might arise where she and Felice would meet, both 'Mrs. Philip Channing'—paged in a hotel, or a railroad wreck."

"But that's nonsense! She knew all this before you were married."

"But she didn't realize what it would mean, she says. Everything seems to remind her. We've reached the point where we don't talk about it any more, but I know all the time what she's thinking. When she kisses me goodby in the morning, she's wondering if *she* did that and if I remember. If I send her flowers, I know she's asking herself what kind I sent *her*. If I like the color of a dress, she wonders if *she* wore that color; if perfume reminds me . . . everything!

"It's got so I'm afraid to speak, to mention anything either in praise or condemnation. Everything touches her to the quick. Music——" He lifted his head. "Last night was the first time I'd touched a piano in weeks!"

I knew what music meant to him. "That was why you gave up——" I broke in impulsively, then stopped.

"No. No," he said slowly, "that was not the real reason." He hesitated a moment, then returned. "And she isn't like that really, you know, Billy. Why, she's the sanest, most level-headed, sensible——"

(I saw her white face in the shaft of yellow light: "*I'm* not beautiful and golden! *I've* no glamour!")

"Perhaps," I suggested hopefully, "a child——"

He shook his head. "She doesn't want children; they'd have to be told about—this."

I tried again: "Her new novel?"

"She can't get down to it."

"But Phil, she's throwing away her future, her happiness, her very life, for something——"

"That doesn't exist," he finished for me, then went on, "Can't you make her see that?" I stared at him. "She likes you and will listen—maybe; you're older and can take an impartial view. Make her see that it's over with, done, that she's out of my life—Felice—and that she and I have our lives before us and love each other. There were never two people with such promise of happiness and we mustn't let a thing like this——" He broke off as the waiter brought the check.

"I'll see," I answered slowly, "I'll see."

But I knew that I could not help her, that it was a battle Mary Shayne must fight alone.

I studied her carefully the following year. She kept her promise—to shut beauty out of her life because Felice had known it.

She had never been a beautiful woman, not even a pretty one, but always well-kept and carefully dressed; but now she seemed to take a defiant pride in looking her worst.

I remember she came to Norton's birthday dinner in an old dress so ugly that even I noticed it. (Felice, exquisite, always perfectly gowned! I knew she gloried in the contrast.) Again, she rushed in, hot and disheveled, an hour late because the cars were tied up. (Felice, who never put foot to pavement, and to whom trolley-cars were a name!) And she refused tickets to the orchid show because she detested flowers. (Felice, like a golden flower herself!)

Phil tried to explain, but after all it's a little hard for a man to apologize for his wife. And so we gradually stopped going out to their apartment.

"It wouldn't be so bad," said Julia, "if we hadn't known him before."

"Or hadn't expected so much of her!" sighed Laura.

"It's a shame the way marriage ruins a man"—from Mrs. Mac.

"Do you think he's happy?" asked the Mouse.

Jensen strolled over—it was a subject we were all interested in.

"Personally"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I couldn't be comfortable with any woman—and especially one who can see so confoundedly well as Mary Shayne!"

"Or who wears such atrocious hats!" added Julia.

"It's hard on poor Phil—he's so very fastidious. And his first wife was always so exquisite in her taste!"

"You should have seen her, my dear"—Julia included the stranger with them—"the loveliest skin and coloring!"

"How did he happen to——"

I left. Women are queer. No matter how they may have detested a first wife—and I remembered their passionate criticisms of Felice!—they instinctively resent her successor. An odd thought struck me: it was really Mary Shayne who had made Felice a wife!

I don't notice women's clothes, as I said, but even I could tell that Mary's straw hat and suit of serge—they call it something else, I believe—were not suited to Michigan Boulevard in October. She was bearing down toward the public library with an armful of books when I planted myself in her path.

"Breakfast first," I said firmly, and soon we were facing each other in a quiet corner of the St. Andrew. "Now, give account."

She smiled faintly. There were dark circles under her eyes and fine lines coming around the mouth. I looked at the hands that poured the tea: rough and unkept. And I thought of the fluttering white ones of—I caught myself with a start. This was what Phil must be doing!

"You've kept your promise, I see, about shutting beauty out of your life."

It was blunt. Cruel. A year ago it would have brought a flash of anger; six months earlier, tears; but now she only shrugged her shoulders and nibbled a piece of toast.

"Are you working?"

She lifted her head sharply.

"Working? Oh, you mean writing. No, no, I'm not writing now."

"Two years ago you were one of the foremost young writers of the day."

She smiled with faint mockery and finished for me: "'With a future of brilliant promise!' And now——"

"I'm not through with 'then,'" I said dryly. "A year and a half ago you were starting on what I believed to be the happiest union I had ever seen." Her eyes grew warm at that, and sober. "And now you're not only throwing away your chance to do work worth while, but ruining your own happiness—and Phil's. And why? For the sake of a woman who went out of his life——"

Her eyes flashed. "Did she?" Her voice was vibrant with emotion. "From the first moment he saw her, fifteen years ago, till now, she's never been out for one single instant!"

"Mary!"

"This isn't jealousy—I finished that hell months ago! I don't wonder now if she loved pink or blue, but whether——" She broke off a moment. "She sapped him for the best fifteen years of his life—yes, she did, Billy—and I took what was left. But I thought that at least was mine. I didn't know it would still go on! But it is!"

I looked up startled. "Why, that can't be!"

"Oh, yes, it can," she went on grimly. "Listen—how much money should a man have at the age of forty?"

I looked at her bewildered. "How much *money?*"

"A man like Phil. A few thousand anyway, shouldn't he?" I nodded. "His bank balance before our wedding-trip was three hundred and forty-one dollars. Three hundred and forty-one dollars—all that he had in the world after fifteen years!"

This was a surprise, for we had thought he had a private income.

She continued bitterly: "He wasn't able to save, he said, because she loved beautiful things. He kept that house on Greer Street as a setting for her in case she should ever decide——" She stopped abruptly. "But he had managed to put aside twelve thousand, and so he offered her that—all of it!—on condition that she sue for divorce. And he gave her the furnishings, even his piano. And he *wanted* to, Billy, he *offered* them to her!" Her eyes were dark with non-understanding.

"Perhaps," I suggested, remembering what the Mouse had said, "he felt that you wouldn't care to keep them."

She swept that aside. "He said they belonged to her. Just why I don't know, unless he felt they matched her beauty! And because of this it was understood she would not ask for alimony." I nodded. Phil had told me that. "She sued on grounds of desertion and non-support, and Phil didn't contest it, of course. But when it was all done and his lawyer had virtually admitted the charges and stated formally that under no conditions would he ever return to her—then—she asked for alimony!"

It was unthinkable. "But why didn't he——"

She shook her head. "Admit they'd all lied and have the case thrown out of court? There was nothing to do but pay it. And we are paying it," she finished quietly; then the bitterness crept back. "Three hundred dollars a month. And you know what his salary is.

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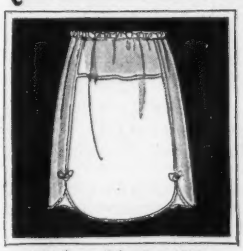
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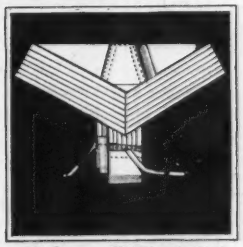
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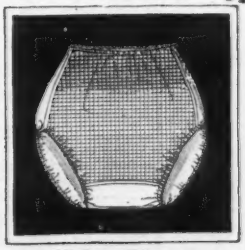
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We're living on a budget—a poor, pathetic thing: taxes first, then alimony! And it doesn't leave much for"— she hesitated, then quoted softly—" 'beauty.' Philip's stopped bringing me flowers, we've quit going places, we've given up everything except necessities.

"Can you see now," she went on fiercely, "why I can't put her out of my life? Whenever I see a book in a window, I have to remember that a woman in Boston prefers Isle d'Amour perfume!"

"Does she know"—I hesitated needlessly, for the old sensitiveness was gone—"about you?"

Mary nodded. "That may have been the reason," she said half-cynically, then added thoughtfully, "but I don't think so. No, she's merely selfish, has always had everything she wanted and can see no reason why she shouldn't—— You don't know how it cuts, Billy."

I patted her hand. "You must conquer this, too."

She shook her head quietly. "This isn't a phantom, but reality."

"You'll get used to it."

"Never!" she jerked out. "I don't *want* to get used to it! It's wrong! It's indecent! And it will never, never end." She leaned across the table. "It isn't the money, Billy, but the fact that she's in our lives always. Even at death. For if he should die tomorrow, she would come—for the insurance. That's hers, too—it's in the decree!"

I wished she would cry. People were beginning to drift in, but I would have preferred a scene to having her so cold and hard.

"It's hell," she went on, "I mean just that—*hell*." She braced herself to go on slowly. "And last week she wrote him—him, not his lawyer——" She stared off a moment unseeingly. "It came to the house and lay there all day. I didn't know what it might be—French paper—she writes a bold hand, angular. Well—she asked for an increase of fifty a month for an operation."

I looked up, startled.

She went on half-hysterically: "It seems there are faint lines coming around her mouth and she's going to have her face lifted!"

Hideous thought! That lovely face that had seemed beyond time.

"So we're moving tomorrow—into a cheaper place."

"You shouldn't let him!"

"Do you think I'd ever object?" She squared her shoulders. "Not if he gave her every cent!"

She paused and chose her words carefully as if analyzing her own feelings: "I can't explain how I feel about that. I don't think I want the money for myself. In fact—it sounds queer but it's difficult for me to accept anything at all from him. Somehow there's the feeling that if he *is* under obligation to her, then it's wrong for *me*. I'd rather make my own living than take just what happens to be left over from her. In fact, I'd like to pay it—her alimony—myself—with money I'd earned!"—she looked down at her clenched hands—"made by sweat and torture—scrubbing! Yes, I'd like that! To feel the actual pain, to know that *my* hands " She broke off with a little laugh. "Only Isle d'Amour comes high! But money I'd made myself."

She crinkled her face in almost the old smile as she went on, "Perhaps if I did that it would free me—like medieval sinners scourging themselves!"

There was a curious gleam in her eyes, and I really think that was the moment it came to her.

A few months later her publishers announced on their list of fall publications "a new novel by Mary Shayne, the brilliant young author of 'Wise Virgins,'" and that November it came: "Years of the Locust."

It told of the wasted years in the lives of a man and woman bound together by a marriage that was in no sense a union and that ended—too late for either to find happiness—in divorce. More carefully done than "Wise Virgins," less flagrantly bold, it really cut deeper, and was, like her first novel, a passionate indictment of selfishness. It was heralded as a careful study of the injustice of the prevailing pecuniary relation in a childless marriage; as a brilliant exposé of the tradition that woman is the slave of marriage; as a bitter brief for divorce; as a revolt against marriage; and finally as an anathema on all conventions!

However, it was none of these in intent, but character studies of the two concerned: a sensitive man bound by what he considered honor to give his life and work to a woman he did not love; a woman who knew no obligation, too selfish to give, but not too proud to take.

It traced the reactions of both, but he was really the quiet, steady background for the lovely creature, too selfish for marriage or children, too selfish for anything except the enhancement of her own beauty, who carelessly danced through life a lady of glamour. Dispassionately done, it seemed almost a scientific dissection, yet it left her at last a creature of flesh and blood, stripped of her youth and beauty, facing an empty life, made so by her selfishness.

I don't know how Felice felt—perhaps in her dancing, golden world she didn't even read it! But women who had only seen her once, women who had only heard of her, burned in wrath at Mary Shayne's audacity and glowed with pity for its object. Mary Shayne's marriage had made Felice a wife, and this novel made her a martyr.

"The most brutal, heartless——"

"And she was so lovely—like a child!"

"I told you," drawled Jensen, "Mary Shayne saw too confoundedly clear! And think of Phil!"

"He sounds like a saint in the book, but he looks like a fool on earth!"

It was true. Mary, wholly innocent, had made the man in her book—Stephen, I think she called him—an unresisting martyr, and never dreamed but what the world would see him through her eyes. And perhaps they did—except those of us who knew. But gentleness transmuted from fiction to actuality seems effeminacy, generosity weakness; and in addition there was that faint touch of the ridiculous that clings to any man whose forbearance has seemingly unsexed him.

What Philip himself thought we never knew. For fifteen years he had kept silent for Felice, and now he was silent for Mary. He smiled gravely at congratulations from those who did not know, but never referred to it himself. Some of us haltingly complimented it, others ignored; but it put constraint on us all. For it's difficult to talk to a man when you know the intimacies of his married life, barring none, and when he knows that you know.

And some pitied Philip, and some Felice, but I pitied Mary Shayne, who had tortured her soul with the writing, for I knew how each word had lashed her.

"How could she have done it!" lamented Mrs. Mac. "It's indecent—immoral—to lay bare——"

"And such taste!" Julia interposed. "I don't care a rap about morals, but *taste*—— And so needlessly. Why? Why did she do it?"

We all wondered that.

"And yet," said the Mouse, "she tells us in the dedication:

> 'To my husband's first wife,
> whose demands for alimony
> have made necessary this book.' "

But for once the Mouse was wrong. It was Mary's excuse and part of the punishment, but her reason lay in the half-formulated thought, expressed in words before her mind had quite grasped it: "Perhaps that would free me—like medieval sinners scourging themselves!"

And she realized too late that the freedom she found by her inward scourging was bought by her husband's public shame.

There, it's done now.

She asked me to write, just as I saw it, the story of her jealousy—so that she, too, might be in pillory.

Day After Tomorrow

(*Continued from page 39*)

beginning of the air age will lead to more important alterations in the relations between one tribe of men and another. Can we keep up the old customs barrier, even the sense of separate nationality, the mental frontiers, and dividing ambitions and hatreds, when the sky is free and we are all alighting in each other's back yards? Will it not unify larger areas of the world at least as far as free industrial exchange, freedom of intercourse, general laws, some common language, and co-operation in producing and distributing the necessities and comforts of life?

There is, of course, an unpleasant alternative. It may be that the sky will *not* be free. It may be that the dawn of the air age will be the beginning of the end of this civilization of ours. Because if war happens again between nations who have taken to the air there will be no pretty flappers doing their shopping, and the business man instead of going to his office will go into some hole in the ground from which he will hardly dare to emerge when there are fighting squadrons overhead.

It depends on man himself, and that is no great security in his present state of mental and moral quality. He is not advancing intellectually and morally at the pace of the power which the scientists are putting into his hands.

The Exhaustion of Energy

More power is coming to him. Those scientists with whom I have been talking, and whose books I have been reading, are exploring many new sources of power, or rather, the eternal sources of power newly revealed. They have been getting anxious, I find, about the present reserves of energy in common use which are likely to give out at some future date. They will last out our time all right, but science plans for posterity. They are anxious about the world supplies of coal and oil and food.

"We are spending improvidently in a year," says Professor Soddy—one of the great explorers of radio-activity—"the physical means of life that would have sufficed our ancestors for a century, and the exhaustion of the available supplies of energy upon which the present era of the world relies is no longer a remotely distant prospect."

Professor J. B. S. Haldane agrees with him on this point. "The exhaustion of our coal and oil fields," he says, "is a matter of centuries only."

As regards food the balance between the industrial groups of men and the agricultural groups who provide the food of the world is no longer regulated with a margin of safety. Cities are becoming more crowded with people escaping from the fields.

By checking or extirpating the old epidemic diseases, they are keeping babies alive when formerly an enormous percentage of them would have died, and they are increasing the chance of adult life by defeating nature's cruel old way of relieving the pressure of population.

Motor-cars, phonographs, all the manufactured articles of industrial civilization are being poured out at an ever increasing rate of production, but unless the people who make them can exchange them for food, they will die, or slink back to the fields to scrape a bare life out of the earth which cannot feed adequately so vast a multitude as will crowd the world of the future.

It is possible, and some of our scientists seem to think it probable, that one result of our new knowledge will be to replace the dwindling processes of agriculture by synthetic food made in the chemist's shop. This chemical food will contain the vital fuel required by the human machine, and its actions and reactions will be precisely similar to those of the chemical elements introduced into the body by what we now eat. Many scientists are studying this new chemistry of diet.

More daring still are certain physiologists

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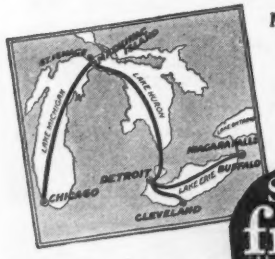
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and chemists who foretell the day when man will go straight to the vital force which is the origin of life derived from the sun, and stored up in the atoms. By attaching himself to some electrical machine he may draw into himself from central power stations the vital fuel necessary for his day's job.

What is more probable in the near future as regards the food supplies of the world is the intensification of production by chemical action on the soil and plants, and by the protection of crops from natural pests or the severities of climate. Artificial fogs, invented for use as smoke clouds in time of war, are being used in Norway to protect crops from frost, by covering plants with a warm vapor.

It is likely that in the near future many new types of fruits and vegetables will be produced by scientific grafting, and the same plant will be made to grow different kinds of food at the same time. That sounds like fairy-tale stuff, but Professor Lucien Daniel of Rennes in France has produced a hybrid growing tomatoes above ground and potatoes below!

Such freak processes, however, may do very little to keep pace with the vast needs of mechanized humanity for the natural needs of life, and it is, as I have said, a fear of the future which is the urge driving on our scientists to discover new sources of power which may be converted into life-giving energy, and, if need be, food itself. In any case I think they would not cease in this quest for new power because of their insatiable curiosity to get to the very origin of vital energy.

As far as the future is concerned, it seems to be a race between the scientists and the exhaustion of supplies which would lead us back to barbarism and so to death. But they are already on the track of inexhaustible supplies of energy.

"Mankind," says a great chemist, "still lives solely on the energy derived from the sun . . . Everything that moves, or has in it the potentiality of movement, possesses energy, and if we trace this energy to its source we find that in almost every case it comes from the sun . . . In the processes of agriculture this radiant energy is converted into the potential energy of food and so is utilized by life. But the steam and oil engine also work by virtue of the energy of the sun which in bygone times was stored up by great masses of vegetation and is now preserved in coal and fuel."

The sun's energy, some part of universal energy, is stored up in the very atoms which go to make up what men call matter. That is a new revelation which is going to have incalculable results. It was the discovery of radium by a woman scientist—Madame Curie—which set all the scientists searching for some means of liberating and harnessing that inexhaustible supply of energy which is revealed by radio-activity.

Beautiful experiments, marvelously delicate in their investigation and measurement, by British, American, French and German scientists—like Sir William Ramsay, Rutherford of McGill University, Professor Richards of Harvard, Becquerel in Paris, Doctor Giesel, the German chemist—have revealed the terrific and unimaginable power stored up, and to some extent given out, by radio-active substances whose individual atoms are discharging electrical energy and changing one form of matter into another—or one kind of mineral into another kind of mineral.

This force has been at work for countless millions of years, but the amount of energy released by the disintegration of the atom continues without apparent loss in the parent substance, which gives out a steady and continuous emission of radiation.

Says Professor Soddy in his "Science and Life": "The very existence of radium, a substance capable of giving off spontaneously powerful new radiations which can be transformed into light and heat, and, indeed, not only capable of doing this, but, so far as we know, incapable of not doing it, ran counter to every principle of physical science. For whence comes the energy that is given out in the process? So soon as pure radium compounds became available, the amount of this energy was measured and it was found to be sufficient to heat a quantity of water equal to the weight of the radium from the freezing-point to the boiling-point every three-quarters of an hour . . . Radium, weight for weight, gives out as much heat as the best fuel every three days, and in the fifteen years that have elapsed since it was first isolated, a quantity of energy nearly two thousand times as much as is obtainable from fuel has been given out by the radium and the supply as yet shows no sign of exhaustion."

Radium heat, we are now told, is a third of a million times as great as the same amount of coal combustion. A pound weight could be made to do the work of 150 tons of dynamite. There is an unceasing supply of this energy in the matter that lies around us. If the scientists can get hold of it, liberate and utilize that atomic force—some of them think they are getting close to the secret—mankind will be put into possession of power so illimitable that all previous forms of energy such as coal and oil and water will become negligible and man himself will be the master of the very source and origin of power. Meanwhile, not a year passes without some new method of replacing or intensifying present forms of energy being tried out by the scientists.

The chemists are at work on different forms of fuel which may be substitutes for coal and oil. Two Frenchmen, Proudhomme and Houdry, are, it seems, very near the industrial production of artificial petroleum by a chemical synthesis from lignite—or brown coal—which France possesses in large areas.

Other experiments are being made by engineers to utilize one of the oldest forms of power in terms of modern industry. The wind may be used again to drive the wheels and Haldane foretells the day when the country will be covered with rows of metallic windmills working electric motors, which in their turn supply current at a very high voltage to great electric mains.

The rotor ship is a new device to chain the wind furies and make them industrious slaves of man, working more intensively than when they blew upon the sails of ships or mills. It was a German named Anton Flettner who listened to a howling gale and said to himself, "What waste of energy!" He thought out the principle of a cylinder revolving in the wind and exerting a force at right angles to itself. Experiments are now being made to use the rotor principle for driving engines to supply light and heat at a very low cost in countries where fuel is scarce.

Meanwhile a professor in Petrograd claims that he has invented a machine driven by direct solar energy. It is perhaps an elaboration of laboratory experiments by Doctor W. W. Coblentz of the United States Bureau of Standards, who, according to one account I have seen, has produced a small amount of electrical power by exposing certain chemical elements to sunshine through colored glass.

The object of all this search for energy is the old object of multiplying one man-power and replacing still more rapidly and economically the burden of man's physical toil by mechanical means, so that he may produce and distribute the wealth of life more easily and quickly, have more leisure to enjoy it, and get more closely and swiftly into touch with other groups of human beings.

The Intercourse of Minds

This rapidity of physical intercourse which is going on apace, so that transport and communication between all parts of the world are overcoming distance, is being accompanied by an even greater development in the facilities of mental communication between all branches of the human family.

Here again the scientists have presented new opportunities to humanity which will surely alter their scheme of life, their habits of mind, their social customs and pleasures, almost as much as the alteration of material conditions

which are now awaiting them. Again we stand only on the threshold of a new age, and yet already we are conscious of newly revealed wonders which in the old days would have been thought miraculous and are indeed taking us into a region beyond mere matter, into the sanctuaries of eternal force.

Perhaps those are high words to use about an invention which is called wireless or radio, so common now, after a few years of use, that most of us have a wireless aerial over our chimney-pots. And yet here is the power that is going to change the mind of man if anything can. Here is one manifestation of new forms of energy which are going to give man a mastery over life beyond all previous dreams, if he takes advantage of them. It is another form of that atomic energy, that eternal dance of electrons, that radiation of energy which the chemists are exploring in more material spheres.

To many ignorant people it has already opened up new vistas of knowledge, given them wider sympathies in life, put them into touch with other countries and other minds. One must not underrate the effect even now on the human mind caused by this broadcasting habit which has taken hold of life. One may only hope that it will be less vulgarized by some of its transmitters.

As yet it is not the sound that comes out of the loud speaker, not the intelligence making the sound that is the great marvel. It is the revelation that we are in touch with a means of thought-transmission and close to mysteries, as they still seem, which endow the human creature with almost transcendental powers, beyond the reach of the ordinary material world as formerly we believed we knew matter and its limitations.

We are still at the beginning of this new knowledge. The scientists are already preparing developments which arise out of this method of using the vibration of atoms. Heat, light and sound vibrations are to break down time and distance. Marconi's beam system of wireless telephony is already past its experimental stages; it is now possible to focus the ordinary wireless rays upon a particular locality with such directness that when sent from England to Canada or Australia they may be received only over an area of something like fifty square miles, thus avoiding the world-wide distribution of ordinary waves while using less power and obtaining more certain transmission. Recent tests of the beam wireless between Grimsby, England, and Melbourne, Australia, have given good results.

The world will become one universal telephone exchange with millions of conversations crossing each other through space in every direction. Already by ordinary wireless waves men are talking to each other between the United States and England.

So far, as the cynics point out, nobody on either side has said anything worth saying at the price. There again the instrument is more remarkable than the human intelligence which uses it. But is human intelligence going to stand at its present level? Is not human character itself going to develop under the influence of all these communications between mind and mind, nation and nation? One day somebody may say something worth saying, which all the world will hear with new hope in human destiny, or at least with some new sense of wisdom. Let us hope that it will not be a warning of impending doom!

Swiftly upon the invention of hearing at a distance comes the promise of seeing at a distance—television. It will be synchronized with the broadcasting of speech. One will see and hear simultaneously, and for that power one scientific observer has invented the word Aurivision.

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This will be more than a toy. It will bring the visible world into our back parlors. It will be possible to see and hear the acts and words of men as they are performed and spoken thousands of miles away. Time and space indeed will be altered in all their values, and it is no prophecy of far distant things but just awaiting the industry of scientists and the results of experiments now being made.

Senator Marconi made the startling announcement at his last general meeting that successful results have been made by his research department with a system of facsimile transmission developed by Mr. G. M. Wright. This system will enable ordinary writing, typewritten or printed sheets and pictures to be flashed across space, thereby enabling a smaller staff of operators to send and receive messages, without spelling out each word.

Mr. Baird, who is the pioneer of television in England, is already demonstrating privately that he can transmit pictures instantaneously.

It was Doctor E. F. W. Alexanderson who invented the telephotograph which is already in use for transmitting a still picture. But the television works twenty thousand times as fast, thereby making possible the reproduction of a moving scene, while Professor G. O. Russell of Ohio State University has made the startling discovery that pictures can be translated into sound.

Every visible object has a sound of its own when vibrations from it reach the diaphragm of a microphone. Some human faces, we are told, when translated into sound make distinctly unpleasant noises. It is what one might expect! Others are agreeable to the human ear. It seems possible, according to Mr. Russell and Mr. Baird, to make a phonograph record of a face by storing up its vibrations on the wax and then to translate it back to visibility so that it is reproduced on the televisor.

This discovery will revolutionize the film industry, and in the near future the audiences of cinema theaters will watch and hear the scenes of contemporary history as they are being enacted thousands of miles away. It will restrict and alter the production of newspapers, because by turning to the screen in one's own study or drawing-room, one will see and hear the news of the world as it is happening. Newspapers will be useful only as a permanent handy record of things already seen and heard, with comments and interpretations.

Even that power of the written word may pass. It seems to me likely that the ordinary man, crowding more into his life by all these new opportunities of physical and mental communications with the world around him, will find his newspaper stale and superfluous.

When television comes and reaches its full development reading may become only the hobby of old-fashioned folk and great students. Perhaps it may destroy all of us writing men—novelists and newspaper writers—for who will have time to read us when life is speeded up to that extent, and the experience of a lifetime to our forefathers may now be crowded into an hour or two? Who will want to read novels or study history when one's mind may travel to new scenes quicker even than one's body, which is going to be very quick in getting around from one place to another?

Perhaps the very knowledge of reading and writing may in time disappear from the world, when one can talk and listen so easily across great spaces. Perhaps these new inventions may destroy the inherited culture of the ages, so that we shall lose interest in the past with its literature and art, because the present will come crowding in upon us with new interests and amusements and curiosities and the future will hold more passionate excitement.

It is happening already. Broadcasting is taking the place of reading in many households where formerly a family gathered over its books in winter evenings. The cinema is already the rival of the bookshop. It is so much easier to watch than to read that abandonment of reading may happen altogether in the not very distant future.

That man Baird in London who is specializing on wireless possibilities has been experimenting with the infra-red rays of low vibration which are outside our physical range of vision. He finds that specially prepared plates can be made sensitive to these radiations. Objects in complete darkness are made visible.

The infra-red rays penetrate fog as well as darkness, and they will be used by aviators and navigating officers to determine their whereabouts in time of fog. They will have other uses in time of war—if war it is to be—when an enemy's position will be located though he hides himself behind a smoke cloud. The scientists of war are already examining the possibilities of wireless vibrations for directing their engines of destruction or putting their enemies' engines out of action.

Marconi is convinced that the transmission of power by the beam system is not beyond the reach of possibility, at least over moderate distances, and this if true opens up a new vista of energy which may be used for mechanical purposes. It may be possible to broadcast power from great central stations which will be used by factories no longer dependent upon coal or oil or water.

It would mean a revolution in the economic life of the world. At one stroke it would make a mockery of international competition for the sources of our present forms of dynamic energy, such as coal. It would shake to its foundations the whole elaborate structure of our civilization based upon human labor, exchange of raw material and manufactured goods, industrial plants built up by the genius of engineering for the storage of our present means of power, and the distribution of wealth among those who own the sources of energy.

For a time at least millions of laborers would be thrown out of work. There would be a financial convulsion in every industrial country. Human society would have to readjust itself to utterly new conditions of economic life. Those are some of the possibilities of this new acquaintance with atomic energy and the vibrations of the universe.

The Transmission of Brain-Waves

There are others not lying in the material sphere of life as we have been accustomed to think of it but reaching out to the border-line between time and eternity. What is matter? What is time? Sir Oliver Lodge and others cannot answer those questions. Einstein, whom few of us can understand though some make wild shots at interpreting his ideas, asserts that time must be taken into account in the relations of space between one moving object and another. At least that is the best shot I can make at his theory.

These vibrations we are considering now, with new understanding and also great ignorance, are they not part of the eternal energy of the universe, and may not thought itself be a vibration reaching out to other minds (or even to the Great Mind), transmitted over far distances on wave lengths to which other intelligences may be tuned if properly sensitive? Thought vibrations also may be stored up, perhaps, recorded, set in motion again. They too, like all atomic energy, may have almost imperishable force, existing somewhere after thousands of years.

Does not that suggest a scientific explanation for the old ghost stories, haunted houses, apparitions, and the like? To me it seems possible that some passionate action, some intense emotional experience in the past, some appearance of personality, may continue by means of vibrations in old houses or elsewhere, which may be seen as they were visible hundreds of years ago when they were first set in motion by minds abnormally sensitive and receptive, like human microphones.

It may happen some day that we may listen in to the past and even see the vibrations of bodies long since "dead." No man yet can dogmatize about these things.

Quite recently I was startled by some words I received in a letter from a friend of mine, a distinguished literary man in the United States. "I remember a few months ago," he wrote, "hearing someone say that the time will come when we will tune in and hear Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. Shaving a couple of mornings ago, the thrilling thought came to me that, maybe, some day we could hear Christ's Sermon on the Mount."

Certainly a startling and daring thought, showing the length to which the imagination of men has reached under the stimulus of these new discoveries. But supposing we *did* hear the Sermon on the Mount spoken as it was first spoken with its message to humanity. Should we, after our first emotion, pay any more attention to its precepts? Should we be any meeker and kinder in our human relationships? Should we be less greedy and passionate and selfish and cruel? We may still read the Sermon on the Mount, but it doesn't seem to make much difference to our way of life. Would hearing it again change the moral standards of mankind?

It raises the whole question of what men and women are going to do with these new powers which have come and are coming to them through the daring search of science. It is the weak link in all this chain of material development. The conditions of life are altering at a great pace. Mankind is being endowed with new and terrific instruments. The scientists are hot in chase of the very origin of energy. But man remains with all his frailties about him, neither rising in intelligence at the rate of his opportunities nor developing any new moral sense which will secure him from the evil use of those powers.

It is curious and distressing that man, so masterful over the powers of nature, has not exhibited any evolutionary force within himself since his early history was known. Neither physically nor morally has he shown much development. In industrial communities he has actually degenerated, and even in actual brain power he is not in advance of his ancestors.

The Cro-Magnon man, I am told, living his cave life in the Early Stone Age, averaged six feet three with one-sixth more brain than the modern European. His senses of sight, hearing and smell were more acutely developed. Without going so far back as that we must acknowledge humbly that the men of primitive civilizations, like the Greeks, at their best period, had intellectual qualities which compare favorably with our own.

Our old instincts, appetites, passions remain unaltered, and pounce out upon us if there is any letting up of the social code or if our religion—our spiritual law of life—loses its hold upon our habits. The Great War was a rather shocking revelation that men of our time and type—clerks, intellectuals, highly educated young gentlemen—may be as cruel and ferocious, ruthless in killing, as the tribes of savage men who advanced against each other with stone axes and bone-headed arrows.

The Pessimism of Scientists

This reflection is, I find, alarming the scientists themselves. They are afraid of entrusting their dangerous toys to the children of life.

"Physical force, the slave of science," says Soddy the great chemist, "is it to be the servant or the master of man? The cold logic of science shows without the possibility of escape that this question if not faced now can only have one miserable end."

"Human ideals," he says, "have not progressed to keep pace with the growth of science. *They are ideals that cannot exist with science without wrecking the world.*"

Professor Haldane voices the same dark warning. "Has mankind," he says, "released



Egypt, Temple of Isis Philae

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from the womb of matter a Demagorgon which is already beginning to turn against him and may at any moment hurl him into the bottomless void?"

"Men sometimes speak as though the progress of science must necessarily be a boon to mankind," says Bertrand Russell, "but that I fear is one of the comfortable nineteenth century delusions which our more disillusioned age must discard. Science enables the holders of power to realize their purposes more fully than they otherwise could do. If their purposes are good this is a gain: if they are evil, it is a loss. In the present age it seems that the purposes of the holders of power are in the main evil."

We have seen that all these new powers released for men's mastery may be used for purposes of destruction as well as for social well-being and service. There are only two ways by which world catastrophe may be averted in that Day after Tomorrow—either check the progress of science and kill off the scientists or alter the character of mankind by reforming man's moral and intellectual nature.

Shall we kill off the scientists? Some of them are pleasant fellows, I find. I should hate to see them killed. Nor, perhaps, would their death shut up the book of knowledge which they have bequeathed to us. Inquisitive minds would open it and carry on.

There is only the reformation of man. Is that possible? Can we get sense into his head? Can we improve his morality or raise his standard of intelligence, so that nation will no longer fight against nation, or class against class?

The human standard of intelligence is being lowered by breeding from the unfit, says the advocate of birth control.

"Our civilization carries within it the seeds of its own decay and destruction," says Doctor Schiller, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. And this learned gentleman, with a pessimism which is quite terrible, declares that even if mankind can escape imperialist world wars and class wars and race wars, the prospect will not really be much improved.

"The violent destruction of the human race by war," he says, "will only be more *dramatic*, it will not be more *fatal* than its gradual decay as its arts and sciences slowly fossilize or peter out in an overwhelming flood of feeble-mindedness."

All that is dreadfully gloomy. I do not indorse such a frightful warning except in relation to the dangers of another world war with new and more terrible weapons. It is within the will-power of man to use science for his service rather than for his own destruction. He is not, I think, incapable of increased intelligence and higher social morality. He may use all these new instruments of power to increase his range of wisdom as well as knowledge, reaching out to the spiritual world and getting closer into touch with eternal truth.

Because of that one alternative to catastrophe the scientists themselves are now turning their attention to the minds and bodies of men. They are in a hurry to reform him before their science may lead to his destruction and their own. "Man has not altered," they say, "since the beginning of time. Well, we will hurry up his evolution." There is a plot among the scientists to change him, willy-nilly.

Why are some men kind and some cruel? asks the physiologist. Why are some men brave and others cowardly, or passionate instead of placid, or idiotic and mentally undeveloped instead of highly intelligent and quick of apprehension? It is all a question of internal secretions, says Doctor Louis Berman.

"Acuteness of perception, memory, logical thought, imagination, conception, emotional expression or inhibition, and the entire content of consciousness are influenced by these internal secretions."

It seems, therefore, that to alter the character of a man it is only necessary to intensify or diminish those physical secretions. The criminal will become a bland and benevolent member of society. The bootlegger will give up drink. The rake will be a reformed character. The homicidal maniac will become a gentle pacifist and a lover of little children . . . So these gentlemen assert.

Another question is asked and answered by the biologists: "Why should man's life be limited to a miserable three score years and ten, so that he passes away in a senile state at the very time when his accumulated experience might lead to new leadership, wisdom, mastery of life, which he could hand down to his children? Why not postpone this death, or at least increase the time of youth and joyous activity of body and mind?"

"Why not, indeed?" says Doctor Voronoff. "Send them round to my surgery and I will renew their youth."

Doctor Voronoff's method is considered a little old-fashioned now. Doctor Steinach has appeared and by a simple method of surgery claims to restore youth to old age.

Then there is the question of heredity and the propagation of children with feeble minds and bodies leading to national decay. That is a serious drawback to the human race, a threat, perhaps, to civilization itself, in the opinion of gloomy prophets like Doctor Schiller. Here the biologist steps in again. Mr. Julian Huxley has something to say.

He can change the sex of tadpoles. He can make two tadpoles grow from a single cell divided into two at a critical moment. He has studied the laws of physical inheritance and the influence of prenatal environment, and chemical changes upon living organisms. Here is a chance to speed up the evolution of man, to change his physical and mental characteristics, to establish a sound law of eugenics.

And Professor Haldane has something to say also. He has something to say about almost everything. Having grown embryonic rats in serum for ten days in 1925, he has an idea that working on these experiments it will be possible the Day after Tomorrow, or perhaps not quite so soon as that—he suggests the date 1951—to produce artificial children, so to speak. He calls them ectogenic children, and conjures up a very humorous picture of an election three hundred years hence, when the slogans will be "Vote for Smith and more musicians!" "Vote for O'Leary and more girls!" or perhaps finally, "Vote for Macpherson and a prehensile tail for your great-grandchildren!"

That, no doubt, is the little jest of a brilliant—and very daring—mind at work on the problems of biological science. But we should make a mistake if we thought that such ideas have not a serious foundation.

Scientists are going to make the attempt, and are making the attempt now, to modify, alter and direct the normal physical life of man himself, as it has been lived since the beginning of humanity as far back as history records, and to operate upon his mind and body by chemical action, by psychological processes, by differences of food before and after birth, by surgical experiments, and by breaking down old moral laws and traditions of thought so that he may be given a longer spell of youth, a longer lease of life, and a different social code.

Is all this likely to bring new happiness into the world? Or is it a new hell on earth that they are creating for us, so that indeed men will have to kill the scientists to be free of their villainy?

In this article of mine I have touched lightly on some of the things that may happen, and on some that certainly will happen, the Day after Tomorrow. They raise enormous problems affecting the welfare of the human race, and the happiness of the individual. It will be well to study them in more detail, and to get a little deeper into the plans of the scientists who are busy with our fate.

Sir Philip Gibbs *tells about the experiments of science in the Remaking of Men and Women*—in Cosmopolitan for August